













## [COAST RECORD.]

## ACTIVE VOLCANO

Mount Baker in a State of Eruption.

## Smoke and Sulphurous Fumes Arise.

Prices for Prunes Fixed—Another Will Contest—The Gamble Assault Case.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

NEW WHATCOM (Wash.) Sept. 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] That Mount Baker is a semi-active volcano, and that smoke comes from its crater, is emphatically confirmed by a party of prominent men in this city. They were on the summit, and at the crater of the mountain on August 21. The party was headed by Prof. F. W. Ely, professor of natural science in the State Normal School of this city, and Prof. Robert B. Valle of the same institution.

The crater lies between a small peak as seen to the right from Whatcom, and the main dome of the mountain. The whole space between the two is a deep, dark, and the snow at the crater has filled it up. In the crater, however, there is a big, almost perfectly round hole, in the snow through which sulphurous fumes are constantly rising. The odor of sulphur near the crater is at times almost overpowering, and eruptions of sulphur may be seen from all around on the snow at the crater hole. Vapor or smoke rising from the crater the day the party was there was so heavy as to pass between the sun like a cloud and cast a shadow on the snow. It, however, was not nearly so dense as on the day before the party started to climb. That day was clear and still, and from Baker Lake smoke could be seen rolling up in great clouds from the crater. This was enough to convince the party of the activity of the volcano.

There is no authentic account of a previous eruption of this mountain, although numerous attempts have been made, and in one case it was claimed to have been successful.

PRUNE PRICES FIXED. ASSOCIATION ELECTS OFFICERS. [A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN JOSE, Sept. 1.—The directors of the California Prune Association today fixed the opening price for prunes to growers, less the association charges for handling the fruit, as follows:

In bags, sizes 40 to 50, 7 cents per pound; 50 to 60, 5 1/2 cents; 60 to 70, 5 cents; 70 to 80, 4 1/2 cents; 80 to 90, 4 cents; 90 to 100, 3 1/2 cents; 100 to 120, 3 cents.

These are the actual prices for sizes that the fruit will yield on the following basis: 100 to 120, 3 cents; 120 to 140, 2 1/2 cents; 140 to 160, 2 cents; 160 to 180, 1 1/2 cents; 180 to 200, 1 cent; 200 to 220, 1/2 cent; 220 to 240, 1/4 cent; 240 to 260, 1/8 cent; 260 to 280, 1/16 cent; 280 to 300, 1/32 cent; 300 to 320, 1/64 cent; 320 to 340, 1/128 cent; 340 to 360, 1/256 cent; 360 to 380, 1/512 cent; 380 to 400, 1/1024 cent; 400 to 420, 1/2048 cent; 420 to 440, 1/4096 cent; 440 to 460, 1/8192 cent; 460 to 480, 1/16384 cent; 480 to 500, 1/32768 cent; 500 to 520, 1/65536 cent; 520 to 540, 1/131072 cent; 540 to 560, 1/262144 cent; 560 to 580, 1/524288 cent; 580 to 600, 1/1048576 cent; 600 to 620, 1/2097152 cent; 620 to 640, 1/4194304 cent; 640 to 660, 1/8388608 cent; 660 to 680, 1/16777216 cent; 680 to 700, 1/33554432 cent; 700 to 720, 1/67108864 cent; 720 to 740, 1/134217728 cent; 740 to 760, 1/268435456 cent; 760 to 780, 1/536870912 cent; 780 to 800, 1/1073741824 cent; 800 to 820, 1/2147483648 cent; 820 to 840, 1/4294967296 cent; 840 to 860, 1/8589934592 cent; 860 to 880, 1/17179869184 cent; 880 to 900, 1/34359738368 cent; 900 to 920, 1/68719476736 cent; 920 to 940, 1/137438953472 cent; 940 to 960, 1/274877906944 cent; 960 to 980, 1/549755813888 cent; 980 to 1000, 1/1099511627776 cent; 1000 to 1020, 1/2199023255552 cent; 1020 to 1040, 1/4398046511104 cent; 1040 to 1060, 1/8796093022208 cent; 1060 to 1080, 1/17592186044416 cent; 1080 to 1100, 1/35184372088832 cent; 1100 to 1120, 1/70368744177664 cent; 1120 to 1140, 1/140737488355328 cent; 1140 to 1160, 1/281474976710656 cent; 1160 to 1180, 1/562949953421312 cent; 1180 to 1200, 1/1125899906842624 cent; 1200 to 1220, 1/2251799813685248 cent; 1220 to 1240, 1/4503599627370496 cent; 1240 to 1260, 1/9007199254740992 cent; 1260 to 1280, 1/18014398509481984 cent; 1280 to 1300, 1/36028797018963968 cent; 1300 to 1320, 1/72057594037927936 cent; 1320 to 1340, 1/144115188075855872 cent; 1340 to 1360, 1/288230376151711744 cent; 1360 to 1380, 1/576460752303423488 cent; 1380 to 1400, 1/1152921504606846976 cent; 1400 to 1420, 1/2305843009213693952 cent; 1420 to 1440, 1/4611686018427387904 cent; 1440 to 1460, 1/9223372036854775808 cent; 1460 to 1480, 1/18446744073709551616 cent; 1480 to 1500, 1/36893488147419103232 cent; 1500 to 1520, 1/73786976294838206464 cent; 1520 to 1540, 1/147573952589676412928 cent; 1540 to 1560, 1/295147905179352825856 cent; 1560 to 1580, 1/590295810358705651712 cent; 1580 to 1600, 1/1180591620717411303424 cent; 1600 to 1620, 1/2361183241434822606848 cent; 1620 to 1640, 1/4722366482869645213696 cent; 1640 to 1660, 1/9444732965739290427392 cent; 1660 to 1680, 1/18889465931478580854784 cent; 1680 to 1700, 1/37778931862957161709568 cent; 1700 to 1720, 1/75557863725914323419136 cent; 1720 to 1740, 1/151115727451828646838272 cent; 1740 to 1760, 1/302231454903657293676544 cent; 1760 to 1780, 1/604462909807314587353088 cent; 1780 to 1800, 1/1208925819614629174706176 cent; 1800 to 1820, 1/2417851639229258349412352 cent; 1820 to 1840, 1/4835703278458516698824704 cent; 1840 to 1860, 1/9671406556917033397649408 cent; 1860 to 1880, 1/19342813113834066795298816 cent; 1880 to 1900, 1/38685626227668133590597632 cent; 1900 to 1920, 1/77371252455336267181195264 cent; 1920 to 1940, 1/154742504910672534362390528 cent; 1940 to 1960, 1/309485009821345068724781056 cent; 1960 to 1980, 1/618970019642690137449562112 cent; 1980 to 2000, 1/1237940039285380274899124224 cent; 2000 to 2020, 1/2475880078570760549798248448 cent; 2020 to 2040, 1/4951760157141521099596496896 cent; 2040 to 2060, 1/9903520314283042199192993792 cent; 2060 to 2080, 1/19807040628566084398385987584 cent; 2080 to 2100, 1/39614081257132168796771975168 cent; 2100 to 2120, 1/79228162514264337593543950336 cent; 2120 to 2140, 1/158456325028528675187087900672 cent; 2140 to 2160, 1/316912650057057350374175801344 cent; 2160 to 2180, 1/633825300114114700748351602688 cent; 2180 to 2200, 1/1267650600228229401496703205376 cent; 2200 to 2220, 1/2535301200456458802993406410752 cent; 2220 to 2240, 1/5070602400912917605986812821504 cent; 2240 to 2260, 1/10141204801825835211973625643008 cent; 2260 to 2280, 1/20282409603651670423947251286016 cent; 2280 to 2300, 1/40564819207303340847894502572032 cent; 2300 to 2320, 1/81129638414606681695789005144064 cent; 2320 to 2340, 1/162259276829213363391578010288128 cent; 2340 to 2360, 1/324518553658426726783156020576256 cent; 2360 to 2380, 1/649037107316853453566312041152512 cent; 2380 to 2400, 1/1298074214633706907132624082305024 cent; 2400 to 2420, 1/2596148429267413814265248164610048 cent; 2420 to 2440, 1/5192296858534827628530496329220096 cent; 2440 to 2460, 1/10384593717069655257060992658440192 cent; 2460 to 2480, 1/20769187434139310514121985316880384 cent; 2480 to 2500, 1/41538374868278621028243970633760768 cent; 2500 to 2520, 1/83076749736557242056487941267521536 cent; 2520 to 2540, 1/166153499473114484112975882535043072 cent; 2540 to 2560, 1/332306998946228968225951765070086144 cent; 2560 to 2580, 1/664613997892457936451903530140172288 cent; 2580 to 2600, 1/13292279957849158729038070602803456 cent; 2600 to 2620, 1/26584559915698317458076141205606912 cent; 2620 to 2640, 1/53169119831396634916152282411213824 cent; 2640 to 2660, 1/106338239662793269832304564822427648 cent; 2660 to 2680, 1/212676479325586539664609129644855296 cent; 2680 to 2700, 1/425352958651173079329218259289710592 cent; 2700 to 2720, 1/850705917302346158658436518579421184 cent; 2720 to 2740, 1/1701411834604692317316873037158842368 cent; 2740 to 2760, 1/3402823669209384634633746074317684736 cent; 2760 to 2780, 1/6805647338418769269267492148635369472 cent; 2780 to 2800, 1/13611294676837538538534984297270738944 cent; 2800 to 2820, 1/27222589353675077077069968594541477888 cent; 2820 to 2840, 1/54445178707350154154139937189082955776 cent; 2840 to 2860, 1/108890357414700308308279874378165911552 cent; 2860 to 2880, 1/217780714829400616616559748756331823104 cent; 2880 to 2900, 1/435561429658801233233119497512663646208 cent; 2900 to 2920, 1/871122859317602466466238995025327292416 cent; 2920 to 2940, 1/1742245718635204932932477990050654584832 cent; 2940 to 2960, 1/3484491437270409865864955980101309169664 cent; 2960 to 2980, 1/6968982874540819731729911960202618339328 cent; 2980 to 3000, 1/1393796574908163946345982392040523667856 cent; 3000 to 3020, 1/2787593149816327892691964784081047335712 cent; 3020 to 3040, 1/5575186299632655785383929568162094671424 cent; 3040 to 3060, 1/11150372599265311570767859136324189342848 cent; 3060 to 3080, 1/22300745198530623141535718272648378685696 cent; 3080 to 3100, 1/44601490397061246283071436545296757371392 cent; 3100 to 3120, 1/89202980794122492566142873090593514742784 cent; 3120 to 3140, 1/178405961588244985132285746181187029485488 cent; 3140 to 3160, 1/356811923176489970264571492362374058970976 cent; 3160 to 3180, 1/713623846352979940529142984724748117941952 cent; 3180 to 3200, 1/1427247692705959881058285969449496235883904 cent; 3200 to 3220, 1/2854495385411919762116571938898992471767808 cent; 3220 to 3240, 1/5708990770823839524233143877797984943535616 cent; 3240 to 3260, 1/11417981541647679048466287755595969887071232 cent; 3260 to 3280, 1/22835963083295358096932575511191939774142464 cent; 3280 to 3300, 1/45671926166590716193865151022383879548284928 cent; 3300 to 3320, 1/91343852333181432387730302044767759096569856 cent; 3320 to 3340, 1/182687704666362864775460604089535518193139712 cent; 3340 to 3360, 1/365375409332725729550921208179071036386279424 cent; 3360 to 3380, 1/730750818665451459101842416358142072772558848 cent; 3380 to 3400, 1/1461501637330902918203684832716284145545117696 cent; 3400 to 3420, 1/2923003274661805836407369665432568291090235392 cent; 3420 to 3440, 1/5846006549323611672814739330865136582180470784 cent; 3440 to 3460, 1/11692013098647223345629478661730273164360941568 cent; 3460 to 3480, 1/23384026197294446691258957323460546328721883136 cent; 3480 to 3500, 1/46768052394588893382517914646921092657443766272 cent; 3500 to 3520, 1/93536104789177786765035829293842185314887532544 cent; 3520 to 3540, 1/187072209578355573530071658587684370629775065088 cent; 3540 to 3560, 1/374144419156711147060143317175368741259550130176 cent; 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3840 to 3860, 1/12259964326927110866866776217202482913592938665607168 cent; 3860 to 3880, 1/24519928653854221733733552434404965827185877331214336 cent; 3880 to 3900, 1/49039857307708443467467104868809931654371754662428672 cent; 3900 to 3920, 1/98079714615416886934934209737619863308743509324857344 cent; 3920 to 3940, 1/196159429228833773869868419475239726617487018649714688 cent; 3940 to 3960, 1/392318858457667547739736838950479453234974037299429376 cent; 3960 to 3980, 1/784637716915335095479473677900958906469948074598858752 cent; 3980 to 4000, 1/1569275433830670190958947355801917812939896149197704 cent; 4000 to 4020, 1/313855086766134038191789471160383562587979229839540736 cent; 4020 to 4040, 1/627710173532268076383578942320767125175958459679081472 cent; 4040 to 4060, 1/1255420347064536152767557884641534250351916919358162944 cent; 4060 to 4080, 1/2510840694129072305535115769283068500703833838716325888 cent; 4080 to 4100, 1/5021681388258144611070231538566137001407667677432651776 cent; 4100 to 4120, 1/10043362776516289222140463077132274002815335354865303552 cent; 4120 to 4140, 1/2008672555303257844428092615426454800563067070973070704 cent; 4140 to 4160, 1/4017345110606515688856185230852909601126134141946141408 cent; 4160 to 4180, 1/8034690221213031377712370461705819202252268283892282816 cent; 4180 to 4200, 1/16069380442426062755424740923411638404504536567784565632 cent; 4200 to 4220, 1/32138760884852125510849481846823276809009073135569131264 cent; 4220 to 4240, 1/64277521769704251021698963693646553618018146271138262528 cent; 4240 to 4260, 1/12855504353940850204339792738729310723603629254227652512 cent; 4260 to 4280, 1/25711008707881700408679585477458621447207258508455305024 cent; 4280 to 4300, 1/51422017415763400817359170954917242894414517016910610048 cent; 4300 to 4320, 1/102844034831526801634718341909834485788829034033821220096 cent; 4320 to 4340, 1/205688069663053603269436683819668971577658068067642440192 cent; 4340 to 4360, 1/411376139326107206538873367639337943155316136135284880384 cent; 4360 to 4380, 1/822752278652214413077746735278675886310632272270569760768 cent; 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4620 to 4640, 1/6739986732254940471932901255402912860656699574440507701891856 cent; 4640 to 4660, 1/13479973464509880943865802510805825721313399148881015403783712 cent; 4660 to 4680, 1/26959946929019761887731605021611651442626798297762030807567424 cent; 4680 to 4700, 1/53919893858039523775463210043223302885253596595524061615134848 cent; 4700 to 4720, 1/1



**Tommy Atkins Loses the Race  
Through No Fault of His  
or His Rider.**

and sixteenth: Ida Ledford

[A.P. NIGHT REPORT.]  
BUFFALO, Sept. 1.—Score: First

brook, Pa., will be the first incumbent  
of the diocese.



October  
15, 1900

10

**We now have all our new lines of hats and furnishings for men. See our 100 feet of show windows.**

street, at 1:50 o'clock this morning. The blaze was extinguished by the night watchman, and occupants of the building, before the arrival of the fire department, which responded to an alarm from box 32. The origin of the

fire is unknown. The damage is a revolver.







# Southern California by Towns and Counties.

## PASADENA.

### Sewer Assessments to Be Collected.

### Local Argonauts at Nome Not Suffering.

### Fire Fighters Returning from the Mountains—Notes and Personals.

**PASADENA, Sept. 1.**—(Regular Correspondence.) Contractor Charles M. Smith will begin the collection of assessments for the construction of the sewer system, which has been completed, and the assessments range from \$10.00 to \$15.00, and they are spread over twenty-two pieces of property. The assessments act provides that the contractor shall notify the property owners that the assessments are due and after he has done so he is obliged to file an affidavit to that effect in the office of the Street Superintendent. If the money is not paid, the assessments remain as a lien upon the property for two years and draw interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. The work was accepted today by the city engineer, and the assessments probably will be levied today.

One of the provisions of the act is that the property owners cannot be notified by the contractor shall upon each piece of property, and the assessments cannot be found, announce in a book, in specified terms, that the assessments are due.

It is likely that a reasonable time will be allowed for the payment of the assessments before interest will be charged.

In the Orange Grove-avenue district, the same method will be pursued. As the assessments are levied in this district, the total assessments will amount to several thousand dollars.

In connection with the activity of the council in ordering sewer construction in different parts of the city, the physicians of Pasadena have taken occasion to express their gratification at the manner in which the city is being governed. The Pasadena Medical Association always has taken an active part in the affairs of the city, and the physicians in general have labored hard for the betterment of local health conditions.

**PASADENANS AT NOME.** Dr. J. E. Parker, who returned from Cape Nome, says that the men stand in need of government assistance to aid them in getting away from the camp. They are probably twenty Pasadena men at Cape Nome, and while none of them have made any money, they are all well and are sufficient to pay their passage home, and they are working at fair wages.

Among the number are C. E. Smiley, Joseph Gantner, Harper McNamee, Thomas Banbury, Phil Banbury, John Miller, Harry Ford and Charles Wooster. Most of them expect to return this fall.

**FIRE FIGHTERS RETURNING.** Men who have been fighting the fire in the mountains are returning rapidly, and report that their services are no longer as the fire is practically out. Company 1, however, says the heavy fog of the past few nights have been equal to the services of the fire in quenching the flames. He speaks highly of the work of the men and their assistants.

**PASADENA BREWSTER.** The members of the San Gabriel Grape Growers' Association have sold their grapes at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per ton. The growers say the buyers for the growers over the buyers, but at a meeting a month ago, of the growers, the buyers were told that the grapes were of excellent quality, and it is thought that the grapes will sell at a higher price than the buyers are offering.

The absence of crime, and disorder in Pasadena is well shown in the report of the city marshal, who says that the city is the quietest in the state. He says that he has not received any reports of crime, and that the city is the quietest in the state.

A team belonging to M. S. Ballard, a public carriage driver, ran away today from Raymond, and was captured by a man who jumped from the carriage at the corner of Colorado street and Raymond avenue, and was slightly injured.

The city of Pasadena has obtained an extension of six months on its option on water land in the San Gabriel Narrows. The land is valued at \$17,500.

Mrs. Nellie Keith, librarian at South Pasadena, has returned from her vacation, and the library will open next Monday, after being closed two weeks.

Rev. John R. Holly, who is conducting the revival services at the First Presbyterian Church, will deliver the Sunday afternoon address at the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

The butcher shop of Joseph Schweitzer at Lamanda Park was entered by burglars last night, and about \$20 in cash was taken from the safe.

Sarah F. Thomson, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Thomson, died today at the home of her parents, No. 483 South Madison avenue.

Mrs. L. L. Spencer and children and Mrs. Esther Wright of North Pasadena have gone to Avalon for a ten day outing.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will have charge of the Sunday evening services at the First Christian Church.

## LONG BEACH PICNICS.

### Illinoisans Organize With Slight Opposition—Notes by the Seaside.

**LONG BEACH, Sept. 1.**—(Regular Correspondence.) Six hundred present and former Illinois people came to the beach today, had a basket picnic and formed a permanent organization.

The visitors were met at the train by the Long Beach Band and were escorted to the Tabernacle. Ralph Hoyt, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, called for the prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. L. P. Crawford of Pasadena.

"We want to welcome not only those who were born in Illinois, but also those who have come to this city from other states who wanted to be born in Illinois and who have all their lives been trying to obtain that difficulty."

"California is a land where nature has been trying to obtain that difficulty. It is a land where some of our tall friends may sleep with their heads in one kind of climate and their feet in another."

A vocal solo was rendered by a trio consisting of A. E. Waters, Robert P. Skilling, and J. J. Gosper. The solo was well received.

Ex-Gov. J. J. Gosper moved that permanent action be taken on the subject of the Illinoisans in the Long Beach picnic. He said a meeting could be held in Long Beach for the purpose of obtaining a permanent organization.

The motion brought Chairman J. J. Eddy of the Committee on Organization to his feet. He said he had a report of that committee which it would take only two minutes to read, and three minutes to adopt.

A motion to lay Mr. Gosper's proposition on the table was put, but the vote was so close that a division was called for. Those favoring the proposition were 10, and those opposing were 9.

"Now all those," said Mr. Eddy, "who are for our president that honorable man."

"Mr. Eddy, you are put of order," said Chairman Hoyt. "The subject is not read."

"If my name was presented and you should elect me for president, I would not be able to read it."

"There are two names on this list," said Mr. Eddy. "The names were presented, and he announced them as Ralph Hoyt and J. J. Gosper."

The names submitted in the list of vice-presidents were T. P. Lukens and W. S. Melick of Pasadena, and W. L. Cleveland of Los Angeles.

W. H. Burnham of Orange, R. M. Baker of Mojave, and J. E. Bouton of Covina and Gen. E. Bouton of Los Angeles. The other nominations of the committee were J. E. Bouton, J. A. Waters, and for treasurer, S. H. Kinyer.

Mr. Hoyt requested that his name be withdrawn from the vice-presidential nominations.

Mr. Melick and he understood the vice-presidents were to be chosen just for ornamental purposes, and moved that the name of Dr. Melick be substituted in place of his own.

On motion of Mr. Eddy, Rev. Dr. Crawford's name was withdrawn from the list, but the request was not carried.

Ex-Gov. Gosper asked that his name be withdrawn from the list, but the request was not carried.

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## LONG BEACH PICNICS.

### Illinoisans Organize With Slight Opposition—Notes by the Seaside.

**LONG BEACH, Sept. 1.**—(Regular Correspondence.) Six hundred present and former Illinois people came to the beach today, had a basket picnic and formed a permanent organization.

The visitors were met at the train by the Long Beach Band and were escorted to the Tabernacle. Ralph Hoyt, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, called for the prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. L. P. Crawford of Pasadena.

"We want to welcome not only those who were born in Illinois, but also those who have come to this city from other states who wanted to be born in Illinois and who have all their lives been trying to obtain that difficulty."

"California is a land where nature has been trying to obtain that difficulty. It is a land where some of our tall friends may sleep with their heads in one kind of climate and their feet in another."

A vocal solo was rendered by a trio consisting of A. E. Waters, Robert P. Skilling, and J. J. Gosper. The solo was well received.

Ex-Gov. J. J. Gosper moved that permanent action be taken on the subject of the Illinoisans in the Long Beach picnic. He said a meeting could be held in Long Beach for the purpose of obtaining a permanent organization.

The motion brought Chairman J. J. Eddy of the Committee on Organization to his feet. He said he had a report of that committee which it would take only two minutes to read, and three minutes to adopt.

A motion to lay Mr. Gosper's proposition on the table was put, but the vote was so close that a division was called for. Those favoring the proposition were 10, and those opposing were 9.

"There are two names on this list," said Mr. Eddy. "The names were presented, and he announced them as Ralph Hoyt and J. J. Gosper."

The names submitted in the list of vice-presidents were T. P. Lukens and W. S. Melick of Pasadena, and W. L. Cleveland of Los Angeles.

W. H. Burnham of Orange, R. M. Baker of Mojave, and J. E. Bouton of Covina and Gen. E. Bouton of Los Angeles. The other nominations of the committee were J. E. Bouton, J. A. Waters, and for treasurer, S. H. Kinyer.

Mr. Hoyt requested that his name be withdrawn from the vice-presidential nominations.

Mr. Melick and he understood the vice-presidents were to be chosen just for ornamental purposes, and moved that the name of Dr. Melick be substituted in place of his own.

On motion of Mr. Eddy, Rev. Dr. Crawford's name was withdrawn from the list, but the request was not carried.

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Constable Murphy of North Ontario recovered a stolen bicycle near Garden Grove yesterday. It was taken several weeks ago by George Stover, a thirteen-year-old boy of North Ontario, who rode to this city and disposed of it to a Garden Grove boy for \$1. The boy was taken to the police station and was apprehended, and will be tried for the theft.

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Settled have been biting pests lately at Newport Beach the past few days. Yesterday over one hundred flies were swarmed over the whole place in a very short time.

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EDITORIAL SHEET.

Amusements.

NINE YEAR

THEATERS

ORPHEUM—EXTRA—Labor Day Matinee Monday—Tomorrow!

NEW ACTS — NEW FACES — NEW PLEASURES

NEWSKY TROUPE

Direct from Russia—Eight Supreme European Artists—An Orpheum Circuit Importation.

MAGNET'S ANIMAL SHOW

AMMIE DORIA

BLACK BARTONS

4 JUGGLING JOHNSONS.

PRICES—50c, 25c, 10c. Box seats, 75c. Matinee, any seat, 25c. Phone M. 1447

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATRE—OLIVER MOROSCO

Beginning this evening last week

MR. JAMES NEILL

And the incomparable Nell Company, presenting Dion Boucicault's great English play—

WASHINGTON GARDENS—LOS ANGELES COUNTY IMPROVEMENT

ONE WEEK SEPTEMBER 17TH,

PARIS MILITARY FIREWORKS MASTERPIECE

The Battle of San Juan

History, Cavalry, Rough Riders, Artillery, Cuban, Spanish, Red Cross Nurses, Ammunition, etc. EXACTLY AS PRODUCED AT MANHATTAN BEACH, N. Y.

Followed nightly by \$1000 DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS and Effects.

Prices, Seats 50c; GRAND STAND 75c; BOX SEATS \$1.00; CHIL. 25c.

Tickets at Fitzgerald's Music House, 113 South Spring Street

picked up on the field of "The First Battle" and laid away as souvenirs which might attest the fact that even in the most remote positions are taken with the hosts of American Honor and Prosperity.

It is now reported that Generalissimo is about to get married. So he really was insane, after all!

Mr. Clay Knox of Saticoy was hunting recently when a bullet struck him above the forehead. It was, however, deflected by a steel McKinley button which he wore upon the front of his hat. Mr. Knox is none the less a believer in the efficacy of Republican things since the circumstance.

Col. Dockery, Democratic candidate for Governor of Missouri, made a speech recently, in which he stated that no person within the sound of his voice had known of the existence of the Philippines before the Spanish war. This shows the estimate placed upon the American intelligence by the anti-imperialist campaigners.

The fool who likes to be wheeled in a barrow and the other fool who will not leave until his candidate is elected are now around the corner making arrangements and writing to the papers.

Said weary Tai An, with the ghost of a smile, "I'm beginning to feel I'd like to change places with Kruger awhile, and trek in an automobile!"

Said poor old Tuan, as he tried to be gay, "I'll spread my blue shirt and go sailing away—All same foreign devil balloons!"

Following is the programme of the concert by the Southern California Band at Westlake Park at 2 p.m. today:

Grand march, "Silver Trumpets" (Viviani); waltz, "Jolly Fellow" (Vocal); selection, "The Singing Girl" (Hebert); serenade, "La Paloma" (Trader); "The Lost Chord" (Sullivan); overture, "Jolly Fellow" (Buclos); characteristic, "A Hunting Scene" (Buclos); selection, "Il Trovatore" (Verdi); Porto Rican dance, "Rosita" (Mason); medley, "Broadway to Tokio" (Shane); "Star Spangled Banner."

AT HOLLENBECK.

The same band will give a concert at Hollenbeck Park at 7:30 p.m., under the following programme:

March, "The Union Forever" (Scott); waltz, "Calabria" (Wittmark); selection, "Faust" (Gounod); "The Dances of the East" (Ortiz); overture, "Pique Dame" (Buclos); medley, "Songs of '98" (Mackie); polka, "The Anvil" (Parlow); waltz, "Mosquito Tangle" (Medley); "Broadway to Tokio" (Shane); "America."

EAST LOS ANGELES PARK.

The Pasadena City Band will give a concert in this park. Following is the programme:

"Bavarian March" (Brucher); "The Winner" (Machle); "Japanese Dance" (Baker); overture, "Nugget Nell" (Southwell); "East Lake Two-step" (Duncan); selection popular medleys (Witt); waltz, "Polonaise" (Bambros); cake walk, "Aunt Jeannette" (Rockwell); march, "On Duty" (Rosky).

TODAY'S BASEBALL GAME.

The Ventura baseball team will battle with the Pacifics of this city at Fiesta Park this afternoon and a good game should be the result. An excursion party before will accompany the Ventura team.

The line-up of the team is as follows:

Ventura: Pitcher, Mangerina; Catcher, Simons; First base, Franklin; Second base, Smith; Third base, Mitchell; Shortstop, Breyne; Left field, Johnson; Center field, McVey; Right field, Barnett; Substitute, Payne; Brown; Substitute, Sepulveda.

ETIWAHA.

SALT LAKE ROAD WANTED.

ETIWAHA, Sept. 1.—(Regular Correspondence.) Etiwanda. People are awake to the advantages offered by the Salt Lake Railroad, and are petitioning to be taken in on its way. The people have offered a free right of way and intend offering other inducements. Grape picking is on in full blast, with the largest crop in the history of this colony. The raisin men are jubilant.

It is now said that Mr. Bryan's position is impregnable. That may be; but Mr. McKinley has an interesting collection of Bryan's impregnability which he

will Mr. McKinley consider it a "manifest destiny" when he is retired to private life next November?—(Ex. Hardly, Miracles would better define such a remarkable happening!)

A Boston Common man remarked the other day that he would rather be an assassin than governor or mayor. His case seems to come most admirably within the sphere of influence of the music and efficiency temper rays.

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If I can keep you all of the time doing the best quality of dental work entirely at my fair rate of prices—then, of course, I will be profitable in the end and as if I charged exorbitant prices for my services.

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THE DENTIST

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Dr. Schiffman extracted some teeth for me; also did some filling and other work without causing me any discomfort.

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I wish to add another word of praise to the many Dr. Schiffman already has for his method of painless dentistry. Words are not enough to express my gratitude. I no longer dread the dentist's chair.

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South Pasadena; one constable of the following-named towns and county, to fill vacancy, Ballona, Chahuenga, and Santa Anita, to be voted for at a general election to be held on Tuesday, November 10, 1908, for the purpose of selecting a County Central Committee and a committee of five persons to receive and disburse the campaign fund pursuant to the Parity of Election and for the transaction of such business as may come before it.

For the purpose of nominating delegates for delegates, caucuses will be held in each precinct in the







[COMPILED FOR THE TIMES BY A VETERAN OFFICER.]

A very interesting decision has been rendered by the Commander of the Training Division of the Civil Engineering Corps, U. S. N., which will have direct bearing upon the pay status of many officers of the navy. The ques-

admission to the Naval Academy over held will occur next September, when the board of examiners will meet before the board of examiners. Forty of these were appointed under the provisions of the act of March 3, 1901 of the last session which renders appointments to Annapolis effective every year instead of every two years as in the past. This will give the academy the largest fourth class which has entered its training since 1890.

Wainwright has reported to the authorities that he will be in a position to complete the work of the academy pending the completion of the present year's matriculation.

For enlarging the school, no further appropriations are necessary. Annapolis will be held until May 1, 1902, when the next year's matriculation will have to be filled.

Some novel experiments are about to be made from a balloon by Rev. Dr. A. Bacon of Columbia, S. C. Dr. Bacon, accompanied by a number of assistants, will ascend with a large

sometimes not far from the boiling point. Damages amounting to a considerable sum have been done in the past summer by the destruction of berries and other crops irrigated with it.

A number of those taking water from the ditch ditches have been urging the city to have the water diverted and put in at suitable locations along Jefferson street, or in that neighborhood. It is claimed that the water which results from a long ditch run would be very largely lost in the open place. It is also contended that greater volumes of water may be developed along the river near the city than in the lower ditch.

Ditch No. 2, which follows Alameda street, runs along the east side of the city, and crosses the city boundary south of the old city boundary and crosses that street so as to take water from the ditch. It is claimed that part of the ditch is outside the city causes some embarrassment. No one is sure, but those who are not in the city claim that the water is not in the

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bers, his axe slipped, cutting his foot fruitfully. Curious to note, the thews cut his left foot in somewhat the same manner two months ago. Clifford Middleton, a member of Gila county's oldest and most esteemed families and a gallant Ho Rider, has been wedded to Miss Ben Morrison. Another local marriage worthy of mention was that of Sam Blight and Mrs. Minnie C. Blight.







5. NABER, ALFRED & BRUNO, A.  
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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

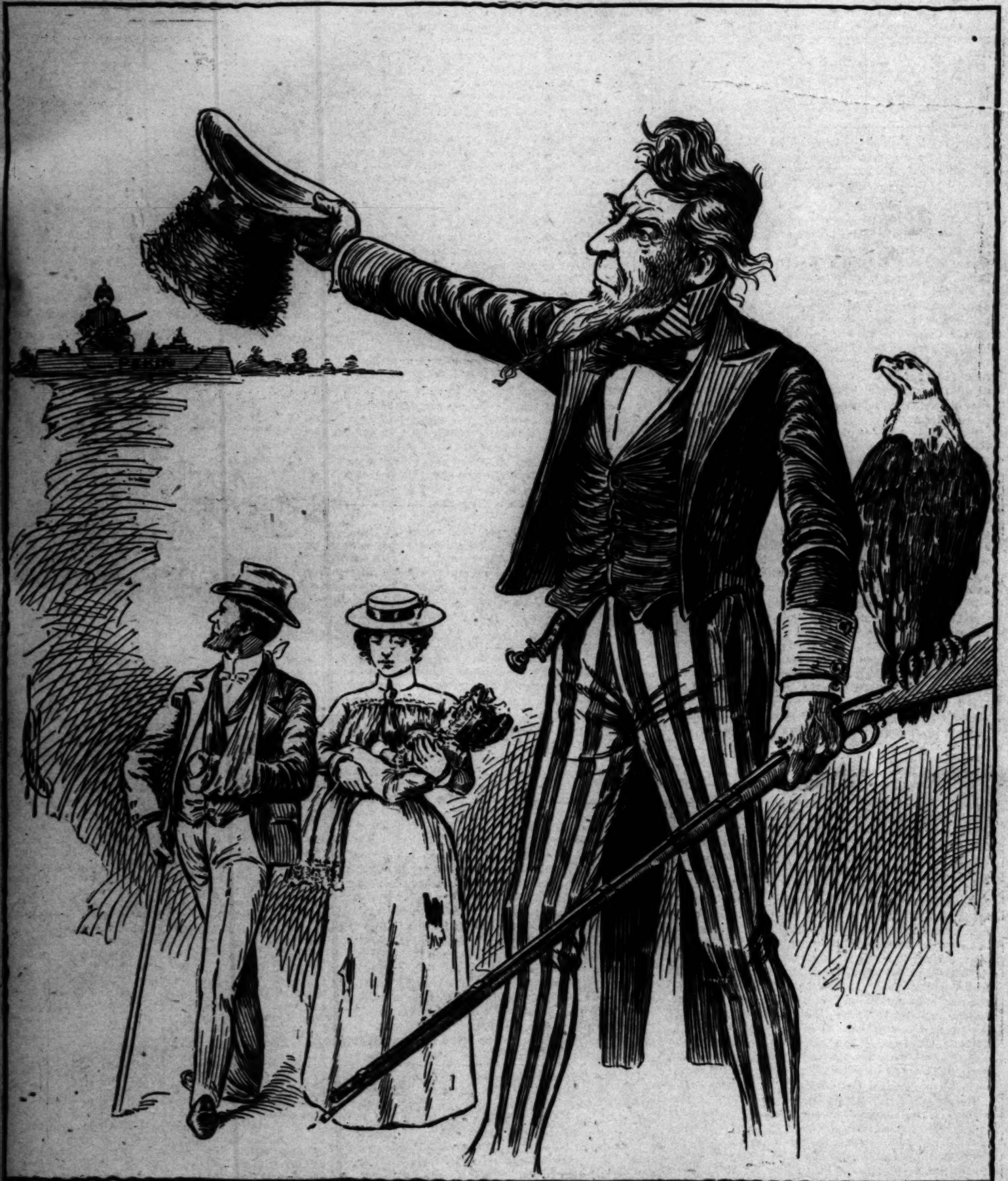
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Uncle Sam to the powers: "Goodby. Now that I have rescued 'mine own people,' I don't propose to take a hand in any 'partition of territory.'"



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## Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 4, 1897.

## FACT VERSUS THEORY.

THE theory that the American woman is improving physically but the American man degenerating has been revived by recent European visitors to our shores. Modern physical culture and the outdoor games in which women now take so active a part have increased their height, say these foreign commentators, broadened their chests, imparted color to the cheek, brightness to the eye, elasticity and grace to movement, and thus added new attractions to the older, distinctively American charms of mind and manner. But the American man, on the other hand, according to our critics, is not advancing physically. On the contrary, he is growing spindly-shanked, narrow-chested and underbred. Cooped up in business offices, he is using up his physical patrimony and contracting every possible disease, from dyspepsia to consumption, in the endless pursuit of wealth.

But is it not just a little strange that a nation in whose men so great physical degeneration is taking place should continually make so good a showing in international athletics of all sorts? What about the record of the Americans at the recent sports at Paris at the Athenian games, and at various other international contests? Why is it that they have so often carried off the prizes at jumping, sprinting and other trials of strength and skill, and that, even where they have failed to win first place, they have received so much of praise? What about the American as a soldier, working at the hard trials of arms? These proofs do not look much like physical degeneration.

It is true that the men who take part in these international contests are exceptionally trained. But they have not won their position as champions in their own country without difficulty. They have plenty of rivals here who run them a close race in a contest for supremacy.

It is also true that athletes are usually very young men. Yet it is hardly possible that the results of the training that they and their peers have undergone should be entirely lost in after life. The man with chest and biceps developed in youth by athletic training does not easily grow spindly-shanked and narrow-chested later on. Nor is the habit of physical exercise and the pleasure of it easily lost.

As a matter of fact, while we have physical degenerates in this country as well as in every other, the preponderating spirit is that of an increasing interest in athletics and physical development, on the part of both men and women. Athletic training is receiving more and more attention. Our schools, down to the grammar grades, have taken up the matter, and an improvement, due to this, is undoubtedly going on in both sexes.

Moreover, while it cannot be denied that the American tendency is to work too hard, the European who sees him in his office is likely to take too one-sided a view of the case. The fact is that the American never does anything in a desultory manner. When he works, he works in an intense, nineteenth-century, electric-motor fashion that leaves the dray-horse and steam-puffing type of business man lumbering along far in the rear; but when he loaf, he does this also with a whole-souled abandon that is as impressive as his work-day zeal. Half measures never satisfy the American in anything. He must have the whole or go without. The foreigner does not realize how much greater alertness goes with our clearer atmosphere, or how much recuperation can be extracted from a little rest and recreation, if you only take it straight.

The American probably averages slighter in build than the Englishman, German, Russian, or Scandinavian—partly because of his greater temperance in the matter of liquid refreshments, partly because the climate in which he lives is not conducive to the accumulation of superfluous flesh. He has not the physique of the slugger; his muscular development does not obtrude itself. But neither does that of the race horse. He is hardly as tall as the northern European. Nevertheless a careful observation of the people upon the streets of any of our cities will convince one that he is not undersized in proportion to the women of his own

nation, although the bettered physical development of the latter may be more noticeable than his because it is a comparatively new feature. That his physical endurance is not of inferior quality is evidenced by the records made in our recent wars.

## PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

NEW YORK exchanges report that the arch erected not so very many months ago, when the men and women of the nation gathered in that city by hundreds of thousands to thunder a welcome to Admiral Dewey, is defaced, in every attainable spot, with the idle scribbles of boys and the signatures of megalomaniacs. The arches built in honor of the great Roman Emperors—the Arch of Titus, and the Arch of Constantine, and the Arch of Septimius Severus, have stood at Rome for more centuries than the Christian era numbers, without defacement by the people. The Loggia di Lanai before the Pitti Palace, on the square of the Signoria, is the favorite hanging place of the poor and the playground of the children in rainy weather. It contains some of the choicest statues belonging to the State and the police of the Eternal City do not need to watch either adults or children to prevent them from defacing these works of art. The people are taught from infancy to revere them.

The Germans and the Swiss are great lovers of outdoor life. They spend their summers, such of the people as can in anywise afford it, in mountain and forest tours. Yet forest fires in either of those two countries are of rare occurrence. This is undoubtedly owing in part to the fact that the foresters, who are regularly employed by the government, are posted at frequent intervals and are efficient men, well trained in their work and with a strong sense of responsibility. But it is also due, undoubtedly, in great measure, to the interest the people themselves take in the preservation of their forests.

It would be hardly fair to assert that the American is not as patriotic as the Italian or the German. His readiness to offer himself for her in her hour of need is evidence to the contrary. However, there is a practical, every-day sort of patriotism as desirable and as admirable in its way as the self-sacrificial enthusiasm of the battle hour or the shoutings in honor of returning heroes; and this, it would seem, the fathers and mothers of the nation still need to train into their children. It may be as useful a service to one's country to foster the sources of her prosperity in peace as to defend them in war.

## BLASPHEMOUS, OR RIDICULOUS?

AND now the superstition has struck France that human skill may regulate the weather. Our Consul at Lyons has just reported to this government that the French government has recently made a successful test in preventing a hailstorm. The process of prevention was exactly the same as that by which our own rainmakers were wont to bombard the cloudless sky. We are not told by the Consul at Lyons what logic guided the Frenchmen to their belief in the value of gunpowder, but it must have been peculiar.

The American rainmakers at first proceeded upon the widely-accepted belief that heavy rains commonly accompany or quickly follow after great battles. They could not imagine that anything but the heavy artillery could produce results so large as a change of weather, and so they tried to make rain by burning much gunpowder. It would be interesting to know the logic by which the French have reversed this reasoning.

The really comical thing about this whole business is that the belief concerning the drenching of battlefields existed centuries before a cannon was ever fired in war. Rain flooded most of the Roman battlefields, as it is supposed to flood ours. Plutarch says: "It is an observation that extraordinary rains pretty generally fall after great battles." But note his explanation: "Some divine power that cleanses the polluted earth, or moist and heavy evaporations, steaming forth from the blood and corruption, thicken the air, which naturally is subject to alteration from the smallest causes." In other words, it is not tremendous explosions shaking down the rain, but the Almighty cleaning up after untidy men.

Strangely enough, the theological argument is the oldest, has held its ground the most persistently, and will probably be doing business after all French and Yankee weather modellers shall have hidden themselves away in defeat and shame. One Rev. Abram Tris of Howard, Kan., has recently written a book holding Plutarch's ground with true Christian persistence, and proves that "all human rainmaking is not only a humbug, but is one of the follies and open blasphemies of the closing years of the nineteenth century." He holds that "rainmaking is the sole province of the Deity;" and by implication, of course, hail preventing is the same. It is pretty certain that if Rev. Mr. Tris is not right about it, no French or Yankee weather sharp is able to confound him. Blasphemous or not, rainmaking and its opposite are ridiculous. The French experiments are likely to prove to be one of those cases where they are laughed at best who get laughed at last.

An Omaha, Neb., judge recently drank a quart of milk treated with preservative, in order to test the milkmen's statement that the preparation was harmless. He remained in bed next day, and the judge who took his place fined each of the milkmen \$25 and costs. If this method of testing adulterated articles should become popular, there would undoubtedly be more pure foods in the market but fewer judges on the bench.

The members of a young ladies' club at Burlington, Wis., recently sent \$2.75 to the Chicago News Sanitarium for the babies of the poor, accompanying the gift with a letter stating that the money was earned by an auction of

knives. In explanation of the amount of the donation it may be stated that Burlington is a summer resort. Again we are reminded of the fact that competition is the life of trade.

The Macan (Ga.) Telegraph says: "Our platform declares that imperialism is the great issue of the campaign, yet in our hearts we know it is our desire and determination to govern the negroes outside of the Constitution." Confession is a good beginning, brother. Pass right up to the anxious wait.

Milwaukee has solved the servant girl question by hiring boys to do kitchen work, with encouraging results. The servant boys demand fewer privileges, but, on the other hand, it is stated that districts where they have made their appearance are not so well policed.

A visitor to the Chicago stockyards suggests "We can" as a substitute for the city's motto, "I will." The suggestion is a good one. A pig rampant supporting a shield decorated with this motto would make a very effective coat of arms.

If the report that the shade and fruit trees of Brooklyn, N. Y., are attacked by the San José scale is correct, California can furnish the advice that in this case a stitch in time may save ninety and nine.

Eastern exchanges state that New England is laying in an unusual supply of coal, in expectation of a hard winter. Now is the time for our eastern friends to make plans for spending the frosty season in California.

## CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Milwaukee Sentinel:] When the leaders of the Milwaukee Democracy fall out honest men get their information.

[Philadelphia North American:] The Democratic position on silver seems to be this: "We are still for 16 to 1, but please don't remind us of it."

[Chicago News:] It is announced from New York that Gov. Roosevelt "will make an active campaign." Did any one imagine he could make any other kind?

[Toledo Blade:] Republicans need not feel greatly alarmed so long as George Fred Williams does not claim Massachusetts for Bryan and Col. Eli Taylor permits Ohio to remain in the Republican column.

[Washington Star:] It is reported that brigands have reappeared near Rome. If Italy would devote itself to the cultivation of brigands for home use and stop the exportation of anarchists the world would feel easier.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] Every American has a perfect right to feel "puffed up" over the showing made by women at the Paris Exposition, as evidenced by the award of a fraction less than 6000 medals and prizes to American exhibitors.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] Count Beni de Castellano's contentment at the sale of his chateau, because it costs so much to keep the place up, strikes an answering chord in the bosoms of the Goida. If they could dispose of Count Beni himself, in the same transaction, there might be satisfaction all around.

[Boston Globe:] The Postoffice Department has an automobile collecting mail in Washington and one in New York. The one in Washington has been in use for a week, and it has proved that it saves fully twenty-five minutes out of each hour. The one in New York did better than that on its first trip. Apparently the automobile mail collector has come to stay.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] The southern editors are still dreadfully worked up over the fact that a mob of hoodlums made life unpleasant for a few hours for a portion of the colored population in New York City. Perhaps they will pardon us for reminding them that they entirely fail to call attention to the remarkably prompt and effective measures taken by the police to quell this brief outbreak.

## LAFAYETTE KISSED A BELL.

[Mrs. Theodora Horton in Ladies Home Journal:] "Lafayette's stay in Alexandria, Va., upon his return visit to America, was a succession of fêtes, opening with a civic and military parade. The event to which everyone looked forward with delight—the grand ball. It was held in the double drawing-rooms of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, which, after English fashion, occupied the second floor. The apartments were richly decorated, and were thronged with the élite of Virginia society and many notable guests from Washington city and elsewhere. Lafayette stood in the rear drawing-room and received with the Mayor of Alexandria, who introduced the guests to him. During the presentations, a young lady from Middle Virginia, a great belle, came up, and on being introduced, asked Lafayette to kiss her, which he immediately did. Everybody was shocked at such an exhibition of immodesty on her part, and wondered how the general could be so undignified as to comply with her request. Nothing else was talked of the entire evening but this remarkable occurrence. The ladies all thought it quite shameful and a disgrace to the occasion and blamed both the girl and the Marquis. The gentlemen, however, thought Lafayette excusable under the circumstances."

## SONNET ON REGRET.

At night, when all the sounds of day are hushed  
And all around the shadows dark and still,  
One's very soul with quiet seems to fill.  
The clear-eyed mind, no more by passion flushed,  
Can see each thought which should have quick been crushed  
E'er yet it lived. Ah then, with what a thrill  
Of pain each shameful deed is faced, until  
Each quivering nerve with torture's sting is brushed.  
Then comes the pale-eyed specter, vain Regret;  
And knocking low at the heart's chamber door,  
Says: "There's a little advice for thee yet.  
Repent for thy misdeeds—thou canst no more."  
But hope within cries: "Nay, despair not now,  
For retribution's thorns are sown thy brow."

EDITH JAMISON-LOWE.



September 2, 1900.]

# The Merry-go-round. By Robert J. Burdette.

## The Cat and the Queen.

Fussy cat, pussy cat, where hast thou been?  
I've been up to London to look at the Queen;  
Fussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?  
Climbed up on the 'buses to wonder and stare.  
Went into places and came out again;  
Purred for the women and "a-a-ppt!" at the men;  
Got myself lost among people and things;  
Climbed over tombstones of duffers and kings;  
Watched the procession and followed the band,  
And kept my own fur in a furrier's land.

London is the only city on earth so big that it doesn't have to care about it. It is larger than Chicago, but not so big as the whole State of Illinois, so there is yet hope for Chicago. None, however, for any other city in America. Which is all right; no other city in America ambitious to surpass London. Good city for correspondent. Feel good-natured; praise everything in London up to skies; Londoners don't care a ha'penny; not at all grateful; knew it all before. Correspondent in evil mood; got mixed up in English money and "done himself up" in making change; or got mixed up with cab driver, and got done up in other fashion; takes it out of London generally; takes town fore and aft; calls bad names and uses harsh language; empties vials of wrath and whole carboys of sarcasm; Londoners do not mind it; just as pleasant to him as ever; will read his letter if he shows it to them; enjoy it with him very likely, see no reason, however, for making row about it. Correspondent therefore rejoices that has made mighty angry reading for home consumption, and nobody's feelings hurt. Everybody happy.

This capital of oppressed and enslaved people—who do not seem to know it—has very deep convictions on subject of free speech. Man, being Briton, born under weight of cross and scepter, has a right to say what he thinks he thinks, and says it, out of doors, in open air, very loud and with skirlish lines of "H's" mounted on disappearing mountain making speech vividly picturesque. Last Sunday afternoon heard dozen speakers in Hyde Park orating and ranting on politics, mostly "agin the government;" so-called, exclusively against government, and six or eight different kinds of religion—not one being the established kind. Not long ago, however, several fervent street preachers were arrested and cast into prison. This shows that the heavy hand of monarchy and the iron heel of despotism are—come to remember, however, those arrests of Salvation Army street preachers were made on Boston Common, which is quite altogether another thing. Cradle of liberty is off to rock all sorts of babies in, however. One thing is said about preachers in Hyde Park, however. They are free to preach. Haven't heard any of them smiting Sabbath stillness with loud-sounding cymbal and resounding bass drum.

Used to think fondness for oratory strictly American characteristic; it is inherited trait, however. Our cousins very fond of making speech on every possible occasion. Under given to great length, however, exhausting subject, speaker, audience, in inverse order. But they are excellent listeners, as well; Hyde Park speakers seem well informed; my ready, quick, and usually very apt with reply to my interrupting question, but in such deadly, intense, serious earnest. Those I have heard are most utterly humorous. I mean, in their speeches. They have never "friv-er" in my hearing, and I have wondered much how they did so well the audiences they gather so quickly around them. They discuss everything that is debated in Parliament, and, as a rule, with a little more fluency and ease of delivery.

If you want to hear the British "er—er" in its perfection, you must shun the Marble Arch and attend a session of Parliament. I will admit that my countrymen do talk through their noses, but we do not let our words together with irregular links of "er—era." English preachers do not do this. But appears to be unwritten law compelling Parliamentary orators to do so. To err is not merely human; it is essentially English. To forgive the errors is divine.

## Where Did You Get That Hat?

All sorts and conditions of men and male children in our mother country wear the top hat—the high, slick, shiny "topper," stovepipe hat of our own beloved land. The hat which with us is sacred to funerals, weddings, St. Patrick's day, a few political clubs, now and then a commercial traveler who wears it with a sack coat and tan shoes, and full dress occasions east of the Mississippi. But the venerable helmet goes with everybody and everything and on every occasion. Sundays the "bus drivers" wear it. Schoolboys from the age of 9 and upward—I have lost my notes, and that g may really be a 6—I think it is and it goes with any kind of a coat, though I think a Prince Albert coat, a circus waistcoat, striped trousers, striped shirt, white collar, red necktie and tan shoes seems to be about the commonest combination during business hours. In fact, I think an Englishman's headgear—next to his shoes, which are somewhat heavier and clumsier than those our plowmen wear, is one of the most striking things in all his apparel. Anything that will go on his head will do.

And on hot days—or rather, on the days that he calls hot, he wraps a puggaree, or a handkerchief, or a lawn hat, or any old peasant or streamer about any sort of hat it happens to be wearing, and calls around in it with all suggestion of gravity and unconsciousness. He used to wear a cricket in a top hat, but for some inexplicable reason he has given it up. It was certainly heavier and more inconvenient than anything he has substituted for it. However, a man with a good, hard English head on his shoulders has a right to wear any sort of covering for it that his fancy may suggest, or the unwritten law of centuries of tradition command. And they are both the same thing to him.

## A Mild-mannered Bear.

The "roar of London" was another of the vanishing wonders of Carcassonne. Tisn't any noisier than New York, and no noisier—not nearly, because of its superior pavements

for one thing, and the absence of the whirring, rushing, clanging trolleys for another. If, among the other delights of what Byron called this "dear, damned, distracting town," you want your senses thrilled with the fabled "roar of London," you will do wisely to get that thrill before you sail. London never sleeps; there is a certain grind and hum of life and traffic that goes on incessantly, save perhaps in the early morning, for London is a late riser—but it roars you as gently as any sucking dove compared with the crash and clatter of the New York pavements. The street traffic of London growls and hums, but it doesn't roar. "The roar of London" differs from that of any great American city in quality. It certainly is impressive, this steady hum like a great mill or a mighty cataract. Minnehaha Falls makes a sharper, keener, more distracting "splash" than Niagara. In fact, the mighty cataract doesn't make any "splash" at all. Well, the "roar of London" is Niagara, and it impresses you much in the same way.

The other night we stood to see the mob go past, hearing a wild whooping and shouting coming down the street. It was a detachment of the fire brigade on its way to a fire, whooping at the vehicular traffic to stand still or get out of the way. At home a clanging gong, with terror in its sharp detonation, would have cleared the way. I have been told by some liars of good repute that the roar of London could be heard clear across the English Channel. On clear days, they said. Long before I set out on this journey to Carcassonne I quit believing one-half the things I was told by serious and sincere-minded people. Trouble is, I quit on the wrong half. Now I'm going to begin on the other half.

And then, again, London isn't cursed with the juvenile street cries that add to the bedlam of American city streets. Not that it has no street cries; there are plenty of them. But they are mainly made by grown-up men, and the carrying power of the mature voice is a poor weak thing when it lines up against the shrill treble of neglected and ill-fed childhood. An American newsboy, 7 or 8 years old, by slightly corrugating his brows and opening his mouth till it hides the rest of his face can shriek, "Pa-pis! pa-pees!" until he can be heard across Lake Michigan. In the narrowest part, of course; the narrowest part. Whereas, the newsboy on our street in London is a youth of 35, with a deep guttural voice which can just carry across the street his one unchanging slogan of "Late special! 'Eavy fight-in!" which grumbles to our ears evening by evening, just as the long procession of street musicians has tinkled, roared, tankled, wheezed, whistled and tooted by.

Did you ever think what would happen if the human voice grew and developed with the rest of the body and the functions thereof? Just listen some time to a baby 11 months old, preaching anarchy in its native language and at the top of its undeveloped voice. Then figure up, in ohms, volts and amperes and volumes, what that voice would be at 21 if it kept pace with the human's physical growth. The result would be something too awful to contemplate.

I have read that Charles Wesley could preach to an audience of 10,000 people in the open air and make every one of his auditors hear him. I never believed the story—and won't believe it now, unless I am permitted to qualify it with the explanatory clause that he was only 3 years old at the time. Then it goes. I don't know how they keep the newsboys so quiet in London; they permit everybody else to make all the noise they please. For one thing, the kid carries with him, as a substitute for his voice, a printed bill with the necessary "scare-heads" emblazoned thereon, which he may read that runneth. It tells the passer-by what there is in the news, but it adds nothing to the city roar. As there are over five hundred papers published in London, one can see that it is well they shouldn't all shout at once. Nor about the same thing. Which they certainly don't.

## Two Bob and a Tanner.

Have been inoculated for English money, and it appears to be taking nicely. No longer expect 20 cents change when "bus conductor takes a pence out of shilling. Shilling looks enough like quarter to be one, so called it that for convenience—or inconvenience, rather. Find that English money is as painfully exact as it is exasperatingly cumbersome in its computation. Is believed to have been invented as one of the tortures of inquisition. Don't know of anybody who believes it except myself, but that is sufficient to establish theory. Man who invented system must have had brain shaped like a pretzel. Have to know what a "pound" is by intuition. Not a sign on it to tell what it is. Even the appellation is not inevitably suggested, for it is sometimes called a sovereign (pronounced sa-ver-eign and suffer-ink, impartially.)

Then there is a silver crown, which is worth 5s. 2s. and looks it, and a half-crown (pronounced art-crown), which is a fair twin to our own half-dollar and is worth more, and the florin, which is worth but 2s. cents, but looks so much like the "art-crown" that you invariably receive it as such, but never under any circumstances do you pay it out at the same fictionally appreciated value.

Then there is the shilling, which is worth 25 cents, but is reckoned at 12 pence for no reason under heaven but to confuse the American traveler, whose loyalty and love for the mother country is thereby sorely tried. Then the 6 pence, which you spend for a dime every time you look at it, thus shaving yourself a cent.

At first I thought the simplest and easiest way to learn the currency was always to give the man a piece of money beyond the value of article or service, and then count up the change at my leisure. But when I struck a trial balance at the end of the first week I discovered that my secret was no longer my own. The entire British empire was onto me, and I was drifting with fearful rapidity toward the shoals and quicksands of bankruptcy. Then I had all my money changed into pence and carried it around in a hand bag, but this wore me out. Then I undertook the plan of challenging the accuracy of the change every time, and defiantly compelling the man to count it over for me, while I fixed him with a Sherlock Holmes glare. But he always counted it over with lightning rapidity and

in the language of the country, and I invariably discovered that he "ad given me thruppence hover," which he pocketed with a touch of the hat and such a hearty "thank you, sir," that I couldn't contradict him again.

Finally, I sat down at odd times and played solitaire with all sorts of British coin, cheating myself outrageously every time, both in paying out to myself and making change to me until I learned all the values accurately, got the official and popular names for all the coins, learned all the patter and manipulation of it, and it's just as hard to do now as it was the day I landed. I look with longing envy upon the crossing sweep and the street musician of London with all their little fortune in convenient pennies, and my heart aches for the duke, who has to keep the tale of his millions in L. S. D. Poor duke! And I always accept a ha'penny for a penny, although I am too honest to pay it out as such. Yes, I am (accent heavy on the "yes.")

## A Mean Tip.

Speaking of pence, the other day I gave a man tuppence for a tip at a booth of some sort. I had used 6 pences and shillings for this purpose until an English friend assured me that a silver contribution wasn't always necessary or expected. A Californian has no use for a cent, anyhow, except, of course, on the Sabbath day. Then, to be sure, his heart swells with generous emotion and Christian sympathy, in common with the deep religious sentiment of that sacred day all over the Christian world. The Californian may be a little frank and outspoken in his wickedness when he is sinful, and his standards of morality may not measure up to the austerity of New England on all occasions. But he is no heathen, and when the plate is passed around in the sacred edifice—sometimes profanely called a church, or meeting-house—he rises to the support of the gospel on the same plane of lofty giving and self-denial that usually thrills the assemblages of the saints, and feels around among his gold and silver coin for a penny as deftly as any deacon in all the country east of the Rockies. I meant, of course, that he had no use for a cent during business hours. That's different. The Sunday collection is indifferent.

So when it came to giving a grown man 4 cents, I had to find fault with the service, which was perfectly satisfactory, to nerve myself up to it. But when I did this, the man apologized and seemed so genuinely sorry, and tried so eagerly to make good the imagined and invented neglect that my face grew hot. I told him, very shortly, that I wanted to hear no more about it and to bring me my bill. He told me the amount, but said if I was dissatisfied—and he looked at me so appealingly and glanced toward the cashier's desk so apprehensively that my fingers rebuked my head and closed upon a shilling instead of the cumbersome 4 pence. The man's grateful "thank you" made my heart warm as I passed out of the door, and the glow lasted pleasantly until I discovered that instead of a shilling I had given the villain a florin. That made me hot, heart, head, lungs, liver and bacon. Just my luck.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

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## BROTHERS NOW.

No thunder of the guns—  
No clamor of the captains where we stand  
Under serene suns,  
Hand clasping hand,  
Love-circled by a reunited land;  
Here, where the turf gleamed red  
With blood of heroes shed  
And all the woes of war were trumpeted!

Peace on high hills and plains—  
Peace on the rivers that ran crimson then;  
Peace where the welcome rains  
Freshen the field and glen;  
Where sowed the life tide, flows the love of men!  
The last war word is said—  
The fires of hate are dead,  
And to the hills of hope the world is led!

Here shines a glorious day!  
Again above the green the white tents gleam,  
And far, and far away,  
War seems a ghostly dream!  
The undrunked rivers, singing, seaward stream;  
The birds in blossoms sing,  
And o'er the calm fields wing  
Their ways in peace past all imagining!

Here meet the men whose blades  
Clashed in the fearful and the fateful strife;  
Men of the brave brigades,  
Who, where the stern war was rife,  
Staked in its deadly fury life on life!  
After the battle blast  
They stand for what is past—  
Earth's heroes then, and heroes-to-the last!

But let a swelling song  
To the unshadowed blue of heaven arise!  
Grim foes so long  
They meet beneath love's skies,  
And love rules all, and hate in sunlight dies!  
Soldiers and brethren they;  
The mists are rolled away,  
In the broad splendor of the perfect day!

(Atlanta Constitution.)

## THE ORIGIN OF BASEBALL.

[New England Grocer:] The devil was the first coach. He coached Eve when she stole first, Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebecca at the well she was walking with a pitcher. Sampson struck out a good many times when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptians. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a home run. David was a long-distance thrower and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.



## Street Scenes in the Cities of China.

### OUTDOOR LIFE OF CATHAY.

#### THE STREET BARBER, THE CAT VENDER AND THE QUAIL FIGHTER.

By a Special Contributor.

STREET scenes in the cities of China are alone worth a trip to the Orient. The itinerant barber, the rice seller, the Chinese delicatessen vender, and the inevitable gamester and gambler, who plies his vice in almost every otherwise unoccupied portion of squares, streets and "horse's heads" throughout the empire; all furnish their distinctive entertainment and interest to the traveling foreigner. "Our boys" in China today will meet with many of the every-day scenes in Chinese life; but the present agitation in Peking, Tien-Tsin, Tung Chow, and

has prevailed for little more than two centuries; but there is many a Chinaman today who would rather lose his head than his queue. Time has obliterated memory of the humiliating origin of the custom, this same sweet comforter has softened the sorrow of the conquered, and the universal adoption of the queue has proven a benefit to thousands, for it has created the necessity for a numerous corps of barbers. In Canton alone there are, according to estimate, 30,000 barbers, most of them itinerant. The tradesman of this class goes about with his workshop on his back. Strung across his shoulders is a long bamboo rod, with a case of neatly arranged drawers at either end, in which are contained all necessary articles for the intricate calling of a "Chinese Figaro." The one case contains razors, brushes and shampooing implements, and constitutes a seat for the customer; while its counterpoise

requires the services of a barber. No one is permitted to wear a mustache until he has attained the discrete age of 40, and only the house of mourning is ever exempt from wearing the tonsure of pigtail. A thorough shaving and shampooing is an intricate and scientific process that reflects certain credit upon the operator. All stray hairs are removed from all parts of the face, head, ears and neck by either the razor or the tweezers. But the shampooing and final drubbing resemble the osteopathic massage in the scientific manner in which the operator makes terrible jerks on the joints without dislocating them. He pulls and stretches the arms and legs, he cracks the finger joints, and then rubs and pats, pinches and flips the flesh and muscles, until the blood would be ashamed not to circulate after such solicitous endeavors to start it. However, lest the blood should not respond sufficiently, curious instruments are now employed. Brushes attack the cuticle, and spoons delve in the ears, eye pencils, made of a slip of bone with a tuft of coral or fine cotton at the end, are thrust under the lid of this delicate organ and twirled round and round, compelling the eye to perform its own ablutions with tears. The operations are finished with minute attention to the hands and feet. It takes fully one-half hour to complete this refreshing process, and the modest sum of 1 penny is the usual charge. A slight difference in price from that asked for massage of America.

The Chinese women of the middle class perform the operation of hair-dressing for one another. The mothers, daughters and sisters taking turns in assisting each other. Of course the wealthy employ their individual barbers, as in other countries. A street barber is very frequently called in to perform his offices for the man of the house but never for the women.

The Chinese razor resembles too nearly a heavy, dull lancet for a foreigner to submit at once to the tender mercies of a Celestial barber. But after watching the process carried through upon some one else, you discover that the Chinese profession barber is an expert; that the instrument, as its edge is revolved upon an iron plate, becomes an instrument of veritable surgical qualities, and it slips smoothly over the face and head, rarely leaving the trail of rich red fluid so frequently seen by the foreigner in his native tonsorial parlors. While the barbers of China have become almost as indispensable, and even more numerous than the restaurants, their workshops do not compare in picturesque quality with the refreshment stalls that are seen in every Chinese street. The Chinese as a race are vegetarians, and the refreshment served are tea and rice. The religion of Fo teaches absolute abstinence from meat as the surest way to everlasting bliss. Therefore, all desires are conquered and nature is supplied with merely the necessities for the sustenance of life. Meats of all kinds are luxuries, therefore unnecessary; and rice is the staff of life. Some meats, such as pork and the flesh of black cattle, are prohibited by certain religious orders, while rice stalls are as frequent as meats are rare. In military stations, and especially in towns along the Imperial Canal or near well-traveled roads, rice sellers set up their spacious hospice and dispense refreshments to the tarrying travelers, as they pause for a rest from their laborious duties. A wide-spreading bamboo umbrella affords shade for both buyer and seller. Beneath its spacious arms are located an earthen stove, upon which the rice meal is prepared. The rice is generally mixed with a conglomeration of vegetables and offal, and then cooked in rancid oil. The preparation is swallowed with avidity by the hungry Chinese coolie, as he reclines in the refreshing shade with a bowl of hot rice pressed closely to his lower



BARTERING FOR CATS.

other places on their road, will have interrupted the regularity of every-day life that is seen in times of peace; but markets and gambling are two things difficult to disturb or eradicate, as the one is a necessity of the body, and the other apparently a necessity to the Chinese mind. Consequently, even in these troublous times, the street scenes of Peking and other towns will afford great entertainment.

The itinerant barber, as he twangs his tweezers and noisily calls attention to his vocation, is one of the first curiosities that attracts the foreigner in this strange land. He plies his tongue and he plies his trade, constantly reminding us of the complet in the "Conquest of Cathay"—

"T the long queue and tonsure bald we trace  
The Tartar triumph—the Chinese disgrace."

The ancient Chinese wore long hair all over their heads, but now the Chinaman's head proclaims to the beholder his political, religious or professional station in life. A full head of hair indicates that he is a rebel, and opposes the present rulers; he adheres to the past Ming dynasty. A tonsure and queue proclaim submission to the Manchu Tartar rule and support of the Peking government. Many of the religious orders affect a particular style of wearing the hair; as, for instance, a devotee of Buddha advertises his religious adherence by exhibiting a completely shaven pate and crown. The Taoist priests either shave the head entirely or take the other extreme and do not shave at all, but coil the uncut hair in a distinctive fashion around the top of the head.

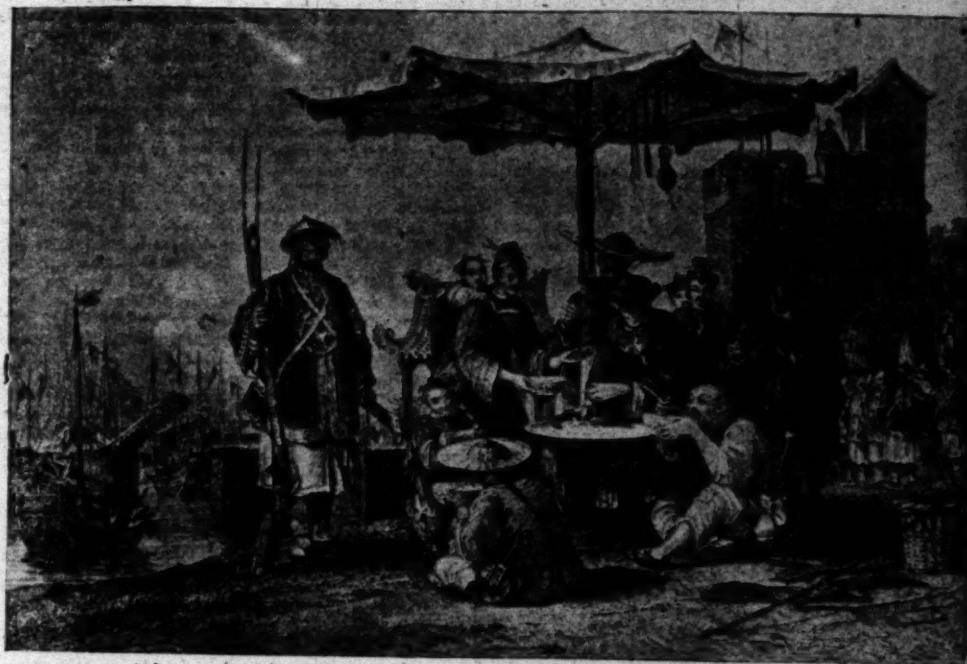
The history of the queue and its acceptance by the Chinese as a race but accentuates another peculiarity in the characteristics of these strange people. They were forced to adopt it, and it would take equal force to compel them to renounce it. In 1616 the invasion of China by the Manchus was begun, and in twenty-eight years they had completely usurped the Dragon Throne. The first Emperor of the present dynasty determined that the tonsure and queue should be a sign of submission to his authority; that the conquered Chinese should wear their hair in Manchu fashion. Therefore he ordered all male Chinese to shave all the head excepting the crown, allowing the hair on that part to grow long enough to dress according to the custom of Manchuria. As few persons complied with the edict, a penalty of death was added. That brought better results. Later, the death penalty was not enforced, but, instead, a tael of silver was offered as an inducement to adopt the outward sign of submission to the conqueror. This bait was reduced to one-half tael, then to one-tenth, and later only an egg was offered for every new subject and queue. Finally even that was withdrawn.

Many of the proud literati and gentry persistently and absolutely refused to comply with the degrading sign of submission, even when they saw that office was withheld and that it was an utter impossibility for an unshaven head to compete successfully with a shaven pate in the literary examinations and contests for political position. Finding it impossible to subdue or coerce this class of subjects, the ruler again resorted to extreme measures, and ordered strangulation in order to suppress insubordination. In compliance with this edict many a patriotic soul lost his head through his hair. The style of tonsure and queue

contains the bathing apparatus, basin, water and charcoal furnace.

Now a Queue is Built.

Once in every ten or fifteen days the ordinary Chinaman has his whole head shaven, excepting a circular spot on the crown four or five inches in diameter. This tuft of hair is the foundation of the queue, and is allowed to become as long as it will. It is braided into a neat tress of three strands, and if it is not long enough to suit the vanity of the owner, bunches of false hair are dexterously introduced into the braid, the queue being finally secured by



A RICE MARKET.

braiding with it coarse silk, the ends of which are left to dangle.

The Chinaman's pride is in the length of his queue. All aspire to have it reach within two or three inches of the ground. When at work the Celestial winds the queue around his head; but it is a mark of great disrespect to appear before his superiors or employer with it coiled.

It being a physical impossibility for a Chinaman to shave the back of his head, every male member of the empire

lip. He dexterously plies the chop sticks and throws the rice into his mouth with expedition and cleanliness—seemingly driving the substance on down his throat without the trouble of mastication.

A Chinaman reckons his expenses by the quantity of rice consumed by his household, and the wife regulates her cooking by the number of bowls of rice necessary to appease the hungry family. In fact the chief commodity of China is rice; it is rice the Chinese work for, and rice the



Chinese want. If the daily rice is well thinned with water, it is stirring evidence of poverty, for water in any quantity is added only when rice is scarce.

The introduction into China of wheat flour from America within the past ten years has been a marvelous innovation. Needless to say that it does not reach the interior, but finds favor only in the treaty ports or other large cities.

At Tung Chow, the troops of the allies would perhaps not find time or opportunity to investigate the attractions and pleasures of the Gravesend of China.

At the "horses' heads," or wharves, of Tung Chow are numerous refreshment stalls with their bamboo stands and dainty rows of cups, for the convenience and patronage of boatmen and loungers. The scene is greatly enhanced by its proximity to the stalls, that might be called the delicatessen markets of China; for the stewards of the noble families of Peking make daily visits to this mart in search of general viands and delicacies, such as tender young cats, dogs, rats, birds, wild-horse flesh and sea slugs, grubs, the larvae of the sphinx moth, bear's paws and the feet of other dainty animals brought all the way from Tartary or Siam. The epicurean taste of the Chinese may not be measured by our standards any more than their money or morals may. They are omnivorous. There is not an animal, plant, fish nor fowl that can be produced by art or industry, and eaten with safety to life, that these people do not press into service, that their appetites may be satisfied and their satiated desire revived.

The ancient Chinese writers refer to a species of wild cat, found in the hills of Tartary and imported into China, as excelling in delicacy of flavor and fineness of flesh. Cats were then, as they are now, fattened and brought to market, much as we raise and market chickens. The vendor brings a bunch of beauties caged in bamboo baskets, the cages balanced from the ends of his shoulder-laths; and thus permits the purchaser to make his own selection. The poor imprisoned cats seem never fully to abandon hope of escape, but squall and scratch and are not docile even in the hands of the butcher.

The streets of a Chinese town are so filled with scenes revolting to a foreigner that the Flowery Kingdom leaves fewer pleasant impressions than any other country; although the physical features of the empire can hardly be excelled in grandeur and beauty. Even the most enthusi-

on a shake of dice. Fruit, vegetables or fish are sold by a sort of gaming. Every vendor has a dice box. The article is selected and the first throw is, of course, the buyer's; the winner takes both money and fruit.

The bargemen and trackers are the most addicted to the national weakness; for it has become a national vice second only to the slavery of opium. So completely does the desire for gambling finally obtain the mastery over a man that in the end not only the earnings go, but frequently wife, children and home, self-servitude being the last stake played for.

Dominoes, dice, cards and chess are popular games, but we might say that "fan-tan," in China, ranks with "poker" in America. It seems to be the most common popular and fascinating game of all. It is also known as "quadrating cash." The keeper of the table has a pile of bright, large cash and a bowl. He gathers up a double handful of the coins and quickly places the bowl over them. Each person entering the game registers his guess and stake with the clerk. The guess being the remainder there will be left after the pile has been divided by four, whether one, two, three or nothing. The keeper carefully picks out the coins four by four, closely watched by the anxious gamblers. The game is not intricate, only fascinating. The winnings are regulated by the keeper. Two or ten may play, and though gambling of all kinds is illegal in China, every kind of game is abetted by the officers of the law. Young boys and even the merest children spend most of their time at games of chance. Sweetmeats are peddled by them and sold by chance. Crickets and quails are taught to fight, and their pugnacity turned to account. Training quails for pugilistic contests is quite a profession among the sporting Chinese. The birds are furnished with steel spurs, like the English game cock in the pit, therefore a quail fight seldom fails to prove fatal to one or both. The victor, if there is one, is immediately offered for sale or raffle, and frequently enormous sums are paid for the pretty little bird all dressed in blood and gore.

Chinese chess is almost the only game requiring thought or memory. It differs very materially from the Indian game of chess, and apparently is of an independent origin. The Chinese claim that Wu Wang invented chess B.C. 1120. The chess board has a river (Kiai Ho) running across the center of it, and has seventy-two squares, eight of which

see's the sleep of the just. In the morning the ground under his perch is white with his droppings, but if these be examined it will be found that the actual seeds have been too hard for his gizzard and have been deposited in the very spot most favorable for their success in the battle of life—at the foot of a tree. I must give one more example of this compact. In order that they may germinate, the seeds of the mistletoe must be smudged on to the branch of certain kinds of trees. With this view, the plant surrounds its seeds with a highly glutinous mucilage, which it flavors with a nicety to the taste of the thrush. In eating the berries the thrush can no more escape getting his beak covered outside with this sticky mucilage than a child can indulge in a feast of bilberries with a clean mouth. His dinner ended, he goes, like a tidy child, to wipe his mouth; for this he finds the branch of a tree quite the handiest sort of napkin, but it is not the mucilage alone that he wipes off; an occasional seed has also stuck outside, and this, too, he deposits on the branch, together with the mucilage needed for its adhesion there, in the only position and under the only conditions suited to its growth, and which could not otherwise be easily attained.

## JUST A BIT OF LIFE

### A PATHETIC INCIDENT OF THE PAWNSHOPS IN THE METROPOLIS.

[New York Times:] Sneaking into a small shop in an obscure and poverty-ridden locality, the man who "went broke" at the races was realizing on a superfluous article of jewelry. A woman so poor and pinched in feature, so maddened with care and desperation, that it made him feel sick to look at her, was holding something under her shawl and waiting nervously until he should have finished his transaction.

"Wait on her. She seems to be in a hurry," he said to the man behind the counter, and at the word of permission a carpenter's plane was produced from the shelter of the shawl.

"How much do you want?" queried the unmoved pawnbroker monotonously.

"Fifty cents," replied the woman, with a gulping in her throat and an eager look in her eyes. She clutched the money tightly and ran into another creature, poor as herself, but bearing her troubles in duller fashion. She had a baby's cloak, never costly and much worn, on which she wanted to borrow money, the same sum as the other woman had asked for.

The man who had been offering a diamond felt uncomfortable. "There, give me \$50. The stone's worth four times as much." And, seizing the money, he hurried after the woman who had just left the shop. He was not given to acts of charity, and he felt awkward, the more so as the woman shrank from him as he accosted her.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but here's \$5 I have no use for. Perhaps you—"

"No, no!" she cried, drawing further from him.

"For your child," he said gently.

"My child is dead!" cried the woman, with a quaver sob, and fled into the labyrinth of alleys and byways that shelter so much wretchedness.

## MATRIMONY MAD.

[London Tit-Bits:] Mrs. Eleanor Linter divorced five husbands and married the sixth at Providence, R. I., on December 30, 1896, within a brief space of ten years. At her last marriage four of the divorced husbands were present, and the fifth, who sent a handsome present, would, but for a severe illness, have been also in attendance.

It is recorded that in 1678 Thomas Watson, a native of Brant Broughton, Lincolnshire, buried his eighth wife; while in the person of James Gay, who died at Bordeaux, on April 28, 1772, we have a veritable Bluebeard, for in a long life of 101 years, he had espoused no fewer than sixteen wives.

In September, 1894, a Dr. Mary Spencer of Bourbon, U.S.A., was married at Neath, Wales, to her eleventh husband, the most singular feature in the case being the lady's age, which was only 44. Her first marriage took place when she was but 15.

A few months since, in America, a Mr. Drew was married to Miss Muir. Both were elderly people, the bridegroom being 82, while the lady of his choice had passed the allotted span of three score and ten; they had each had considerable experience in matrimony, the present occasion being the husband's ninth and the wife's twelfth appearance at the altar as principals.

Last year there died at Buda Pest at the age of 89, a man named Czucor. He had been married fourteen times, and it is said that his death was accelerated by the rejection of his suit at the hands of a widow, whom he was desirous of making his fifteenth wife.

In the autumn of 1896 one Pierre Dupont died at Brussels. Though he had had but twelve wives he had been married thirteen times. When quite a youth he had espoused a certain Marie Baetens, who, however, proved fickle and eloped with a cousin. Young Pierre regarded his loss with philosophic resignation and proceeded to make other ventures in matrimony, until, at the age of 76, he had buried eleven wives. A year later he met a very nice old lady, whom he courted and won, to find a few weeks after the knot was indissolubly tied, that he had re-married in the person of Mme. Dobleleac, his first love, Marie Baetens.

Señor Ray Castillo, a Mexican lady, lost, between the years 1880 and 1895, no fewer than seven husbands, all of whom, strange to state, met with violent deaths. The first was killed in a carriage accident, the second was poisoned, the third perished in a mine explosion, the fourth committed suicide, the fifth succumbed to a fall while hunting, the sixth was killed by a fall from a scaffold and the seventh, was drowned.

## PROUD OF IT.

[Chicago News:] The curtain went down on the second act of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Lemonade!" shouted the boy with the pail.

The lady in the end seat glanced down.

"Are you sure that lemonade is cool?"

"Cert! Soon as 'Liza was across I went back and got all the ice on the river."



CANTON BARGE MAN FIGHTING QUAILS.

astic traveler forgets the nature when he sees nature's own in the form of our household friends, the cats and dogs, going helplessly to their doom, either carried in cages or dragged by bamboo ropes to the slaughter-house. Frequently strings of dogs are seen going along meekly and dejectedly, followed by numerous friends and relatives, who are drawn by curiosity or mute sympathy to the scene of carnage. Sometimes in the desperation of extremity the spirit of mutual protection becomes assertive, and a whole pack of street canines will attack the butcher, who is compelled to defend himself with a long whip or staff. Once at the slaughter-house, closed and barred doors are a necessity. The common little spaniel seems to be the favorite as an article of food. Besides dogs and cats, the mouse and rat are presented to the marketer's gaze; and really the rows of dressed rats are not in themselves repugnant! It is merely knowing what they are that makes them so.

We may criticize the voracity of the Chinese and their cannibalism in their food, but taste is, after all, principally a matter of habit. For instance, many Europeans enjoy the edible crab, frog and snail, while the Celestial taste prefers the edible bird's nest. It is a curious little nest, about the size of a goose egg, found high in rocky cliffs and composed principally of algae, seaweeds like common kelp, dulce or sea lettuce. When cooked it resembles isinglass, and is tasteless. Perhaps if we were raised in a Chinese family or resided in the Flowery Realm long enough, we might enjoy soup flavored with bird's nest or a slice of delicate cat.

When we can withdraw our attention from the curiosities of the gastronomic features presented in the streets of China, we are sure to find immediate entertainment in watching the gamester and gambler. In every country the vice of play for chance holds greater or less dominion over the people. In European countries it is principally the aristocracy who indulge their propensity for gambling, horse-racing, cock-fighting, bull-fighting and billiards, while in China the vice is confined almost wholly to the plebeian caste. The hardest working coolie will risk his dinner

are run together to form the river. But as the men stand on the intersection of the lines, there are ninety positions for the sixteen men, or twenty-six more than in the European game. Their chessmen resemble our checker-men in shape, and seven kinds on each side have the name carved on top, and are distinguished by red and black coloring. The game differs very materially from ours, but requires skill and memory if one wishes to become a proficient player. Literary men and women are great devotees of the game.

The stupid Chinese game of Tsoi-moi is the "micare digitas" that Cicero alludes to. It is also very like a game played by the American Indians. Two persons sit opposite one another and raise their hands at the same moment, calling out the number he thinks to be the sum of the fingers expanded by himself and his opponent. The fist is none, the thumb one, the thumb and forefinger two, and so on. As this game can be played at any time and in any place, it is perhaps more generally indulged in than any other gambling game.

HARRY FORBES.

[Copyright, 1899, by Harry Forbes.]

## BIRDS AS SOWERS.

[Longman's Magazine:] The birds are the principal agents in the distribution of seed. Let us glance at a few instances of this. The branches of an oak and the ground underneath may be seen in autumn time thick with rooks gorging themselves with acorns. But what is yon glossy purple fellow doing apart from the others? He has flown into the middle of the field, where he can have a better eye upon approaching enemies, and is vigorously hammering away at the ground with his strong beak. Having eaten as many acorns as his craw will hold, he is burying a few with an eye to hard times. When those times come the "boy with the gun" may have got him or he may fail to locate some of his buried treasures, which grow up and in time prove their gratitude by repaying the acorn with compound interest to his descendants.

The blackbird is especially fond of the berries of the ivy. When he has filled his craw with them he retires to his favorite tree, and, putting his head under his wing,



## RISE OF THE SCHOONER.

EVOLUTION OF SQUARE AND SCHOONER RIGS FROM LATEEN SAILS.

By a Special Contributor.

IN ANCIENT times all craft were lateen rigged—a rig still in use, and practical enough for small vessels, though unfitted for large. As hulls grew larger the lateen sail changed in shape, losing a small triangle from its forward end, which allowed the yard to rise from the deck. In this stage of development it had become the sail now used on Malay proas and pirogues. Time passed, and the long, slender yard shortened to a small spar, the sail received more hoist, and the lug-sail was evolved.

From this sail sprung two varieties, the square sail of the Viking ship, and later, the nameless though familiar form used as the principal sail of schooners and sloops—the first best in running before the wind, the other best in tacking—the square sail obtaining favor in large vessels from its convenience of handling aloft, the schooner sail—until lately—relegated to small craft because of its swinging gaff, which left the upper and after corner of the sail unrestrained by anything but the after leach, or edge. A very large sail of this pattern could not be handled with an ordinary crew, and a series of small sails, set one above the other, could not be controlled by any system of gearing. Hence the continuance of the square rig in large vessels long after seamen knew that a schooner could head two points closer to the wind than a ship, was speedier and more easily handled in all positions except dead before the wind, and was much cheaper to equip and maintain.

### Combination Rigs.

For this last reason, however, the schooner rig was combined with the square when practicable. Small ships be-

them apart and placed a mast between them of a length intermediate between the two, still keeping the largest sail aft; and the fashion having been thus established has been adhered to, even in the sparring of four, five and six-

### Evolution on the Great Lakes.

The immense traffic on the Great Lakes, and the more frequent action of the law of survival coming of the fierce gales in the fall—which destroy whole fleets of inferior craft—has, in the century now ending, forced the evolution of the primitive sailing craft through all the various compromises until it has finally lodged in the steam vessel. In the early part of the century there were full-rigged ships and brigs on the lakes, with the original two-mast schooner and large sloop. The last two, fitted to survive in shallow waters, can still be seen; but, with a lee shore all about them, the early ship and brig disappeared, leaving barks, barkentines, brigantines and the small schooner of two masts. Then died the bark; later the brigantine, and from the barkentine was evolved the three-masted schooner with short mizzenmast, which for a time retained one feature of her parent rig, a fore yard and brailing square sail, above which she carried a triangular sail called a "raflee." This rig lasted partly through the period of depression following the panic of 1873; but, economy of man-power, and the unwieldiness of the heavy yard on the growing vessels, gave it the death blow, and finally the last yard was struck—often, though, in company with the topmasts, when the craft became a tow barge.

Then, until their final going down in the competition with steam, existed the finest type of large sailing craft ever designed—oak-built, clipper-bowed, three-masted, centerboard schooner—with short lowermasts, long topmasts, heavy booms and light gaffs. Their masts were proportioned like those of a ship, retaining this feature through the gradations of bark and barkentine. In the few four-masted vessels evolved in their short life, the jiggermast was still smaller than the mizzen, and in the one five-master the spanker-mast was smaller yet.

Here progress ceased with the rise of the steamer, and

## LOST THROUGH WOMEN.

VICTORIES, MILITARY AND OTHERWISE, THAT FAIR ONES THWARTED.

[London Tit-Bits:] Many as the cases are of battles won through the agency of women of the type of Boadicea and Joan of Arc, there can be no denying the fact that equally numerous, if not more so, are those of victories spoiled by the fair sex and of battles lost owing to feminine machinations. Perhaps some instances in point may be of general interest.

There are many who say that the failure of the Jameson raid at the outset was brought about by women. President Kruger is in the habit of employing countless detectives, both male and female, in the Transvaal as well as abroad. The barmaids of Johannesburg, for example, are said to be in the pay of Oom Paul. These ladies by means of their propensities for extracting confidences are alleged to have wrung from some of the raiders, long before the raid itself was entered upon, the fact that it was forthcoming. The consequence was that when it came about Crenje was fully prepared.

France can point to a number of cases in which victories connected with the republic have been spoiled by women, and the whole course of events changed in consequence. For example, the fall of Gen. Boulanger was brought about by a member of the fair sex. But for the Viscountess de Bonnemain there is the chance that he might have become the ruler of France. The lady induced him to pay her a visit on the night of his election as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, when, had he refrained from so doing and instead marched upon the Elysée as his partisans begged him to do, the history of the republic might have been entirely altered.

Somewhat similar is the old-world case of Hannibal, whose wife was the unintentional cause of his fall and the failure of his once successful armies. The great general was so foolish as to marry at a time when he should have been devoting all his time to the conduct of military affairs. His troops became utterly demoralized during the period of his "honeymoon," with the result that they were rendered quite unfit for arduous service, and never regained their former standard of discipline.

Again, in this connection, there is the case of James IV of Scotland, who is said to have lost the famous battle of Flodden Field through a woman. It is argued that if the King had seized the opportunity given him of occupying a favorable position whereto meet the English forces the battle that ensued might have had a very different ending from what it did. But James lingered at the castle of a titled lady whose charms had captivated him, and so it was that the southern troops were allowed an opportunity of choosing a suitable position which could never have been secured had the monarch not hesitated. The lady was a certain nobleman's wife named Heron, and was very beautiful.

The noted Russian general, Przanoff, was found guilty of treason and sentenced to death a year or two ago, thanks to a woman, one of his own family, in fact. She gave evidence against him and other officers in the Czar's service, and through her the empire was deprived of some of her best soldiers. There are many cases like this, but there are also numerous ones that come more precisely within the meaning of this article.

For instance, during the American war against Spain many Cuban women rendered valuable service to the American troops by acting as scouts and in other respects fighting for the stronger side. Thus did they frequently bring defeat for the Spaniards, who often admitted the natives into their camps, imagining them to be hostile to the invaders.

A woman, too, is reported to have lost Alsace and Lorraine to the French and helped to bring about the Franco-Prussian war by regularly learning the results of the French Cabinet meetings, while she was entertaining one of the republican ministers, the report of these results being dispatched to Germany without delay.

## CHINESE MECHANICAL SKILL.

A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF IMITATIVE EXCELLENCE.

[New York Tribune:] Whatever may be his lack of moral perception and originality of ideas, the Heathen Chinese certainly excels in imitative power, and is often very much alive to the excellence of mechanical devices that he never saw before. In a recent number of the American Machinist, Oberlin Smith affords an illustration of this fact.

A year or two ago Mr. Smith sent Henry A. Janvier to China to assist in the erection and operation of coining plants for brass and silver currency. One of the tools which Mr. Janvier took with him was a "micrometer caliper" made by a well-known firm in the United States and capable of detecting differences of a thousandth of an inch in the thickness of a piece of metal. The superintendent of one of the shops which Mr. Janvier established was named Wai, and he proved a very intelligent fellow. During an interval of about six weeks he borrowed the caliper almost daily, and was rather tardy in returning it.

Finally he exhibited to the American a reproduction of the instrument which was perfect except in one respect. Certain tables of figures stamped into the steel by the Yankee maker of the original were omitted from the copy, and in their place were several Chinese characters. The imitation had been made with the rudest of tools, but was a marvel of accuracy. Mr. Wai proposed an exchange to Mr. Janvier, and the latter agreed to the proposition.

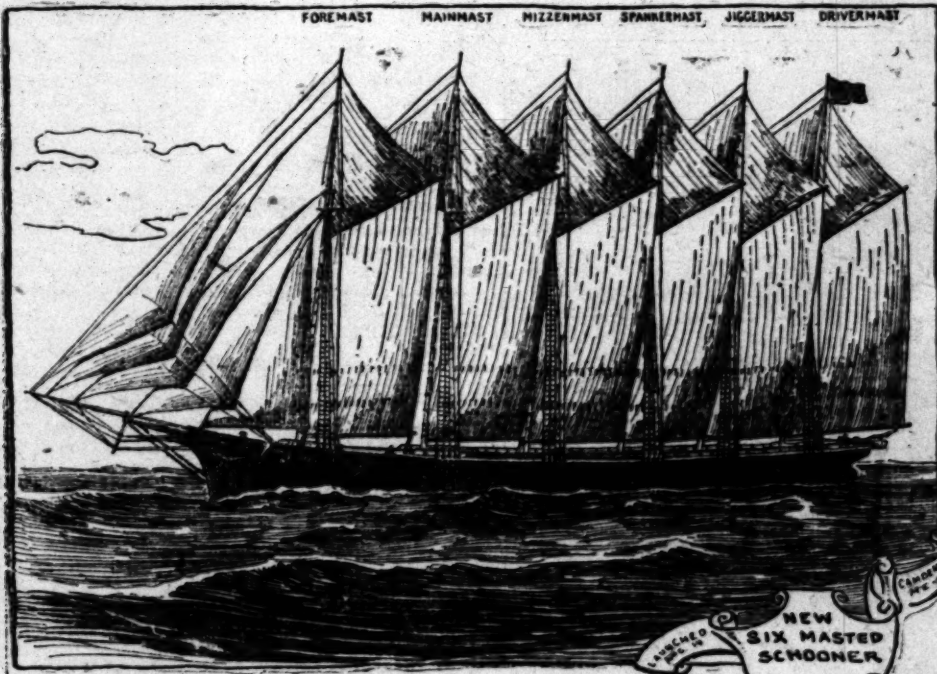
### "NOT TOO SHADY."

He.

"Whose baby is that, that is crying so loud? Is it Ole Mammy Snow's little feller?"

She.

"Well, who ever he is, he isn't so black That it keeps him from being a little yellor."



came back, small barks became barkentines, the brig evolved into the brigantine, which is now adopting the better features of the topsail schooner—and the original topsail schooner long ago atavistically sent down her yards and relapsed into the parent type.

But in spite of the advantage gained in speed, convenience and economy, the gradual drift toward the schooner rig has been held in check by the undisputed necessity of dividing a large sail area into parts small enough to be handled, and perhaps, also, by the one strong point of the square rig—safety in running before a heavy gale and sea. Brigs and topsail schooners have about disappeared; but ships, barks, barkentines and brigantines are still being launched; and it will so continue until ship owners and builders realize the superiority of the one craft yet designed, which can compete with a large ship in bad weather—the multi-masted schooner, with its five, six or seven short masts supporting an aggregate sail area equal to that of a ship, and but two stories high—within easy reach of the deck.

This type of vessel can be built as large as the largest ship; it can be managed by half the men required aboard the more complicated square-rigged craft; it can take to the high sea and keep it; it can beat to windward in a sea that would throw a ship to leeward; it can go about—head to wind—in a sea that would force a ship to wear; and it can wear, by means of its numerous points of wind contact, nearly as safely as can a ship. I say "nearly as safely," because the rig has a weak point which asserts itself in wearing; it is that the largest sail aboard is placed upon the mast farthest aft, a weakness which has been peculiar to the schooner rig since the day when the large sloop developed into the two-masted schooner instead of the evenly-balanced and convenient yawl, which carries her largest mast just abaft, where a schooner's foremast is placed, and, well aft, a small mast called the jiggermast. That this method of balancing fore-and-aft canvas is the best known is evidenced by the fact that tender racing yachts adopt the rig in crossing the Atlantic.

But the early builders of schooners, for some inscrutable reason, perpetuated the large mainsail; and when the three-masted schooner was born, instead of shifting the two masts forward and raising a third smaller mast aft, which would have abolished the weakness, they spread

today there is hardly a large schooner on the lakes that has not become a tow barge; and the fresh-water sailor, the best helmsman, the most intelligent and highest type of able seaman in the world, has learned a trade on shore, or has degenerated into a deck hand.

It is a pity that the deep waterway now contemplated between the lakes and the seaboard could not have been in operation before the extinction of these splendid vessels—so that a few, coming down to our seaports, could have been inspected by the more conservative salt-water builders to the improvement of their minds and methods; for, in the rig of the fresh-water schooner the weakness of the salt-water schooner—the difficulty of jibbing the spanker before a strong wind—was removed. The small mizzen—as the spanker is called on the lakes—though small enough to be hauled aft by one watch, was still large enough to becalim, by skillful steering, the large mainsail just before it, which also becalmed the foresail. Beginning with jibe, all the becalmed forward canvas could be hauled over by the watch on deck; then, to finish, but a few strong pulls on the light mizzen sheet were needed, and the job was done.

MORGAN ROBERTSON.

[Copyright, 1900, by Morgan Robertson.]

### AUTOMOBILES FOR THE KAISER.

[London Telegraph:] The motor car has not made so much progress in Berlin as it has in Paris; but a number of persons connected with the Berlin court are trying to do business with it, and there is a good deal of enterprise and readiness to speculate among the courtiers on the Spree. More than a year ago the Kaiser's Master of the Horse inquired of a well-known carriage manufacturer in the capital if he could supply him with cars for the conveyance of visitors from the station to His Majesty's country seat, at Wildpark, near Potsdam—the new palace. Since then the Imperial Postoffice has secured some heavy vans propelled on this principle; and now Kaiser Wilhelm himself is going to try this mode of traveling. In the month of August the Kaiser has arranged to visit the military drill ground at Alten-Grabow, in the province of Saxony, and proposes to travel the distance from Wusterwitz to Ziesar, and thence to Nedlitz, in a motor car. The carriage maker above referred to has offered His Majesty a present of three of such vehicles, which he has graciously accepted. The roads in the neighborhood are now being put in order for the convenience of the imperial party.



## LIFE ON A WHALER.

## A GREEN HAND'S ADVENTURES WHILE CRUISING IN THE TROPICS.

By a Special Contributor.

**T**O QUOTE the expressive words of an old sea captain: "Whaling ain't what it used to be." Whalers no longer sail the South seas. The sperm whale has had its day. Time was when a sailor before the mast could ship from New Bedford 'round the Horn, and return, after a two years' cruise, a couple of thousand to the good, the envy and admiration of his townsmen. Nowadays he sometimes thinks himself fortunate to get advance money and an outfit from the slop chest.

The profits of Arctic whaling have greatly declined. The right whale, owing to relentless and indiscriminate pursuit, has been almost exterminated. The bowheads, a species most highly prized because they yield a superior amount of bone, make their feeding ground farther to the north each succeeding year. Sailing vessels find it difficult to reach the high latitudes sought by the whales, and the result is that the catch of recent years has become limited.

With these changes many of the picturesque features which characterized the life of a blubber hunter ashore have passed away. The return of the whalers was wont to be eagerly looked for. Long before a vessel came to anchor runners were on board, scattering gold pieces over the deck, before the eyes of the astonished seamen. They even climbed the yards, while the crew were furling sail, to pick out their prey, and many an exciting encounter took place over the question to whom this or that seaman belonged. The boarding-house keepers often resorted to all sorts of strategy to secure full crews for the ships. A tradition remains to this day that on one occasion Shanghai Brown actually shipped a dead man and received a bonus of \$200, after snugly disposing of the corpse in the fore'sle.

Shipped on the Sea Breeze.

There is, therefore, no difficulty in shipping for an Arctic cruise. I found this out while idly strolling about the docks of San Francisco one pleasant day in November. I was accosted by a dapper, smartly dressed chap, with a somewhat bulldog countenance, who, after some preliminary conversation, inquired whether I was looking for work. Though guessing pretty well what the work might be, I replied in the affirmative.

"Want to go on a whaler?" he inquired.

As I did not care much where I went in these days, I signified assent and was taken in tow to a sailor boarding-house on Pacific street, kept by one "Billy" Thompson.

Two weeks passed away pleasantly enough in Thompson's retreat. They were the happiest part of the adventure. Billy himself had the reputation of being an ugly customer, when things did not come his way, while Mrs. Thompson was a kind, motherly old lady, whose ambition appeared to be concentrated on making her guests comfortable. She always met me with a cheery salutation: "Well, John, how d'ye feel this mornin'?" Not taking time for an answer, she would continue: "Go right into the washroom, now. There's a basin of hot water ready for ye." And, "Billy, make a hot whisky punch for John, for an appetizer." Then I was coaxed into breakfasting with the family, while Miss Maggie, a charming daughter of seventeen summers, entertained us with her sprightly ways and lively sallies.

There could be only one explanation of this satisfactory condition of things I believed. Prior to my advent on Pacific street I had been flying pretty high and was now rigged out with a presentable set of toga. In addition, I flattered myself on possessing conversational powers and manners that would place me a degree above the average blubber hunter. This must be the reason why I was treated as a member of the family. Alas! I was destined to find that vanity had led me astray.

Those times were too good to last. The piper must be paid. One day I was taken to the shipping office of Wing & Co., and signed, as green hand, on the bark Sea Breeze, commanded by Capt. Barnes, receiving a compensation of \$500 advance money and the 180th lay, or share, of all bone and oil taken. Friend Thompson, after deducting a bill for board and incidentals (the latter must have been numerous) was kind enough to invest the residue for a suitable outfit. The next day I was on the ship, with a well-filled bag of clothes. Suffice it to say, however, that when, after a severe attack of seasickness, I was able to open the sack, I found it to contain nothing more than a second-hand suit of oil skins, a pair of well-worn sea boots and a few plugs of black New Bedford tobacco.

On December 20 we were towed through the Golden Gate to the waters of the broad Pacific and left to shift for ourselves. The topsails were sheeted home and the course set south. We cruised leisurely along the California coast and thence in a southwesterly direction, until we reached Maria Island, a convict settlement off the coast of Mexico. This was destined to be my last sight of land for four long months. After taking on a supply of harpoon poles, we continued south in search of sperm whales.

## The Voyage Between Seasons.

The greater number of the San Francisco whalers leave for the Arctic in March. A voyage south is made more for the purpose of getting the crew in good working order than with any well-defined hope of securing oil. The Sea Breeze carried a complement of thirty-eight hands all told. How so many men can be kept busy within the narrow confines of a ship is a natural question. I overheard the captain say on one occasion that he never saw the time when he could not find work for all. Idleness might lead to mutiny. The first month out the boats are thoroughly scrubbed and painted and fitted with sail and steering gear. The rigging is put in order. Taking a turn at the wheel, going aloft, standing lookout in the crow's nest, overhauling casks and coiling up ropes are some of the numerous duties to be performed. When all else failed, we stood against the wall and rove spun yarn.

These were lonely days and full of shattered illusions. At the outset there had been some enmity between the

mate and myself, and I undertook to get even by shirking duty. It was an ill-advised course. The officer soon had me singled out for all the disagreeable tasks imposed on refractory sailors. Not a watch passed but I must go aloft and furl the royal. I had a great aversion to scrubbing paint work. The officer thought it was an important duty. I polished brass work till it shone resplendent. The captain grinned approval. A particularly unpleasant job I was compelled to perform was to sit on the gang rail and haul up heavy buckets of salt water to be dashed on deck.

Still, a blubber hunter is in a fairly comfortable berth for a greenhorn, and has a good chance to learn the work of a sailor. The tyro is initiated into the mysteries of eye and ear splicing, long and short splices, the making of bowlines, tying of knots, and all the other multitudinous duties of an ordinary seaman. He learns to go aloft. On first attempting this feat, I climbed the ratlines on the lee side. "Take the weather side, you lubber!" yelled the mate, and up I went. On reaching the main top, I pulled myself over with great exertion and ventured twenty feet over the yard, along the foot rope. There I stuck, a trembling speck 'twixt the blue sky and the deep sea, nor could the loud imprecations of the mate make me budge a single inch further.

The invariable morning meal was cracker hash—hard tack pounded up and baked in grease. We were supplied with soft tack every other day, and a liberal allowance of salt junk and potatoes. Not a luxurious bill of fare for an epicure, but edible enough aboard ship; for, truth to tell, a long ocean voyage either reconstructs the constitution or kills the patient. For an occasional dessert we had sea biscuit dipped in salt water and immersed in boiling oil (to be removed immediately.) They came out crisp and palatable. The porpoise furnished us with fresh meat. These huge fish, as they sported under the bow, were harpooned by the boat steersmen. The cook chopped the lean meat fine, rolled it into balls and fried these brown. Porpoise balls cannot be recommended as a fit diet for dyspeptics, but to the cast-iron stomach of a sailor they are a luxury.

Through a little stratagem I was able to secure some cabin delicacies. While cruising in the tropics we stood watch on deck, through the day, and were allowed to turn in for an all-night's sleep. The evenings were mostly spent in playing "twenty-deck" poker. Experience previously acquired ashore enabled me to beat pretty regularly, and the winnings were traded to the cook for soft tack and plum duff, which I deposited for safe keeping in the steerage. One unlucky night the mate caught me coming up the steerage steps. With an oath he ordered me aloft for punishment, accelerating my departure with a well-delivered plant from a No. 9 sea boot. Thereafter I was content to eat fore'sle grub.

Four months of this monotonous life having passed away, our course lay for the Sandwich Islands. A voyage of twenty days, with every inch of canvas set to a steady wind abeam, brought us to safe anchor in romantic Kalakaua Bay.

## A Day Ashore.

"Calico" Bay, so termed in sailor parlance, has always been a favorite harbor with the whalers. As many as thirty vessels have been seen here at a time, riding at anchor, within easy distance of each other. Preparatory to the Arctic cruise, the ships are painted outside and in, sails are patched, or new sails bent on, and everything is made shipshape. The bay presents a scene of lively activity. The Kanakas are always ready to dive for a coin, or rip up a shark under water. Boats, manned by men of all nationalities, continually pass to and fro. "Gamming" or visiting is the order of the day. Ships' crews come on board to renew old acquaintanceships, while "shanties" are sung, stories told and the jollification is rounded off with a luxurious supper.

Shortly after our arrival several canoes filled with Kanakas put off to meet us. On closer view we saw that they carried a bountiful supply of yams, bananas and coconuts. They were soon on board with these luxuries. Following an honored custom, each native made a friend among the sailors, exchanging fresh fruits for such hospitality as the ship afforded. Our barter was cheap jewelry and calico cloth, the latter commodity being especially prized. I now understood the presence of certain mysterious bundles carried by many of the crew, which they had treasured through the long, tedious days of the warm weather cruise.

The next day, early in the morning, according to custom, each seaman got a "fiver" from the captain and blithely went ashore. A visit was first paid by each to the house of his friend, where he was royally entertained. The natives are the same kindly, sociable people as in the days when Capt. Cook first visited them, with the added virtue that they do not now eat their guests, after fattening them. I sat down to a dinner of boiled chicken, sweet potatoes and the inevitable "two-fingered" poi, with raw fish, while several native girls, squatting on mats arranged along the floor, chattered like magpies and almost stared me out of countenance. The rest of the day was passed in long excursions through the woods, shinning up lofty coconut trees, riding vicious brutes of mules and indulging in the other unrestrained activities delighted in by Jack on land. Calico Bay has no saloons, but a plentiful supply of bug-juice can be obtained, nevertheless. It is brewed by the islanders from potatoes, and is a dangerous compound, warranted to knock out the recipient on short provocation.

## Wherein I Agree With the Captain.

After Kalakaua our destination was Honolulu, to recruit our supplies for a voyage north. Meantime I had lost all ambition for Arctic exploration. The 180th share of bone and oil taken would not be considerable, and my desire for adventure was satisfied. But the perplexing question was how to get away from the ship. Following a course that is not usual, I decided to take the captain into my confidence. By this time we were fast friends. Quoth he, in jocular tone:

"Well, my boy, I don't really see how I can let you go. It will cost \$20 to ship a Kanaka in your place and the owners will hold me responsible for that amount."

This difficulty was obviated by my putting a twenty in the captain's outstretched palm.

Speaking more seriously, he then continued:

"I have no legal right to discharge you in a foreign port. However, if you care to swim for it and take a chance with the natives, I have no objection."

We were anchored two miles from land. That night I

slept on the bow. In solitude the mate paced his lonely vigil up and down the deck. At 11 o'clock I slid down the anchor chain into the water and struck out. The tide was with me, and I made rapid progress. When half way I felt as if I were pursued and it then came to my recollection that there were sharks in those waters. However, I reached terra firma in good condition.

It remained to guard against interference from the natives, who are always on the alert for runaways. Fortunately they were having a grand feast that evening. Hastily getting into my wet clothes I climbed a steep hill back of the settlement and reached the Hilo road in safety. After traveling till near daybreak, I went into the woods and hid under a pile of leaves.

Early in the forenoon the Kanakas were on the trail, sure enough. I could see them peering around, on all sides, from the tops of tall trees. I held my position all day, at the risk of being smothered by the torrid heat. Three nights of travel on a fare of coconuts and mummy apples brought me to Hilo, where I found work on a plantation.

J. W. W.

## A BEAR'S REVENGE.

## AN ENGINEER'S STORY OF EARLY RAILROADING DAYS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

[New York Sun:] The fat engineer had been trying to make himself heard for some time and finally succeeded in getting the attention of the members of the Roundhouse Stove Committee.

"Yes, yes," he said, "Pennsylvania used to be a wild State in the days when I did my first throttle pulling on the Royal Blue line, and many were the hair-raising experiences we had. Bears? Why, they were thicker than dead flies on sticky fly paper. They were a little shy when the road first went through, but after the novelty wore off they got so they enjoyed a ride on a freight train as much as any hobo living, and it was no uncommon sight to see a bear sitting on the edge of a box car, letting his legs dangle over the edge, just like a real brakeman. Yes, yes. That's a fact.

"In about the wildest part of the country we ran through there was a passing siding which was called Haskin's switch. This was a regular hanging-out place for the bears. One day an old female bear was giving her cub a boost to get him upon a flat car for a little outing when he slipped and fell under the cruel wheels, his young life being crushed out instantly. The old mother bear, she took it real hard and did some ugly growling as she passed by the engine.

"The incident faded from my mind very soon. A couple of days after that we came along to Haskin's and had to take the siding for a passenger train. The boys of the crew and my freeman thought they would go up in the woods about a quarter of a mile and get some good spring water, as we had a few minutes to wait before the first-class train came along. They left me all alone with the train.

"The running gear of the engine on the left-hand side, forward under the boiler, had been working badly, so I thought I'd look things over. I took my long-necked oil can and, lighting my torch, got off the engine and went forward to look over the troublesome gear. I found that a link hanger needed attention, necessitating my getting down flat on my belly under the engine with my legs projecting over the rails. I had been at work in this position for some minutes when I felt a strong tugging at my left trousers leg.

"It's the boys back from the spring, I thought to myself, and they're trying to get gay with me. I'll just pay no attention to them whatever."

"I kept right on at my chore, but the boys kept right on fooling with my legs. Finally my temper got the better of me, and I shouted angrily:

"Harry, by jiminetty, if that's you I'll come out there and kick you so hard that you won't be able to sit down for a week." Harry was my fireman's name.

"The only answer I got was a low growl. I will admit that I got frightened, although such a thing is unusual with me. Nevertheless, having finished my work, I began to back out from under the engine, keeping my torch and oil can in my hands.

"Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather, for when I got out so's I could see, the first thing my eyes lit on was that old she bear, sitting on her haunches waiting for me to come out. She was ugly, too, and growling. The look on her face seemed to say, 'You are the cause of the death of my offspring. If you'd been more careful it wouldn't have happened. I'm here to settle with you.'

"When I got out she made several movements toward me, but I kept her at a comfortable distance by waving my torch in her face. She was getting bolder all the while, however, and I knew I would have to devise some scheme to get on the engine, as I didn't want to try an argument in close quarters with her, because a bear in an ugly mood as she was is not a thing to be sneezed at.

"So I set my wits to work. Glancing around I saw that I was nearer to the pilot of the engine than I was to the step on the side of the tank, and if I could reach the pilot before the bear did I could get to the cab via the running board along the side of the boiler and laugh at Mrs. Bear.

"I decided to try for it, and, making a feint lunge at my animal friend with the torch to get her farther from me, I dusted for the pilot. I reached it before she did, but just as I was drawing my leg up the bear grabbed it with both her fore paws. I tried to break away from her hold, but it was useless. Turning, I saw her jaws wide open within easy reach of my arm, and something super-human seemed to tell me what to do. I stuck the torch in her wide-open mouth. With the other hand I brought my oil can into play and poured the oil from the can on the lighted torch in the bear's wide open mouth. The effect was very disastrous for the bear. The inflammable oil took fire going down her throat, and, exploding, almost blew her head off, killing her instantly.

"The boys got back shortly after that, but they wouldn't believe my story until I showed them the bear's carcass."



## CHEST DEVELOPMENT.

A FEW EXERCISES FOR THE CULTIVATION OF STRENGTH OF LUNG.

By a Special Contributor.

**T**HIS article is especially intended for the information of those who have, to date, paid little attention to the cultivation of the chest.

Due attention should be paid to expanding the chest to a full and healthful size in youth, because persons over 30 years of age will find their chest so rigid and firm that it will be difficult for them to enlarge its capacity; although the task is not impossible of accomplishment. The lungs and heart not only play an important part in our physical health and manhood, but also have a great influence upon our intellectual and moral make-up. There is not only health in a high chest, but also beauty, and even character. In developing chest capacity you create a strong, pulsating heart, which means an active life and powerful manhood. To prove this statement writers on the subject ask a comparison of the chests of criminals convicted of various crimes with those of our great reformers and other men of high moral character. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule.

But by a large chest is not meant a large chest expansion. The greater majority of those professionals who expand from eight to ten, and even fourteen, inches, accom-

plish the feat chiefly by muscular contraction. An expansion of five or six inches is a great sufficiency, and three inches from the normal is very large.

It is often said that some athletes and professional strong men who possess large chests, die of consumption. But those who contract that dread disease will, when the facts are known, be found to have developed merely massive back and chest muscles by exercises that did not cause an equal growth in lung capacity.

There are a great many advertisements published offering secret methods of cultivating enormous chests for so much money. All such advertisements may be put down as humbug.

For those who cannot become members of some good class in lung culture, a few simple, yet effective, exercises are appended. And first, a few pointers on when and where to take these exercises, and how to dress for them. About ten minutes vigorous muscular work is always beneficial, giving a hearty circulation of blood, and hunger for oxygen. Oxygen is more needed than all other elements of the body combined. A man weighing 150 pounds carries 110 pounds of oxygen. So the great majority of biologists say that this all-pervading essence of the body is the most important agency in creating buoyant health.

Rising and retiring are by far the best times for breathing exercises. At the hour of rising the stomach and abdomen contain less food than at any other time, and give the diaphragm and ribs more freedom. Breathing exercises on retiring are good because they have a quieting influence upon the brain, drawing blood from the head and giving quiet, restful sleep. These hours are, moreover, especially adapted for exercise, because the clothing can then be removed without inconvenience; and when the blood

has been stirred by a few brisk exercises there is no danger of taking cold, even with all the windows open.

**Exercise 1:** Stand well poised, chest well to front, head high and hips drawn back, weight on ball of foot, arms swinging loosely at the sides; raise the arms to the greatest height and breadth, at the same time inhaling through the nose, mentally counting four; exhale while lowering on four counts.

**Exercise 2:** Take erect position as before; inhale, and with lungs full, rise upon toes four times; exhaling on four counts.

**Exercise 3:** Place hands flat upon the lower ribs, finger tips just touching; inhale without pressure, then exhale slowly, putting considerable pressure upon the ribs with the entire hand.

**Exercise 4:** Sit in a square-backed chair, relaxing all the muscles; inhale deeply and pack the lungs by lifting chest high and forcing back against chair. Repeat the exercise a number of times.

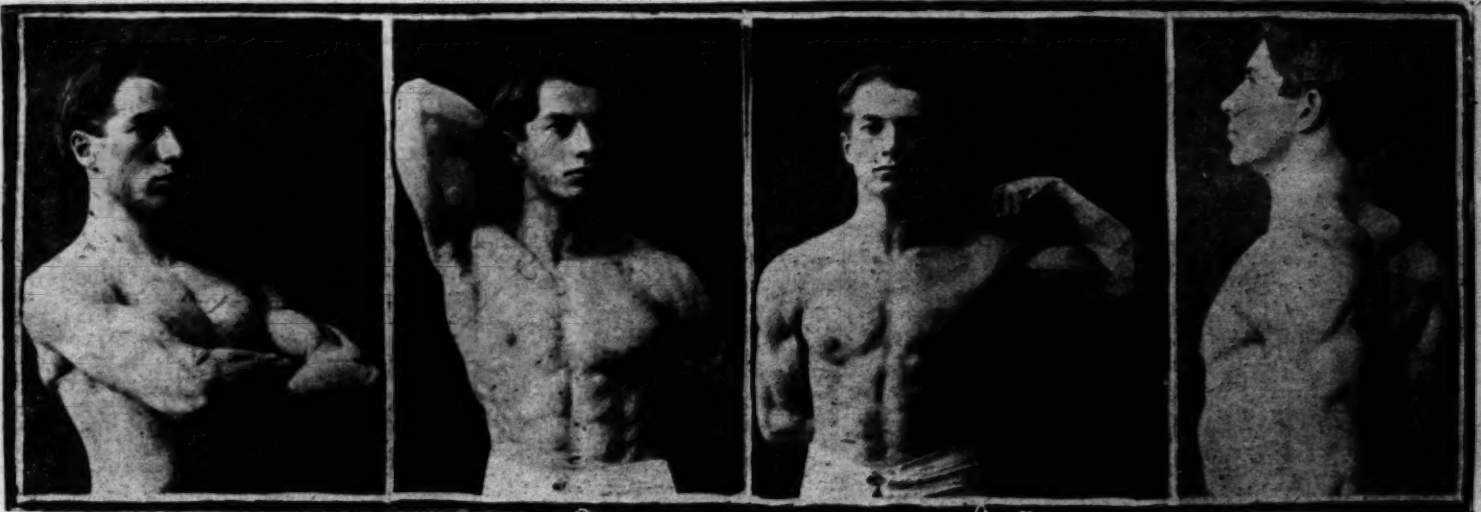
**Exercise 5:** Sit comfortably, and breathe actively about twelve times, dilating and contracting the nostrils as much as possible. This exercise practised diligently will sometimes relieve cases of catarrh.

**Exercise 6:** As a final exercise, after getting into bed, remove pillow, lie flat upon the back, relaxing all muscles; then inhale and exhale slowly, until you feel drowsy. Your breathing will be deeper throughout the entire night.

Neither mass of chest muscle, nor the service of the best medical skill will save a man from consumption. What is needed is larger and more mobile chest walls, with enough exercise to keep the entire lungs actively engaged. Nature has done her part. It is fitting that we do ours.

GEORGE W. BRADEN,

Physical Director at Throop Institute.



SHOWING FULNESS OF CHEST.

SHOWING

WIDTH OF LOWER CHEST.

SHOWING ABDOMINAL AND INTERCOSTAL MUSCLES.

SHOWING FULNESS OF CHEST.

## CAN'T FREEZE MICROBES.

A TEMPERATURE OF 192 CENTIGRADE FAILS GIVE THEM A FATAL CHILL.

[London Express:] The researches of Prof. Dewar on liquid air are familiar to all who take an interest in the progress of scientific research at large. At a recent Royal Society meeting an interesting communication was made on behalf of Dr. A. Macfadyen and S. Rowland, on the effect of the terrifically low temperature of liquid air on microbes. The aim of the investigators was that of ascertaining whether the germs could survive cold of a degree ranging from 193 to 192 deg. centigrade.

It is, of course, known that many species of microbes can survive being packed in ice, and even higher organisms flourish in the Arctic Circle. Indeed, the extremes of temperature for low forms of life are widely separated, and so it becomes a matter of practical public interest, as I shall show, to determine where the limits of vitality in this respect are to be found. The low temperature of liquid air offered a supreme chance to see how microbes comported themselves under exposure thereto, and so our investigators seized on the opportunity presented them.

Exposed for twenty hours to the liquid-air temperature, no injury was apparently sustained by the microbes. But in the recent experiments such germs as those of typhoid fever, diphtheria, anthrax, cholera and other ailments, along with non-disease-producing species, were submitted to the liquid-air test for seven days. In addition to the excessively low temperature, I must add the microbes in this experiment were subjected to a tremendous mechanical strain.

Then came the question of the effects of both conditions on the vitality of the germs. These results may be summed up in the word nil. Under the microscopes they showed no signs of mechanical injury or distortion, and they were as lively—if that term may be applied to denote a condition of vitality—as they were previous to their chilling and cooling experiences.

I have referred to the public interest which attaches to these investigations. To know the limits of germ life is an essential item in the knowledge of the sanitarian when he undertakes to show how infectious diseases caused by microbe action can be destroyed and prevented from attacking us.

It has been long known that we cannot trust to cold as a disinfecting and germ-killing agency. Cold will kill germ growth certainly, a fact we see illustrated by every cargo of Australian mutton that is landed at the docks; but it cannot destroy the microscopic living things that are responsible for inducing disease and for causing decomposition, putrefaction and a goodly number of other conditions beneficial and the reverse.

The investigations I have described confirm fully the sanitary teachings about cold. They also emphasize another

little bit of information—namely, the difference between a substance that really kills germs and one that merely "scotches" them.

Were this distinction more clearly apprehended by the public we should probably hear less frequently of mysterious outbreaks of epidemics, which probably owe their origin as much to inefficient disinfection as to any other piece of human negligence.

## CHINESE TELEGRAPHING.

DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSMITTING WORDS BY NUMBERED SIGNS.

[London Mail:] The failure of telegraphic communication with Peking has added not a little to the anxieties and difficulties of the great powers in the present crisis. Though electrical science many years ago secured a footing in China, the Chinese still regard it with superstitious abhorrence.

As long ago as 1855 Russia asked the Chinese government to connect China and Siberia by telegraph, and the request was promptly refused. It was not until 1884, says the Telegraph Chronicle, that the Chinese government permitted a telegraph line to be erected in its territory. In that year a wire was carried to the walls of Peking. The inhabitants looked askance at the new work, deeming all sorts of evil as a result of this mysterious and sacrilegious innovation. They believed that if the shadow of a telegraph pole should fall on the grave of one of their dear departed ones his rest would be disturbed until some sacrificial expiation should have appeased the offended gods. The poles were frequently dug out and the wires cut and otherwise damaged. This resulted in a decree being issued by the Chinese government, which was affixed to each telegraph pole, to the effect that any person damaging a telegraph pole or line would be liable to punishment by death. Two years later the Chinese telegraph lines were extended.

The apparatus and methods used in China are of the most antique description. In the province of Canton, for example, the most important trade province of the empire, there are only six Morse instruments. All the appointments are Chinese. As is known, the Chinese have no alphabet, but each word has a special sign. In order to telegraph them each sign has to be numbered, and the number is sent. The receiving clerk refers to his table and translates the transmitted number into the Chinese sign. The tables bear some resemblance to a logarithm table, the signs being printed in vertical columns. There are ten columns to a page, and each column contains twenty signs, so we get 200 signs on each page. There are forty-nine pages to the complete table, making in all 9800 numbered signs. Each tiny square contains a sign for a word and its corresponding number. The numbers are made up of signs ranging from 0 to 9.

Telegrams are sent in this manner: The sender writes

his message in Chinese characters on a form. This message is then converted into numbers, according to the table, by an employé. These numbers are telegraphed, and the receiving station then retranslates them into Chinese characters.

## NATURALLY HE WAS GALLED.

[S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald:] "You go back to your editor," said Lycurgus Maybury, "and tell him that he can't have a picture of the room in which my daughter is to be married. I want you to understand, sir, that my daughter is not a public character, even if I do happen to be a leading citizen. There are things about every man's household that are sacred. What right has the public to demand an invasion of my home for the purpose of publishing to the world all the details concerning my daughter's wedding? None! None, whatsoever, sir. This is not a matter in which the public has any right to be unduly interested. Those people whom we desire to have made acquainted with the facts in the case we have invited to the ceremony. As for the rest, we must ask them to excuse us. We have no desire for notoriety in this matter. Good day, sir."

The reporter said "Good day," and proceeded to get from other sources such facts as he wanted.

On the following morning Lycurgus Maybury walked into the office of the editor of the Blythedale Sentinel, and, tapping fiercely upon the latter's desk, said:

"I would like to know, sir, what kind of a sheet you pretend to be running here!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Maybury," the editor answered, "that we were compelled to publish an account of your daughter's wedding without your consent. I fully appreciate your feelings in the matter, but the fact is, Mr. Maybury, that you do not appreciate your community. A man in your position is necessarily a public character, and it is impossible to overlook social affairs in which a citizen of your prominence is so deeply interested as you happen to be in the one under consideration. I know that when you come to study the matter calmly you will see it in this light. If there are any misstatements in our account of the wedding we will be pleased to correct them. We made special efforts to be careful, but of course it is not always possible."

"Say, confound you!" the leading citizen interrupted. "I'm not complaining about what you published. It's what you didn't publish that makes me mad. Here you have half a column about my daughter's marriage and over two columns about the wedding of that little red-headed Jim Cooper's daughter, not to mention pictures of her and him and the preacher! If my girl's worth only half a column and no picture when those folks get nearly half a page you can stop my paper, and I don't care a darn how soon."



## A CHINAMAN'S BRAIN.

IT IS FOUND TO DIFFER CONSIDERABLY FROM THAT OF THE CAUCASIAN.

By a Special Contributor.

NATIONS don't go to war for the sake of settling points in physiology, but the present occurrences in China are giving the medical world represented in the allied army a chance to clear up some mooted questions regarding the mental get-up of John Chinaman.

His process of thinking and his consequential practices fail to harmonize with the Caucasian conception of things, and from the humblest to the most exalted classes "in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the heathen Chinese is peculiar."

About seven years ago an English specialist was able to examine the brain of a Chinaman dying in a British asylum, and his report of the external anatomy of that Chinaman's mental equipment served to confirm peculiarities noticed in the only other seven ever submitted to European study. In China, save where accident lay the brain bare, no Oriental physician, if the term may be applied, has ever dared to open the head of one of his countrymen, and, in the eyes of a Chinese medicine man, of course a "barbarian's" could offer no basis of comparison. It is to this sacredness of the body and its exemption from the knife after death that the peculiar notions of anatomy exist as they do today in the Orient, and wonderful as God's handiwork is as we scrutinizers know it, still the internal equipment of a Chinaman, if we can judge from their anatomical charts, is something that beggars description, i.e., European description.

The brain examined in England is described as that of a Chinaman of thirty-six, who mentally manifested a considerable amount of well-being, although, at times, he had many delusions of grandeur. He was admitted to the asylum suffering from general paralysis, and died a short while afterward from an attack of pneumonia, and before, as the physician states, any marked atrophy of the brain could have been effected. For all general purpose, then, it was assumed to be normal.

"Without resorting to the balance, the brain is easily noticed to be considerably smaller than those we are accustomed to see, and to be of a peculiar shape." It weighed thirty-eight ounces; that is, 176 grammes less than the weight of an average male adult brain, and in the division of material it was found that the cerebellum had more than its normal share. In the general run of male adult brains the proportion of the cerebrum to the cerebellum is as 8 1/2 to 1, while, according to Huxley, in the chimpanzee—the nearest approach to the human—the ratio is as 5 1/2 to 1. In this Chinaman's brain the proportions were found to be as 5 to 1—a distribution closely allied with that in the chimpanzee. Now the chimpanzee, apart from the thoroughly material side of its brain action, is noted for its great love of offspring, and by one annotator it is assumed that the corresponding great regard to parents is thus accounted for in the Chinese habit of life, although other students say that the greater development of the cerebellum in the Chinese brains examined go to show a greater activity of body and a higher development of muscular control, with a greater resultant dependence upon the faculties of native instinct as opposed to reason.

In relative quantity of gray matter, the real measure of mind as we interpret intellectuality, the Chinaman's mind was found to be well up to the average—and such was found to be the case in the others studied; but in the other phases there was found those differences that mark the sensual, offspring-loving tendency of the Oriental.

Inferentially, we get the love of home and the veneration of parents and ancestors so highly characteristic of the Chinaman, and, if he fall in the large field of patriotism, he certainly loves the home acre and what it means. He will guard the home and provide for it, no matter what come, and, in the gradual culture through long ages of a desire to shield these home ties against fearful odds, we get the cupidism so common to the Chinaman of every degree. Centuries on centuries of ancestor worship have only emphasized this trend of the mind, and, remembering that a very large share of China's officials are drawn from the humbler ranks of her society, we have no difficulty in accounting for this cunning impulse even though it is cloaked by all the niceties of an etiquette abounding in the most delicate distinctions. We have seen how birds simulate injury to draw us away from their nestlings, and we are familiar with the hundred and one other deceptions practiced by animal life to the same end; and when a similar purpose becomes deep rooted in the ways of a people, the success of lies to this end becomes a daily lesson in deception to selfish ends as well.

Chinese literature lends itself readily to the cultivation of this spirit of disguise; in fact, commends it. In the "Twenty-four Examples of Filial Piety"—one of the first guides and inspirations to the Chinese young—we are told of a little boy that had gone to visit a friend, and during his stay had managed to secrete two oranges in his wide sleeves. When making his parting bow the oranges rolled out, but this little tot of six was equal to the emergency. He knelt down before his host and said: "My mother loves oranges and I wanted them for her." For two thousand years this piece of ready wit has been held up to Chinese children as an example of filial thoughtfulness, at an early age.

"The Chinese doctrine is that a man must be dutiful to parents or he is nothing. So much so is this the case," says a writer in a Chinese paper, "that in the civil service every high officer, when his father or mother dies, must vacate his post for twenty-seven months. China is the only country where this is done, and the Chinese brain is especially large in that part which by its size indicates the strength of family feeling."

The Chinese do not like to be buried in a foreign land. They wish to be after death where their ancestors are, and to share in the offerings presented the latter twice a year by their filial descendants in the old home. "In the Chi-

nese social sphere it is the family feeling that rules and guides the individual, as the rudder directs the ship."

The Chinese mind really presents a remarkable example of arrested development. For centuries on centuries the people have had a literature and an extended system of education which renders them facile with the pen and ready in diplomatic statement, but entirely unfruitful of new thought or the development of belles-lettres as we understand the term. For hundreds and hundreds of years, the Chinese student has contented himself with learning line after line of pretentious sayings and philosophical nothings, and with this equipment of ages gone he has won position and responsibility in his native land. Can one marvel at his self-conceit in an atmosphere of millions only too readily contributive to the false value of such thoroughly dead matter. Except in skill in revamping this threadbare stuff there has been no opportunity nor encouragement to original thought for ages, and even now an occasional imperial edict stamps with awful disapproval any attempt to analyze the words of the sages in the light of modern needs.

That marvelous civil-service system of China's should long ago have been the means of making the nation well-nigh foremost among the countries of the world, yet the single requirement for admission, being merely a parrot-like power to repeat the text of men of ages gone, has only tended to turn a possible source of national might into one of weakness and mental stagnation.

Getting back to the examination of the Chinaman's brain with which we started, we are told that there was found an abnormal prominence among the furrows running across or from side to side of the brain. It is sufficient to the lay reader to know that the furrows of the brain are occasioned by the folds or "convolutions" of the gray matter of the mind—these folds increasing with the development of the thinking gray substance. They double upon themselves just as a wad of crumpled paper adjusts itself to the confines of a clenched hand. It is this folding process that permits the growth of the intellectual side of the mind within the unyielding space of the skull. Now, it may be due to this accentuation of the sideways furrows of the Chinese brain that it has acquired a way of looking upon us and our processes of reasoning from a singularly oblique or even back-sided view point. In justice to the Oriental—if justice can place us in a position to enjoy his rascally way of thinking and seeing—let us hope that to the abnormal folding of his brain substance in his think-tank—as a distinguished American writer has termed the skull—is due that mental and moral obliquity that so often confronts us in the Chinaman's conduct, and also that delusion of grandeur so common to the race.

Of this delusion of grandeur, the fiction of the heaven-born nature of the Emperor of China is one—a bit of self-deception foisted upon the Chinese by their native rulers, their Mongol rulers, and, lastly, by their Manchu rulers. The subjects of a Celestial must in turn gain something by identification, and it is in this way that every Chinaman looks upon a "barbarian" or "foreign devil" as a creature of a lower order; and from the very humblest walks of life to the most exalted, the Oriental treats us with a ceremonial, at the best, that thinly cloaks the contempt with which he views us. In diplomatic correspondence, in imperial edicts, and in the very communications of the mandarins themselves, we are represented by characters of covert insult. In Chinese law one Chinaman must suffer for the loss of life he occasions another, directly or indirectly, while nothing less than an imperial edict is needed in nearly every case where a foreigner is killed to effect the just retribution upon the Chinese murderer. There are written laws in China today imposing severe penalties and even decapitation upon the Chinaman that aids a foreigner even in the most common pursuits of life. Many of these laws are generally dead letters, but they are still alive enough to give the authorities a way of reaching a foreigner distasteful to them, and we read almost daily of occurrences of this sort, where missionaries and commercial agents, relying upon treaties, come in contact with the deluded sense of grandeur of some local magistrate.

The refined casuistry of a Chinese is something too nicely drawn for the Caucasian mind unless it happens to be gifted with a certain amount of Oriental obliquity. Very delicate differences mark the shades between honor and dishonor, rascality and respectability, in the Chinaman's eyes. Not very long ago it was reported that a certain Viceroy had been degraded and condemned to work on the post roads for misappropriation of funds. An official, in conversation with a European, confirmed that news but said that as the Viceroy had money, he would be comfortable. When told that it was proposed to relieve the ex-Viceroy of his ill-gotten cash to make good a certain indemnity, the Chinese official replied: "That will be difficult; how will you know the money you get is his?"

Of Chinese diplomacy, we have another example in the manner in which the provincial magistrate endeavored to prevent the investigation of an outrage upon a Christian mission. When asked to send the "hsien" to look into the outrage, which had taken place in a neighboring town, the answer came: "The roads are too bad, a 'hsien' is never sent there." A week later, in going to pass judgment on a Chinese murderer, a day's ride farther on, the "hsien" had to pass through the very town in question. But, to make a bad ill worse, this "hsien" reported that no damage whatever had been done the mission, when in point of fact \$300 would not cover the loss.

The Chinaman hates to break bad news to his neighbor, and, rather than be direct about it, first arouses apprehension by manufacturing all sorts of childish stories. "The name of death is avoided in every way possible. 'To go rambling among the geni' and 'to ascend the dragon to be a guest on high' are the roundabout ways in which a Chinaman announces the taking off of his friends or loved ones; and, to carry out the elaborate etiquette of the people, there is a form of expression suitable to this purpose for every walk of life.

If a Chinaman wishes or intends to refuse your request he does so in a manner eminently silly to us, although the thing is carried through on his part with the utmost seriousness and with an assumed credence on your part. He is nothing if not indirect, and a case in point even among the most enlightened mandarins is sufficient to show the trend of this practice. Some years ago an English syndicate wished to make explorations in the upper reaches of the Yang Tse Kiang preliminary to building a railroad. When permission was asked of old Li Hung Chang, he said

he could not permit his friends to expose themselves to the big monkeys that dwelt there, who might throw stones upon them from the neighboring heights. That was the Oriental way of expressing objection, and yet the Britishers were expected to receive the statement with credulous politeness.

It would take books to tell the story of the wide-spread folly of superstition in every walk of Chinese life. We read in today's Chino-English papers of certain mixtures of stewed prunes and simples being gravely recommended by the highest of provincial officers as safeguards against spooks and other calamities; of the wearing of unknown written characters in combinations of four as a protection against the dreaded plague; and of as many other equally fatuous charms.

Of another branch of the same field of superstition we see the consequences in the way one Chinaman will swear away another's life for the sake of the trivial reward his false testimony brings; and we are told that he avoids the evil consequences of his perjury by the making of a simple offering to his gods by whom the false oath was sworn.

With all his mental peculiarities, the Chinaman is open to the argumentative power of force properly applied, but not until a good deal of the Chinaman's gray matter and his gore have been scattered on his native sword, and possession has been taken of his capital, will his mind be clarified as to the real nature of the "barbarian." We have treated with the Chinaman for many years, but no European country has yet convinced the imperial household or the nation at large that the foreigner and his government are not paying tribute to the heaven-born supremacy of the Emperor of China. This little fiction has continued from the earliest times of our intercourse down to today, and, no matter what the mental equipment of the Chinaman may be, it is this dangerous and diplomatic assent to Oriental megalomania that is at the bottom of all the trouble.

ROBERT C. SKERRETT.

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## QUEEN HELEN.

THE CONSORT OF THE NEW KING OF ITALY HAS LITTLE POPULARITY.

[New York Tribune:] It is extremely doubtful whether Queen Helen, in spite of her undeniable beauty, will ever become so popular as her mother-in-law, the now widowed Queen Margherita. Cold and undemonstrative, reserved and taciturn rather than effusive, her qualities are calculated to appeal rather to the Piedmontese—Highlanders like herself—than to the population of the rest of Italy. There is no doubt that the disappointment freely and unkindly expressed by the newspapers of the peninsula regarding her failure to fulfill national expectations in the presentation to the kingdom of an heir to the throne has had the effect of raising a sort of barrier of antagonism between herself and the people of her adopted country. She seems to feel that they resent her childlessness, while they, on the other hand, do not hesitate to express freely the disappointment of the dynastic hope which they had based upon the marriage.

Queen Margherita's popularity was a source of strength to her husband as ruler. Even at the moment when, owing to the mistakes, domestic and foreign, of his Ministers, he was most unpopular and reviled as "the Austrian Colonel," she always remained an object of so much affection on the part of the people of every shade of political opinion that the field daisy was chosen in her honor as the emblem of a number of political societies, some of them, such as the Italia Irredenta, being hostile alike to the government and to the King. But for a Queen to be popular in Italy it is necessary that she be of Italian birth and of Italian disposition, and neither the Montenegrin born Queen Helen, nor yet the French born Duchess Helen of Aosta, who as wife of the heir apparent of the crown may eventually succeed her as Queen, is ever likely to give the same amount of political support to her husband as Queen Margherita was able to furnish to the late King Humbert. Nor is it probable that she will ever share to the same degree as her mother-in-law the duties of her husband as ruler. Humbert was notoriously influenced in many matters by his consort, especially in connection with the Triple Alliance, which she induced him to join. But Queen Helen is completely dominated by her diminutive husband, who, like so many small men, is far too autocratic to accept any advice or to brook any interference, even on the part of his wife, in his duties as ruler.

## THE ANTIQUITY OF AGRICULTURE.

[Prof. A. C. Hadden, in Knowledge:] The origin of agriculture is lost in the mists of antiquity. We know that in Neolithic times in Europe eight kinds of cereals were cultivated, besides flax, peas, poppies, apples, pears, bullace plums, etc., at the same time various animals were domesticated. Among these were horses, short-horned oxen, horned sheep, goats, two breeds of pigs and dogs. Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins says that evidence goes to show that these animals were not domesticated in Europe, but probably in the central plateau of Asia. He also thinks that agriculture arose in the south and east of Europe, and spread gradually to the center, north and west. A hunting population is often very averse to even the slight amount of work that agriculture requires in a tropical country. The same holds good, as a rule, for pastoral communities. In all cases a powerful constraint is necessary to force these peoples into uncongenial employment. Fate is stronger than will, and at various periods, in different climes, hunters and herders have been forced, to till the soil.

## A CHINESE BOY'S EDUCATION.

[Harper's Weekly:] In examining the characteristics of a people one turns first to the status of education and to the nature and depth of religious belief, and in both of these this deadness is oppressively conspicuous. One day while journeying along a highway in Hunan I turned to a bright little boy of apparently about ten years who was in the crowd surrounding me, and asked him if he went to school. "Oh, yes," he replied, and in answer to a question what he studied, said, with a look that clearly indicated his surprise that anyone should ask such a question. "Why, the classics, of course." Not a word about geography or history, even of his own country, to say nothing of others; not a line of science; not a single thought of anything that could do him a bit of good or fit him to be a useful member of society, but merely the teachings of Confucius, who lived 2500 years ago.



## YAYEGIKU:

## THE WIFE OF A SAMURAI.

BY ADACHI KINOSUKE.  
Author, "Iroka: Tales of Japan."

THE Castle Town of Kameyama has not always been happy.

A terrible prince—I mean a spirit out of the evil and the dark—came and possessed the heart of a gentle and goodly prince upon the dais of that homeland of legend and poetry. The people could not understand what the gods meant by it. Still the gods must place themselves, now and again, above the comprehension of the human; how else could they hold their holy dignity? Moreover, they had given the people—doubtless to make matters even—a great man in the person of the first Karo, the Prime Minister.

A brave, great man under a monster of a prince in the iron days of castles and of samurai honor—some fearsome thing was sure to come to pass under such a combination.

And it did—a heart-piercing tragedy.

One sad night, the Karo placed his life upon the altar in front of the shrine of the Uji-gami; in the silver groves of holy cedar. He prayed:

"A mean, an unworthy sacrifice, this life of the humble one. For the appeasement of your wrath, O, ye gods! But . . . my death, may it lead the prince back to the path of rectitude and justice. My blood, may it wash snow white the stain and shame of the house of Matsudaira!"

And early the next morning, the Minister was announced at the palace. The orgies of the night before were not quite over.

Drunk with saké, mad with women, half asleep and half raving, the Prince received the announcement.

"What, Karo? So early? It's a beastly shame to disturb his master at such an ungodly hour—tell him that! So unceremonious, so extremely uncivil! As—aaa—wait!"

All of a sudden there flashed a spark in his eyes—malice and wit combined.

"Well, tell him to present his starched self here in the banquet hall. Ha! Ha! Ha! What a joke! A novel entertainment, ladies! We'll wash him merrily with saké—so, so! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

However, the dignity of the first Minister, courting death, chilled the saké summer of the Prince's veins. And when he saw that none of his women or retainers were witty enough to turn the Minister into a joke, he flashed round upon him in a towering rage:

"Holy admonition! The fool presumption of it all! A sage! Ah, ha! Ha! Well, well, I do believe that you are one. They say that there are eight holes in the breast of a sage. Witness, O, ye gods! We shall see what a true sage my Minister is. Fetch me a sword, Kocho. Here, stretch him on a board!"

The death of the Karo was god-like indeed—but what an atrocity of butchery!

And over the gory mutilation which in truth was enough to turn a cannibal's stomach, the princely orgies raced ahead, like a pack of wolves made the more furious by the taste of blood. There was a whirlpool of laughter, shameless soaking in saké, the murder of dignity—an infernal outrage to the ancient banquet hall!

The remains of the Karo were exposed to the appetite of wolves at the foot of Atago Mountain.

But Heaven, after all, is just. They did not fall into the jaws of a beast. Quite otherwise.

Ten Samurai, all clad in black and completely masked, dug a grave for the Karo with their own hands. That was a singular funeral. The night winds sang the requiem on the pine needles, and the only funeral lanterns were hung far away above the flight of clouds. Over the open grave, calling heaven and earth to witness, and in the presence of the gods and of the sacred memories of the heroic dead, each samurai bit his finger tip and signed his name to a sacred pledge in the fainting light of a solitary candle.

This was the pledge:

"We, the samurai of the Kameyama Clan, place our lives on your altar, O, ye gods, for the restoration of right under heaven.

"We swear by the great soul of heaven and earth, by the ghosts of the brave dead, by the souls of our swords, that we will see the death of the monster that usurps the august body of our tomo, the lord of the clan. If we die with our end unaccomplished, grant, O, ye divine ones, that our ghosts should ever wander in the shades of Shaba, and through nine repeated births may we avenge the death of our loyal Karo, Sasada Norimasa.

"Witness this, our blood covenant and deign to grant our prayers!"

Each of those present signed eleven copies of it. At the head of the names was the signature of Sakuma Morihisa, the second minister of the clan, traced ruddy and in his vigorous style of writing.

Each samurai folded a copy and placed it near his heart. The eleventh copy, they placed over the wounds on the heart of the dead Karo.

Then came the doleful fall of the clouds; and tears mingled with the dew.

## II.

A tokonoma—an alcove built, you would say, out of quaintness and the strokes of an artist's brush more than out of wood and bamboos; and upon its wall a kakemono—a silken pendant with ivory rollers; and upon the platform of the tokonoma a sword rack with a black corded "soul of samurai" upon it; and the elegance of the triple arrangement of flowers set in the mouth of a heaven-aspiring dragon vase—all these, and a touch here and there which it takes a great artist to put down in black and white, told very plainly that the room was in a samurai yashiki.

Near the tokonoma was a man; near him, a lady, his consort.

"Sir, an unseen hand robs the heart of my lord from me tonight and makes unworthy Yayegiku jealous," said she.

Emerging from his thoughts, as from a long, long dream

of a winter snake, Sakuma Morihisa, the second minister, turned his melting eyes upon his beloved:

"My heart, madam, worships but one mistress. None is quite so sure of it as your ladyship."

She smiled softly—and it was as if there were a silver line of pathos through the smile.

"My lord, your wife has loved and thought so much of you that she feels your moods better than she knows her own mind—can read your thoughts more easily than the bright messages of the stars. Tell me truly, then, the real cause of the sadness of my husband. Can it be the fruit of many things of which women should never know?"

He smiled at her. And a doomed man might smile as he did. The burden upon his mind must have been very heavy. And his sensitive wife was painfully aware of it.

She spoke no longer. She drew closer to him, and the eyes she turned upon him grew, at first and slowly, misty, then the dew-drops soft and pearly, nevertheless powerful enough to melt something harder than the flint, hung pierced by her long eyelashes. The soul of a woman, strong, ardent, full of wisdom and fuller of love, was melting through her eyes. It was too good, too pure even for the thirsty lips of the gods, that stream of sympathy.

"Closer, my own," he whispered and took her tenderly in his arms. "No secret from you, madam, no! If the men of swords were half as noble as you! Here my lady"—with his left hand he pulled open the collar of his kimono—"take it out, Yayé, 'tis close to my heart."

"Your august command?"

"My sincere wish."

She thrust her hand into his breast. A folded piece of paper was there. All of a sudden, he pressed and held her hand against his heart.

"Feel its throbs also, madam. Who knows how soon, how suddenly it might cease to repeat its wonted hymn to you?"

"And this heart with the manly beats—is it truly mine? Mine alone? But why should I ask?"

"Truly, why should you ask?" he smiled.

Seeing her hands tremble as she unfolded the paper, she said:

"See, my lord, how womanish I am!"

"Rather, how deeply madam feels for her humble friend!"

There was a flash in her magnificent eyes as they fell upon the blood-signed pledge. Slowly and most carefully—as if every letter of it held the life of a samurai—she read it through.

"So, after all, sir, your heart is not mine alone."

"Would your ladyship wish it otherwise?"

"How ill becomes that question on your lips, knowing me as well as you do! But, sir—look at the magnanimity of your wife (playfully)—she does more than forgive you—look!"

She bit her finger tip and below his name was added the two crimson characters—"and wife."

His arms quivered about her.

All was peace in the room. The vigorous beating of his heart—that was the only music which mellowed the silence.

## III.

A few nights later. . . . In the same room were the same persons. Time: The stars would be bright on the dark blue for an hour yet. Sakuma Morihisa had just returned from his nocturnal conference.

"After all," said he sadly to his wife, "you are not the only lady in the confidence of the ten."

"A—ah?"

"Yano Seichi's wife—a clever woman, too clever for Yano, in fact. My heart is heavy. I fear, and fear it much, that all is lost with us."

A long, a very long silence.

"Why, my lord?" she asked at last.

"Sano Torao, I am told, is in her confidence."

"Sano Torao," she repeated.

Silence again.

Then she said, "No, not all is lost."

And her husband wondered.

Because it not only is itself blind, but makes all eyes sightless, and moreover, is tomb-like in its silence, men take advantage of a black night. And where it was more accentuated by the shadow of a tall bamboo hedge, in the back garden of a samurai yashiki, Kameyama, Nihon, there were two figures, both masked.

A man's voice said: "Aa, it is you, then, Lady Yayegiku, madam?"

There was a laugh, low, suppressed.

"You dare not despise and ignore me, this time!"

"Hush!" a woman's voice.

"Come, august beauty, will madam dare refuse me my humble prayer? Your ladyship has received my humble note? You also saw a copy of the document? Well, safe in my keeping is its original. Angustly troublesome as it is, honored madam, condescend to understand this point thoroughly. Tomorrow, if the humble one so will, your august husband's head shall fall from its erect and proud eminence and his life shall vanish with the dew of the morn."

"My husband," she sneered. "What of that? When a woman loves, does she see a husband? Ingrate!" she fairly stormed. "And for you I have lighted this sacred flame! And that base, unmanly, coward of a threat! What an insult—away with you, you shameful!"

An imperial shadow against the all-smearing background of night.

In an instant, at her feet, cowered a worm—Sano Torao. What she dearly wished to do, then, was to put her heels upon the worm and crush it. She did not do that. She must bear many things in order to get that all-important document which the worm had stolen through the help of Yano Seichi's wife.

She made him rise.

"Listen, then. At the hour of ushi, tomorrow night—" And she unfolded to him the scheme. He should come at that midnight hour. She would leave the south room unbarred; there her husband slept. He should steal in and, with a blow of his sword, sever the sleeping head.

"Murder him?" he gasped.

"And you hesitate?" she stormed.

He caught her by the train of her skirt as she turned her back and took a rapid step away from him.

"By heaven and earth, by all the gods therein alive, by hate, by eternal love, by the sword—"

"Enough!" she turned round.

"Smite off his head," she continued. "I will administer

a draught that will insure the loss of consciousness and leaden sleep better than the magic of the gods. But as you strike, forget not to exclaim aloud, 'Death to the traitor!'"

At his cry, she would rush into the room. He should bring the document, and she would take it and read it aloud before the retainers and the servants of the household. And with the head of the husband, and with that document which proved it to be that of a traitor, they would march to the palace of the tomo, the lord of the clan. Of course there would wait for them honor, distinction and princely reward and then—what is far better than those—a delirium of love!

"Osaraba, adieu!"

"Sure, tomorrow night, with the tolling of the hour of ushi."

"Hanging on the humble one's life and sword, no failure, no error. To madam, sweet peace, happy dreams!"

Night.

Silence.

Over the flower eyes of the meadow, all asleep, stars were tearful. Chilly and lonely, the hour of the break of day. Neither chilly nor lonely, however, it was with the samurai, for within him was a summer, a riotous, voluptuous, burning summer of the tropic of passion. And before him veiled by the filmy curtain of a single day, within the reach of a short-lived gnat, was the promised land of love.

On the very night when she met Sano Torao in the shade of the bamboo hedge of her yashiki, and after having sent him away into the fool's dreamland of ecstasy, she sat alone in her husband's room. He, as usual, was away at his nightly conference.

By and bye soft steps were heard in the dark, then the low complaint of the sliding shoji, and there he stood before her. There was something in her welcome which startled him—the deathly pallor of her face, the fever brightness of her smile, too. One would have said that he had summoned all the life of his body and centered it in his eyes. He even forgot to sit down. His gaze literally burned upon his wife.

"Madam, what is the matter?"

"And humble Yayegiku," she said in reply, "may she be pardoned for inquiring after her lord?"

He sat down. His face, in spite of all his stoic mastery over himself, was a strange, startling page torn from his heart.

"What secret does this tell-tale face of the humble one betray to your ladyship?"

"Sir, what unkindness of fate?"

"Nothing quite so serious, madam. Aye, it may be as serious; who knows?"

He brought out a lacquer case with the crest of his family white on its lid. It contained a piece of soft leather, a piece of silk and a powder sack, in short all the necessities for the polishing of a sword. Then he unsheathed his blade. Upon it there was a ribbon of stain, faint like the passage of a cloud.

"As you see, then, madam—but I am very sorry. I fear I have disgraced my sword. I killed a dog with it."

"A traitor?"

"Not exactly, madam. In the examination of our pledges tonight, one of them was found a counterfeit."

"Whose?"

"That of Yano Seichi. While he slept, his wife kept it, was the statement he made."

"And the august sword did its duty?"

"Yes, madam."

"And the original of the document?"

"Who knows, madam? . . . Sharpening a sword of shame for our necks, most likely."

He went on polishing the sword.

"Noble husband!" She almost sprang upon him. Her head was upon his shoulder, her arms a tremulous necklace about him—"Yano's wife! . . . A woman to betray the noblest lives of the clan!" Something like a sob was heard. "A woman! A woman!"

His wife had never behaved just in this manner before. Speechless, he was sounding, like a diver, the depth of that which was deeper than a sea.

"Precious husband!" she began again. Sober, however, objected to the smooth flow of her sentences. "How happy—O, how blessed—blessed, I am to be loved by your noble, noble heart—"

Then came an abrupt pause, as if she recalled something all of a sudden. She looked through her tears straight into his eyes. The light in his eyes was keen, interrogative, puzzled. She was safe. He knew nothing—she suspected nothing of her plan. And so again she gave herself up to the flood of her own tears.

"If you should go before me, my lord! If you should, in your wanderings over the meadows of the Land of Supreme Bliss, see unearthly flowers smiling, and among them sporting the graces that are of heaven!"—she said.

His face was cleared. His doubts were no more. She was distracted with the grief of his possible death—he thought. How little man knows of woman—especially at the time when he is expected to know much and guess all!

"You do me a great wrong, madam. Have I not given to your ladyship a samurai's pledge to love you through the three Circles of Existences? But how comes it that, this late in the day, there should spring a sprout of distrust between us?"

"O, forgive me!"—she pressed him closer—most tenderly—"Your humble wife doubt the sincerity of her lord? That can never, never be!"

The naked sword lay gleaming at their knees.

She looked down into the depth of its sheen. Mists, clouds, or indeed, was it the blue shimmering, thrilling depth of a sea that she saw in it? Or the wandering, restless memories of the heroic dead?—a mystery!—or the frozen monument of many a century of samurai soul, enshrined, as it were, in the truest and the most divinely tempered of steel?

She closed her eyes; she embraced him tightly. She said:

"Look, my lord. I love you like the true wife of a samurai!"

• • •

The next day....

Pushing open the shoji, prostrating herself over the sill of her room, her maid said to Lady Yayegiku:

"The master requests the pleasure of your august presence, madam, at the north room."

She saw her husband clad in the kami-ahimo, the cere-



majestic robe, all of white, and seated in front of a sambo, a sacred stand of white wood, with a pair of shallow, unglazed, earthen cups upon it.

The significance of it all was very plain. On the eve of his departure to a battlefield whence he never expects to return, or at the very last hour of kappuku, a samurai arrays himself thus, all in white, and faces a sambo of immaculate white wood.

"Your august pleasure, my lord?" she said, prostrating herself in front of the sambo.

"Madam," said he, in that sweetest tone of voice which she had heard so often in the ecstatic dreams of their love, "let us drink the cup of cold water. The day is dying. And who can tell? Maybe our lives are in the twilight also."

He poured a few sips of water, instead of saké, and with his hand offered the cup to her.

She raised it to her forehead: "The unworthy one gratefully accepts the courtesy of her lord."

"Our bridal cups, madam," said he, holding up his own. "The renewal of our troth through the three Circles of Existence."

Both, and at the same time, pressed the cups to their lips, bravely—he, who was sure that death would overtake him sooner than the dawn of another day; and she who, without the slightest possibility of doubt, was looking upon the face of her lover-husband for the last time on earth! Over the cups of cold water their melting eyes met. 'Twas an ardent courtship in the kingdom of death.

It was he who had proposed the toast of water, and it was she who, by her death, was to save the life of her husband, and that of his colleagues, and to bring about the salvation of the clan. How supremely happy she was at that thought!

"Will my lord meet his friends tonight?"

"No, madam, we would wait our doom at our homes. Escape is impossible. Moreover, if we could not accomplish our end by escaping, we do not desire escape. And the neighbor clans have too much of their own troubles to aid us in the least."

"Then the humble one has one request to make of her lord."

"Madam would certainly make him very happy by commanding him."

"Will you, then, promise me to stay awake in this north room till the tolling of the hour of ushi?"

"Certainly, madam, if it be your august pleasure."

A pause.... and then....

"O, my husband!" She drew closer to him.

His eyes filling, his body quivering like a flame, that samurai who would be as impassive and as indifferent as a rock before the most appalling of deaths, took his wife into his arms.

A hush solemn and holy as Buddha enfolded, in sad respect, their last embrace.

#### IV.

There was a twig of cherry blossom set in a vase, on the tokonoma of the south room of the yashiki of Sakuma Morihisa. A devout Buddhist who believes in the rebirths and the accumulation of experiences and skill would have said of the simple elegance of that flower arrangement, that the culture of ten centuries was in its coquettish grace.

Over it bending stood a woman.

Her unconfined hair poured down a cascade of black lacquer on her back. How one should envy the cherry blossom! For did ever such a lotus bud bloom in the sacred garden of our Lord Buddha as the face, all dewy, bending down over them?

She was whispering softly over the flowers this couplet:

"Sakura bana chirazube kushin asahi gusa;  
Hino moto gusino mononofune tamai!"

("Cherry blossom! if you did not scatter, weed-like you'd rot;

So also the soul of samurai, of the Home Land of the Sun!")

All of a sudden she seemed to recollect something. She turned round and saw that the futon (quilts) were spread on the matted floor, and at the head of the bed a dainty lacquered pillow.

She sat down to pen the farewell letter to her husband.

"To be lifted to the desk of my husband:

"The happiest woman begs her beloved husband to rejoice over her grave because her death means the salvation of him whom she loves above all men and gods, and also the salvation of the noble samurai, his friends and hers, and the purification of the Kameyama Clan.

"From YAYE."

Then she dressed her hair after the style of a man, donned a gown of her husband; placed the sword at the head of the bed; lowered the pith wick of the seed-oil lamp till the room was in a dense twilight. And when she was between the futon she took a good care to expose the white crest on the collar of the gown so that it was well visible in the twilight. Then turning the back of her head toward the amado through which her midnight guest was to enter, she waited.

The steps of the slow-advancing night which were treading away her few remaining hours on earth fell heavily on her bosom. Nevertheless the pulse passing in and out of her heart was as calm as victory.

Something like the far-away echoes of steps were heard on the flags of the back garden; then the stealthy sliding of the amado, and out of the dark a masked figure sneaked into the room.

A rapid, blood-shot glance—a step or two toward the bed.

Then a flash.... a blow.... a heavy thud of the severed head.... a crimson stream!

"Hasten here, ye men!" shouted the murderer, tearing away his mask, and witness that I, Sano Torao, a samurai of Kameyama Clan, with my own hand, with the single blow of my sword, severed the head of the chief of conspirators. Gather ye here, ye men!"

A rush of steps outside. It came from the north room—where the husband of Yayegiku sat awake.

A shuddered shoji fell, and a man with a hand lantern in front of his face rushed in. Sano Torao could not see the face of the man because of the light.

Sano Torao held up the bloody head of Yayegiku straight against the lantern.

The lantern fell.

The room, for a second, was again in a heavy twilight; and through the gloom there was a flash of silver lightning. Then a death grunt was heard.

The paper lantern which Yayegiku's husband dropped to the floor caught fire.

And in its ruddy glare, there stood, tottering, all bloody, the figure of Sano Torao, cut in twain.

## THE SEPTEMBER SKIES.

### IMPORTANT ASTRONOMICAL FEATURES OF THE MONTH.

By a Special Contributor.

THE return of autumn naturally quickens interest in astronomy, for the distractions of summer vacations are over, and we are returning to the more serious things of life; and the lengthening nights are giving wider opportunities for observation. September brings the autumnal equinox, at which time days and nights are equal the world over. This statement must, of course, be modified by the facts concerning twilight; for, while one-half the globe is always bathed in sunlight, the other half is bordered with a twilight rim whose width is nearly fifteen hundred miles. The sun has sunken 18 deg. below the horizon before the daylight has entirely gone. Owing to the position of the earth, midsummer twilight lasts in the United States more than two hours. Farther north it lasts all night. At the North Pole it lasts two months and a half. At Point Barrow, the northernmost point of Alaska, during the more than twenty days when the sun does not rise at all, there is continuous twilight, owing to the fact that the sun is but little below the horizon. Thus the horrors of the Arctic winter are greatly mitigated.

We owe our twilight to our atmosphere, which bends back upon the earth rays of light that had started in other directions, and also reflects light from the upper regions. In the moon, where there is no atmosphere, there is no twilight, save what is occasioned by the reflection of sunlight from the peaks of mountain. Without our atmosphere the light of day would suddenly expire with the setting of the sun, and the darkness of night would as suddenly burst into broad daylight with its rising.

The autumnal equinox is reached September 23; at either pole the sun would then be seen just in the horizon; at the North Pole the six months' day then ends and the six months' night begins; at the South Pole the six months' night ends and the six months' day begins. In the minds of many this is the date for "the equinoctial storm," when they look for several days of very unpleasant weather. This is one of those strange notions which have obtained currency in the field of popular astronomy. There is nothing in the occurrence of the equinox which need give rise to an equinoctial storm; the pleasantest of weather often prevails in this part of September. If anything unusual may be looked for it is wind, but not necessarily rain.

Though September has but thirty days, the moon will be in conjunction twice with Jupiter, with Uranus and with Saturn—first on the 1st, 2d and 3d days, respectively; second on the 28th, 29th and 30th days respectively; these three planets continue to loiter in or near the constellation Scorpio; and the reason they seem to be working over from the eastern to the western sky is simply that our earth is traveling in the opposite direction, and thus passing them and leaving them behind. It is therefore apparent that the two conspicuous planets, with their retinues respectively of five and nine moons, are preparing to bid adieu to our skies; Uranus, inconspicuous planet, now traveling between them, will depart with them, and it will be a matter of interest soon to know what, if anything, will take their places.

On the 21st Saturn is in quadrature with the sun, and the day after Neptune is the same; Saturn will then be 90 deg. east and Neptune 90 deg. west of the sun. At noon Neptune will be setting and Saturn rising; at sunset Saturn will be on the meridian; at midnight Saturn will be setting and Neptune rising; at sunrise Neptune will be on the meridian. Neptune, however, is our one invisible planet. Mercury passes the sun on the farther side on the 13th. While this shy planet is thus invisible, the best of opportunities are promised for witnessing the morning splendor of glorious Venus; for on the 16th Venus reaches her greatest western elongation, or extreme distance from the sun, 46 deg. She will then rise not far from a o'clock in the morning, and can be easily identified and followed as she ascends the eastern sky, only to be extinguished by the daylight succeeding, while it is barely possible that, by constant watching, she can still be seen, even after the sun has risen. Venus will now be at the extreme right of her orbit as viewed from the earth, and will appear in the telescope in the form of a half moon. She will then go back toward the sun on the farther side of her orbit, and the half moon appearance will change toward full moon, until the planet is lost in the sun's effulgence.

Certain constellations are interesting as coming to the meridian during September evenings. The Dolphin, or Delphinus, is one of these, readily recognized by the four stars in the form of a diamond, which mark its head; these four, for some unknown reason, have long been called "Job's Coffin." They are among the several groups easy to learn in various parts of the heavens. Cygnus, the Swan, is another, the creature appearing as flying down the Milky Way from northeast to southwest; the cross, which is formed by four prominent stars, locates the wings, body and bill. A new star put in an appearance in this constellation in 1876, now known as Nova Cygni. What is known as 61 Cygni was, before the discovery of so many double stars, regarded as the most remarkable binary system in the heavens. It is located just east of Vega, or Lyra. The two elements are two suns revolving about each other, requiring about four hundred and fifty years for their complete revolution. The distance of this star has been estimated at about thirty-eight millions of millions of miles. Capricornus, the Goat, is one of the constellations of the Zodiac, in which the sun is found in the latter part of January.

The Milky Way cannot fail of notice, at this time of year, a girdle completely encircling the heavens, in which every smallest point of light is a glowing sun. Herchel reported that, as seen through his glass, within only fifteen minutes, 116,000 stars passed. This Milton aptly describes in the words—

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
Powdered with stars.

FREDERICK CAMPBELL.

#### THE OLDEST SOVEREIGN IN EUROPE.

[London Star:] The Grand Duke of Luxemburg, the oldest reigning sovereign in Europe, celebrated his eighty-third birthday last week at his villa near Königstein, on the Taunus Hills. The Grand Duke Adolphus succeeded his father on the throne of Nassau in 1839, and in 1844 married the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael Pavlovich, who died a year afterward, and he built the magnificent Greek chapel on the Neroberg, behind Wiesbaden, as her mausoleum.

The Grand Duke was again married in 1851 to the Duchess Adelaide of Anhalt, who is a niece of the late Queen of Denmark and a first cousin of the Princess of Wales. The Grand Duke lost his throne in 1866, but he became reconciled to the Prussian government a few years afterward, and in 1885 his only daughter, Princess Hilda, married the Crown Prince of Baden, grandson of Emperor William I.

On the death of the King of the Netherlands the Grand Duke Adolphus succeeded to the throne of Luxemburg. He is one of the richest royal personages in Europe, having estates in various parts of Germany and in Upper Austria, besides a large fortune. One of his sisters is the Queen of Sweden, another is the Dowager Princess of Wied, and a third was the late Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, mother of the Duchess of Albany.

#### MEN OF NOTE.

The London papers report that Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, is again to visit this country next winter on a lecturing tour.

The will of Stephen Crane has just been probated in England. He leaves but little money, but there are several unpublished manuscripts which will bring high prices.

The eminent German novelist, Paul Heyse, declares in a magazine article, that he considers himself fortunate in being able to forget his stories as soon as he writes them. He has a great aversion to reading over his stories after they have appeared in print.

Frederick MacMonnies, the Brooklyn sculptor, who will be awarded the gold medal of honor at the Paris exposition, gained that prize by the exhibition of seven pieces: The famous "Bacchante," "Sir Henry Vane," "Shakespeare," "Venus and Adonis," two groups of horses, a maxima and an army group.

Augustus St. Gaudens, the eminent American sculptor, is at the Massachusetts general hospital in Boston, recovering from an operation which was performed a few days ago. He was in Paris when it was decided to have the operation performed, and decided that he would rather be treated in America by American surgeons.

A portrait of the late Walter O. Gresham Secretary of State under President Cleveland, is to be given a place of honor in the galleries of the Emperor of Japan. This is to be done as a tribute to Mr. Gresham's services in negotiating the treaty between the United States and Japan which was adopted during Cleveland's second term.

It is related of the late C. P. Huntington, that a young man once called on him to sell some much-needed rails at \$75 a ton. Mr. Huntington said he had rails to sell himself, amused the caller by a half-hour's chat and got him to sell at \$66 a ton, with a six month's note for pay. Then before the man left Mr. Huntington discounted the note for 6 per cent. and paid the cash.

Mark Twain, who will soon return to his home in Hartford, Conn., thus answers a friend who asked him if he did not enjoy traveling: "No, I don't. I do it for the sake of my family. If I had my way I'd settle in one spot and never move. In fact, I can't understand how any writer can be persuaded to move of his own accord. Old Bunyan was in luck when they threw him into prison. If I had been in his place they'd never have got me out."

The German biologist, Haeckel, has been so captivated by the discovery of certain fossil remains in Java that he means to go out there himself and institute further investigations. The bones referred to were found by Dr. Dubois about six years ago and were believed by the latter to belong to a species intermediate between the highest apes and prehistoric man—in fact, the "missing link." Dr. Dubois called this creature Pithecanthropus Erectus. His opinions have been received with favor by many scientific men, among them Prof. Haeckel.

#### MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

She was a sweet-faced young woman, and she had come out to the Philippines because her husband was a civilian clerk in the employ of the government and stationed at Manila.

She was determined to do a great deal of good to the poor soldier boys who were so far away from home, fighting for the flag. She determined to take flowers to the hospital and scatter sunshine and smiles and kind words around among all the soldiers and become the "angel of the walled city," or something like that. The Fourth Cavalry was stationed at Pasay, which is only a mile and a half from Manila, and so, at the first opportunity, she hurried out there to see what she could do for the poor soldier boys.

She walked around the camp and was passing one end of the barracks when she met a half-dozen private soldiers, all with their eyes red and swollen, and one or two with tears rolling down their cheeks.

She is really a kind-hearted little woman, and she stood actually aghast, but before she had time to ask a question or offer sympathy the soldiers had passed on. So she hurried over to the sentinel, who had lately been shipped out to the Philippines from a recruiting station on the Bowery in New York.

"Oh," she sobbed, "what have those men been punished for? I call it inhuman. Oh, tell me what was the matter with those poor boys. Why were they crying?"

"Cryin' nothin'," said the sentry from the Bowery. "De guys wasn't a-cryin'. Dat's de kitchen perlice, and they've been a-peelin' de onions fer dinner."—[Manila Letter to the Chicago Tribune.



## PALAIS DES CONGRES.

INSTITUTION OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION WHERE CONGRESSES MEET.

By Valerian Gribayedoff.

NEAR the Pont de l'Alma and on the opposite side of the Seine from the representative buildings of the nations stands a large whitewashed, severe and almost solemn-looking edifice which attracted my attention at the moment I was settling an exorbitant account for a mid-day breakfast at the restaurant "La Feria." The sepulchral structure, I was informed, was the "Palais des Congres." I inquired what was a Palais des Congres. The obsequious waiter shrugged his shoulders and said, that is a palace where they have congresses.

I rose and made my way to the opposite bank of the Seine. The approach to the Palais des Congres along the Seine is through the frivolous and reputedly gay Rue de Paris, a kind of Midway Plaisance, which forms the fritters and the dessert to the solid dish of the Palais.

For that is the way of world's fairs.

The Educational Institution of the Exposition.

The Palais des Congres is ostensibly an educational institution, and that may have accounted for its deserted and forlorn appearance when I first "struck" it. I entered the whitewashed and untrodden central staircase, and wandered through spacious and unfrequented galleries, hung with countless maps, charts and graphic representations in which social economists delight; but it was long before I discovered even a guardian from whom to seek information. The guardian was asleep, and possibly he resented my poking him gently with a stick to recall him to the stern realities of the Palace of Congresses, for he grumpily told me he did not know the object of this institution; nor could he give me a fil-conducteur to help me to arrive at an intelligent appreciation for the work done or the things to be studied in the building.

"There are brochures and programmes," he said, wearily. And handing me a pile of them, selected at hazard, he added, "There are so many that you will never find out what they are all about." In which he spoke truly.

A spacious, white and deserted staircase led me to a room above. It looked like one immense schoolroom, and the walls were covered with such a bewildering array of charts, graphics and diagrams that my head ached at the thoughts of the study involved in understanding them.

Truly, as Carlyle said, political economy is the gloomy science.

The attendants in this spacious gallery were even more ignorant and less polite than those below. They seemed to be especially chary of giving information. While looking round the place I observed the ex-President of the republic, M. Casimir-Perier, in conversation with another distinguished gentleman, evidently distinguished, for he wore a red button in his buttonhole. For that is the fashion of the high mandarins in France.

I discovered later that M. Casimir-Perier was there on account of having to preside over the congress of "public charity and private benevolence."

By dint of diligent inquiry I discovered, too, that this upper part of the building was devoted to the seances of congresses, and that from these congresses the outside public were excluded. That perhaps accounted for the guarded reticence of the attendants. They seemed to feel proud because they belonged to exclusive societies.

A Japanese savant was deeply engrossed in studying the titles of various pamphlets and books lying on a shelf—"The Social Problem," "The Condition of the Working Poor," etc. He had a gray beard and spectacles, and that peculiar look which comes on men who have read Ruskin. Encouraged, therefore, I entered into conversation. He told me that I had come at rather an unfavorable hour. The Palais des Congres was often much gay. I fully believed that, for any change whatever would have been a step toward lightness of spirit.

My Japanese friend, after assuring me that "Progress and Poverty" would soon be a great problem in Japan—always an enterprising people, you see—gave me a programme.

Certainly, as to education, there was no lack of it here. The range of congresses extended from homeopathy to the study of old coins; from vegetarianism to fencing; from the history of religions to the care of the teeth. It was unfortunate, I thought, that these congresses were reserved to the select.

### Improvement in Labor Classes.

I descended again, resolved this time to unravel the mystery of each section of exhibits. I will note a few points that struck me, so that intruding visitors may be encouraged to persevere. The general idea running throughout this section, I may say, is that of the improvement of the condition of the working classes. Each country, therefore, put its best foot forward, and the optimism of the charts displayed was calculated to convince one that this world was rapidly becoming the best of all possible spheres. Statistics demolished misery wholesale, and the charts seemed to be crushing poverty out of existence.

Even Russia luxuriated in all kinds of model buildings and model institutions, and all names of societies, represented by pictures and by graphics for increasing the well-being of the subjects of the Czar.

Italy has more than her fair share of space, and has fully taken advantage of it to prove that the favored peninsula is a land of milk and honey, high art and exceeding comfort. Hungary has a brave show, wherein the life of the workman, principally the agriculturist and the vintager, is exhibited in the most glowing colors. This must be taken literally, for the scenes are depicted in oils. The artist has, however, selected cadaverous volumes, or his colors have betrayed him, and the effect is not altogether happy. A picture of "Sunday Repose" is particularly gloomy. The tired and wan workmen seem to have no better idea of bliss than to sit limp and aimless on garden seats staring at vacancy.

The French section displays 60 per cent. of the entire

space. This is not undeserved, for there is so much evidence of thought, of work and of high efficiency displayed in their instructive "object lessons" that the section might well serve as a model of how to do these things. The note mainly played upon is that of the improvement of the condition of the workman by means of coöperative unions and mutual benefit associations. The workman has greatly wrought out his own salvation; helped, however, by light from above. He is shown in engravings "before" and "after," and we become reconciled to the nineteenth century.

For a quiet little nook in this exposition commend me to the little room where Holland exhibits her economics. I sat there alone, restfully. A dim, religious light entered the little sanctuary. Everything was fresh and clean and unspotted from the world. The exhibits were few, and not obtrusive, a model school was the principal thing. Not a soul entered to disturb my reveries, and I felt a Rip Van Winkle feeling steal over me.

### The United States Exhibit.

But there was work to be done. Near-by is the American room—a little chamber, "more neat than solemn," as Byron says of Dante's tomb. I was surprised to see all America, even all social and economic America, in so small a space. After what I had observed in the French section I could not believe that the industrial side of America could be exhibited in such a scanty compartment. As a matter of fact, the exhibits are absolutely inadequate, though perhaps the exigency of the space afforded by the French authorities may stand as a partial excuse.

America, however, was admirably represented by an intelligent young lady, Miss Moffett, who not only made obscure matters clear, and who expounded eloquently all that was in show, but who revealed how the limits of space could be expanded by the deft arrangements of huge photographic volumes, which occupied only a limited superficial area, but which opened into long vistas of information and delight. The great note of America was the grand scale of industrial developments of wheat growing, of cotton growing, of railways, of lumber, of everything.

In the same room is a very fine and interesting exhibit, that illustrating the progress of the negro race. At first there was apparently not much to see, but here also I had the good fortune to find an excellent guide, Mr. Calloway, a colored gentleman, and one of the most intelligent representatives I have met. He showed me that the standard of education among the negroes was higher than that of Roumania or of Serbia, about on a par with that of Hungary, and hardly inferior to that of Italy. The statistics and the graphics illustrating the home life of the negro compared well with those of so great a country as Germany. The work of Booker Washington was fully expounded, and the products of the negro schools of Tuskegee so well displayed that one could not doubt of the high efficiency attainable by negroes. Mr. Calloway claimed for the race all those who had negroes among their ancestors, and he waxed so eloquent that I left with the vague idea that the negro was the coming man, and I was less afraid of the graphics Mr. Calloway had shown me which proved that the mingling of the races had greatly increased upon the degree of "miscegenation" of the days before the war.

The American section was the only one where intelligent exponents were in charge, and that was the salvation of the little show.

The English exhibits brought out the note of sport and the physical education of the young of both sexes. Girls were drilling with enthusiasm, and juvenile athletes were expanding their young chests in pictures on the wall. A notable exhibit also was a huge map of London, showing the character of the streets with regard to wealth and poverty, and crime, after the researches of that great social student, Charles Booth, who must not be confused with Gen. Booth. Charles Booth's work is immense, and it is worth in the right direction.

I followed a group of persons who reminded me vaguely of Cook's tourists, and also brought reminiscences of some mutual improvement society. There was an air of "earnestness," of "ideals," and the yearning for better things about them that stamped them certainly as superior young men and women. They descended to the basement, and there I found a series of écoles, I cannot translate the word by schools, for they were rather a kind of intellectual syndicate, run by professors in the place of directors. Excellent institutions, for the professors are all very competent men, and they lecture not merely on abstract subjects, but on the actual exhibits of the exposition, conducting their auditors through the labyrinths of the place, and teaching what to observe and how to admire. If you have no ideas they supply them.

I quote a few words from the prospectus of this école:

"The membership of the association is adapted to the specialists in science, the technical expert, the artist, the educationist and to the intelligent public. To the first of these the Paris assembly offers the means of meeting with fellow-workers in France and from other countries, with information concerning the congresses and special exhibits.

"To the intelligent public the assembly offers a method of seeing and appreciating the important features of the exposition with economy of time, effort and money, by means of daily lectures and systematic visits with skilled guidance."

The hypercritical may exert their wits in determining how many errors of English and of syntax there are in the first two sentences of this educational document.

On the day of my visit Prof. Geddes was lecturing learnedly and interestingly in the art palace, and Prof. Mayer was discoursing elsewhere on "Railway," and F. W. Michie was expounding the delights of "Nature Study." These lectures, though not exclusive, are not gratis. The public may subscribe to a series for the sum of £.5 per auditor. For any particular lecture the charge is a couple of francs. And thus is information brought almost to the masses.

To sum up, the Palais des Congres, not attractive at the first view, nor interesting to the casual observer, might easily become, if handled with tact and discretion, one of the chief centers of interest, and to the intelligent man the veritable "clown" of the show.

V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

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## THE LAND OF DEVILS.

KOREA'S DECADENCE ATTRIBUTED TO ITS DEGRADING SUPERSTITION.

[London Morning Herald.] Most people who learn anything about Korea are hopelessly perplexed in view of the utter weakness of a nation which is physically and intellectually qualified to show itself superior to both its neighbors. The Koreans are handsomer than either the Japanese or Chinese, and there was a time when they were far ahead of both in civilization. Yet for several centuries the millions of this lovely mountain peninsula have been abjectly at the mercy of China and Japan alternately, and now they are certainly doomed to become subjects of Russia, though not before a terrible struggle has ensued between the Czar and the Mikado for this great prize.

Devil worship of the most abject order is the secret of Korean decadence. Such expert scholars as Dr. Landis of Chemulpo, and the Rev. Herbert Jones of the same Korean city, have devoted so much attention to this subject of the demonolatry of the Hermit Nation that they have been able by their researches to divulge the exact reason for what otherwise must have been inexplicable. Groveling superstition and fear of countless evil spirits, with the faint hope of propitiating a small minority of kindly demons, must be held accountable for the miserable degeneration of the people whom Nature did not fail to qualify for a splendid destiny. Buddhism and Confucianism have both been overthrown by Shamanism, the keynote of which is always sorcery. Korea is the home of the most complex and all pervading witchcraft the world has ever seen. It is not cruel, like the fetishism of the Congo, but it is so servile and puerile that it has sapped the virility of a stalwart and attractive race. The Koreans are the most omnivorous and voracious gluttons on earth. They simply live to eat. The typical Korean is eating nuts, fruit and confectionery all day long between his regular meals, imbibing also great quantities of wine at intervals; but he can commonly eat three pounds of meat at a meal, and he eats his portion of flesh all the more delightedly if it is black dog, that happens to be in season. What can be done to elevate such a people? The national fiber has been destroyed by gross materialism, and the religious cult has actually helped the deterioration.

Wizards and witch doctors are the real rulers of Korea. What is most singular, perhaps, in this degrading system is that parents are counted particularly lucky if they happen to have a son born blind. He can become a "Pan Su," or blind sorcerer, and is sure to be able to gain a handsome livelihood for the whole family. The "Pan Su" wizards are supposed to be gifted with supernatural instead of natural vision. The helpers of the male Shamans are the female sorcerers, or witches, who are everywhere in evidence. The function of these two classes of Shaman devotees is to propitiate the spirits which swarm in the air, at least three-fourths of these demons being altogether malign. The "Pan Su" and the "Mutang" will not by any means exercise their offices at a low figure. Their fees are most exorbitant, and it is computed that Shamanism costs the country not less than £500,000 annually! Nowhere can the poor Korean escape from the accursed burden of this lifelong bondage to unseen foes. According to the popular creed the malign spirits fill every portion of space. The chimney is crowded with them; they live by thousands in the kitchen; they have their mansions in the roof; they squat in every jar; they sit on every beam; they waylay the wretched citizen by thousands when he travels forth along the road; they dance around him in earth, air and water. Arithmetic cannot compute their number, for they exist in thousands of billions. The "Mutang" or sorceress is the most important sort of woman among the Koreans. She is everywhere in as much request as the blind "Pan Su," and as she can move about freely, not being blind as he is, she leads a much more active life. Yet, strange to say, this all-important personage is socially an outcast. The Koreans hold woman in lower esteem than any other civilized people, and the "Mutang" is relegated to the lowest place of all, although she is the mediator between natural and supernatural agents.

Children are sold to devils by very many families. To sell a child to a spirit is reckoned by a Korean father to be the surest method of assuring its prosperity. The children thus consecrated still live with their parents, but they are considered to belong to the "Mutang." It is extraordinary that a system so unutterably ludicrous should prevail over an intelligent and keen-witted people. All classes are bewitched by it. The late Queen, a beautiful and talented woman, was a profound believer in Shamanism, and resorted continually to the demon oracles. But they could not save her from her cruel fate. She was foully murdered by Japanese assassins. For that crime the Japanese will be bitterly hated by Korea for many a generation. The place where her remains were cremated has become one of the most venerated of spirit shrines. Most of the spirit shrines in Korea are grotesque places, adorned with gaudy painting of gigantic caricatures of humanity, like exaggerated Chinese generals. The inscription usually is, "I, the spirit, dwell in this place." The Koreans on coming to a shrine act as do the Russians when they catch sight of a holy icon, but they have a habit, in addition, of expectorating before passing on. To sick people are often given fragments of a feast offered at a shrine, with the confident hope that a cure will thus be effected. The effect is often fatal. For instance, many a typhoid patient is thus stuffed with pork! Yet the sad result seems to bring no revulsion of opinion. For in Korea the dark reign of superstition has eclipsed all the light of common sense.

[Detroit Journal:] The missionary perceived that he must be very adroit if he would influence these Chinese women to give up the hideous practice of foot binding.

It was not enough that he had collated statistics going to show that there is more real agony in wearing a 2A shoe on a 4B foot, after the manner of civilized women, than in binding the feet, after the Chinese custom.

If the benighted Chinese women could be got to believe this, all would be well; but they were exceedingly superstitious.



## Stories of the Firing Line \* \* Animal Stories.

### Jim Watts's Ride to Taku.

**J**IM WATTS of Tien-Tsin deserves to live in history with Paul Revere. It was a harder ride and a longer that Watts made, and more dangers beset him. Instead of friendly colonists along the road to receive the warnings of an approaching enemy, Jim Watts rode through herds of hostile Chinese. He galloped the sixty miles from Tien-Tsin to Taku, arriving with one arm hanging helpless by his side, but otherwise none the worse for his race to the coast.

When the Boxers, after two days' shelling, had almost exhausted and overcome the foreigners in Tien-Tsin, nine men of the legations started down the river in the hope of reaching Taku and procuring assistance from Admiral Kempf for the beleaguered foreigners at Tien-Tsin. One of the men was R. H. MacLay, interpreter of the American Consulate. Later in the day word came back that the boat had gone ashore and that the nine men had been killed by the Boxers. The report proved to be untrue, although the party had been forced to leave the boat to escape from the Chinese.

When the first report reached Tien-Tsin, however, Jim Watts volunteered to ride to Taku and deliver the message to Admiral Kempf. Watts is a son of Capt. Watts, a Taku pilot, and was born in China twenty-two years ago. Although he knew the danger, Watts was in the saddle and ready to start alone when his friends prevailed upon him to accept an escort of three Cosacks. Shells were screaming over Gordon Hall when Watts left, and the bullets were falling in the streets.

Entering a village at break-neck speed, Watts and the Cosacks would dash through the narrow streets or lanes. Watts had occasion now and then to use the lash on some Chinamen, who by their manner appeared to be making an effort to catch his horse by the bridles, and the Cosacks used their whips with great effect. At daylight Taku and the warships beyond were sighted. Watts hastened to the landing and, securing a boatman, he was soon on board of Admiral Kempf's flagship. The message was the first information that Admiral Kempf had received that the Americans and others at Tien-Tsin were in any great danger and that the bombardment of the city was in progress.

Every one knows the rest of the story—how the allied troops pushed their way up to Tien-Tsin—but the dispatches have not said that the foreigners were perhaps saved by the heroism of Jim Watts. Refugees from Tien-Tsin brought out the news.—[San Francisco Dispatch in the New York Sun.

### An Officer's First Battle.

**W**HAT are the feelings of an officer when for the first time he leads his men into battle? This is a question which the soldier himself alone can answer, and we suspect that a good many would be unwilling to go too closely into the subject. The hum of a rifle bullet, the shriek of a shell, the rush of a cannon shot must be, and always has been, extremely trying to the inexperienced warrior. A certain officer, who prefers on this occasion to be nameless, has frankly described his first experience in battle. "We were advancing to the scene of operations," he says. "On entering a strip of wood it occurred to me that my men, being raw recruits, would not fight well on horseback, and so I ordered them to dismount. This, of course, stopped the whole body of the army behind the regiment. While the men were leisurely tying their horses an officer came up at a furious gait and asked peremptorily, 'What have you stopped here for, and blocked up the whole road?' I saw the point in a moment, and bade my men move out of the wood. In the mean time my malarbar got itself hopelessly tangled in a bush, and 'the more I tried to get it loose the more it stuck the faster.' So I told my men to form at the edge of the wood and wait for me. Then I cut the straps and left my broken scabbard in the bush, while, with naked blade flashing in my hand, I rushed to the front. Not a man could I find. They were anxious to see the fun, and had run over the brow of the hill, and scattered along the whole length of the line. After infinite difficulty, many words and more temper, I got them together again.

"We were barely in position when I heard a distant cannon, and the same instant saw the ball high in the air. As near as I could calculate, it was going to strike exactly where I stood, and I dismounted with remarkable agility, only to see the missile of war pass sixty feet overhead. I felt rather foolish as I looked at my men, but a good deal relieved when I saw that they, too, had all squatted on the ground, and none of them were looking at me. I quickly mounted again and commanded them to 'stand up.' We were ordered to charge soon after, and the enemy easily gave way before us, for which I was most devoutly thankful."—[Chuma.

### What Champ Ferguson Did.

**P**ERHAPS the most remarkable character in the civil war, though I do not speak of him as a hero, was the famous, or infamous, Champ Ferguson. He lived on the border line between Kentucky and Tennessee, in a part of the country where the most distressing of all phases of the internecine conflict were developed, neighbor fighting against neighbor and brother against brother. From this situation of affairs flows of the utmost bitterness arose, as was inevitable, and some, who did not join either army, became guerrillas, killing without mercy.

Champ was a guerrilla, but he did not become such without provocation. He was a hard-working farmer, and on one fateful occasion sixteen men came to his house during his absence and insulted his family. Among other things, if I remember correctly, they stripped his wife and made her dance. Ferguson was a changed man from the moment he learned of the outrage; he knelt and vowed that he would kill every one of those concerned in it. And he kept his word, killing them all within two months. In one case he killed four in one house, breaking down the door, shooting

two at once, and dispatching the others while they begged for mercy.

Champ did not stop there, however, his thirst for blood having been once awakened. He was arrested finally and tried at Nashville for the killing of 125 men, complete proof being furnished in every instance charged. After being convicted, he made a full confession, though claiming that he had wiped out all of his victims in fair war, excepting only the sixteen who had abused his wife. Nevertheless, he was hanged.—[Gen. Joseph Wheeler in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### They Did Not Salute.

**"L**ET me tell you a story," he continued. "It's a good story and shows the type of men we had as commanders when I was in the service. While we were stationed at Dalton, Ga., I was placed in charge of the squad to which the duty of bringing the commissary supplies from the surrounding country was assigned. At dress parade one afternoon an order was read. Col.—let us say Smith—our commander, ordered that each and every man should do the proper amount of saluting at the proper time. If an officer did not return the salute of his inferiors then the inferior would not be compelled to salute in return on the next meeting.

"Now, our colonel was a good man, but subject to fits of temper and also of intemperance. Well, sir, one day I was returning from the commissary farm when I met our colonel. Liquor seemed to have a pretty good hold of him. I drew up my men in order that they might salute the colonel, but he rode on and said nothing.

"The incident passed. I forgot it almost completely. Some weeks later I met the colonel at the same place. My squad happened to be the same men. I realized what I ought to do. The colonel was now sober, but I did not salute him.

"Men," I commanded, 'you are not to salute the colonel.' And we did not.

"In an instant the colonel was in a rage. 'Do you know who I am?' he demanded.

"Yes," I replied. 'You are Col. Smith of the One Hundred and Sixth Illinois. But, sir, do you remember the order read at dress parade the other day? Not long ago I met you at this place. I saluted. You did not return the salute.'

"Well—er—," said the colonel, and then a suspicion entered his mind. He knew his weakness. In an instant he spurred his horse to the middle of the road and then saluted in a most soldierly style.

"The funny part of it was that every officer and soldier knew about it in less than an hour."—[Interview with Capt. Ruthven Houghton in Denver Evening Post.

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### A Benevolent Dog.

**I**T IS the story the woman who spends her summers on a farm always tells when dog stories are going the rounds. She vouches for it, for she knows the dog, and if she was not a witness of this particular incident, she knows the woman whose husband owns the dog, and neither could be induced to deviate a hair's breadth from the truth. The dog is a clever shepherd, and well acquainted with all the animals on the place and with their habits. He is on good terms with them all, and when one day a calf was shut up in the barn he made numerous calls upon the prisoner. The idea first was undoubtedly to vary the monotony with his presence.

But after a while he noticed that the calf seemed to have a great longing ungratified. He was penned in with bars which separated him from a quantity of turnips which he could see and smell, but which were entirely out of reach. It was exasperating. The dog, in the course of his visits, finally came to understand the trouble, and set about remedying it. The result was that the next day the farmer found in the pen with the calf a half-eaten turnip, which he took away, only to find another the next day, and still another the third. No one on the farm had fed them to the animal, and he could not have taken them himself. Then one day the culprit was discovered. The shepherd dog every day carefully picked a turnip out of the pile, took it in his mouth, and dropped it into the pen of his friend the calf.—[New York Times.

### Jim Would Run to Fires.

**J**IM is the name of an iron-gray horse who up to a short time ago was attached to one of the uptown fire houses. Like many other fire horses that have served faithfully in the fire department, Jim reached a time when he had to go. When they were making up the list of horses to be sold at auction last June, Jim was on the list. When Jim was put up it was thought that he would make a good truck horse. A tall, thin man who attends all auction sales of horses opened the bidding with a \$20 bid. Jim's price was soon up to \$50, and a Harlem contractor raised his price to \$55 and got him.

About two weeks after Jim was hitched up to a cart and hauling dirt to a new building. Jim and his driver were eating their noonday meals under a big shady tree on Upper Broadway, when the driver noticed that Jim had pricked up his ears and was looking around in wonderment. The driver suspecting that something was wrong got up on the seat and awaited developments. Just then a fire engine on its way to a fire a few blocks down the street turned the corner. Jim, thinking that he was attached to a fire engine instead of a dirt cart, started after the engine as fast as he could gallop. The driver tried to bring him to a stop, but Jim had the bit in his teeth and continued on his way to the fire close behind the engine. Jim came to a sudden stop at the same place as the fire engine. The alarm was a false one, and this fact deprived Jim of at-

tending a real fire. The owner of the horse is now keeping a special watch on Jim in case of fire.—[New York Sun.

### A Sailor Collie.

**A** REAL "dog watch" is kept on Wood Island Lighthouse, off Biddeford Pool, Me. Sailor is the name of the faithful collie who keeps vigil there for passing craft. His master is Thomas H. Orcutt, keeper of the light.

Having passed most of his 9 years of life on rocky Wood Island, where the passing of vessels up and down the coast is the chief thing to break the monotony of life, Sailor naturally takes a great interest in nautical matters. Early in life, when but a two-months-old puppy, he was brought to the island. He followed his master around the light station wherever he went. He noticed, among other things, that his master often pulled a rope that made a bell ring. The bell was a great heavy one used to warn vessels in a fog and to salute them in fair weather. It stood outside the lighthouse, a few feet above a wooden platform, and the rope attached to its tongue came down so near the platform that Sailor could easily reach it.

One day Sailor thought he would have a try at ringing the bell. He seized the rope in his mouth and pulled. The bell rang clear and loud. Sailor was delighted. He wagged his bushy tail vigorously and pulled again.

Sailor after a time noticed that the ringing of the bell marked the passing of a vessel or steamer. His note of this fact resulted in his trying an experiment. When he saw the next vessel coming he anticipated his master in ringing the bell.

As the years have passed Sailor has kept on ringing salutes to passing vessels and steamers.

Indeed he feels hurt if not permitted to give the customary salute to passing craft. The ships reply with a will on their bell or horn. Sailor loves to stay near the lighthouse and seldom goes away from Wood Island, though he might often make trips to the mainland with his master. His chief aim in life is to see that everything goes well at the light and that passing vessels are properly saluted.—[Chicago Chronicle.

### Rabbit Tries to Climb Trees.

**D**OGS and cats have been known to become fast friends, but for a cat and a rabbit to become inseparable companions is out of the ordinary. R. H. Jones of No. 130 Archer street has a rabbit and a cat which are boon companions.

The rabbit belonged to a neighbor of Jones. One day it strayed into the Jones yard and got acquainted with the cat. The admiration was mutual. They became the best of friends, and from the minute the rabbit met the cat it has not been to its own home. For more than a year the two have been together, eating from the same dish and sleeping together in a box in the rear of the yard. The cat will not play with other cats, but makes a companion only of the rabbit. They romp about the yard together, and now and then the cat will climb a tree. When it does the rabbit will run around the tree and attempt to join the cat. Until the cat comes back to the ground the rabbit is nervous.

The dogs of the neighborhood have learned to keep out of the Jones yard. For one to come into the yard and approach the rabbit is canine suicide. The cat bristles up at once and makes it so interesting for the intruder that he is always glad to scale the fence and get in the street.—[Denver Republican.

### Cat Has a Life Pass.

**T**HE men at the East Side street-car barns own an old, gray tomcat which rides on the bumpers of the cars like a common hobo. This cat is the only thing in town that rides free on Tom Lowry's street cars and gets on and off when it pleases, goes where it pleases and doesn't give a continental for anybody from the vice-president down to the others.

A week ago last Thursday the cat rode to St. Paul on the bumpers of a Como-Interurban and was put off on the loop by a dynamo inspector who didn't recognize it. The cat loafed around St. Paul for a few hours, and finally, after viewing the new capital and some other things, boarded another Como car and returned in safety to the East Side barns.

"Old Dick," as the tomcat is called, has been in the employ of the street railway company for a good many years. He is variously estimated to be from 8 to 14 years old, but, regardless of what his age may be, he is still hale and hearty and can make things hot for any cat which loafs around the car barns or for any dog which may have a disposition to loiter. Dick runs the barns as far as rats, mice, cats and dogs are concerned. He is the boss of the whole thing and knows that as long as Foreman Harry Altman has three square meals a day he, too, is sure of the same. Consequently the future doesn't worry him. This may account for the long chances old Dick takes of getting his coat singed by the sudden turning out of a fuse.—[Minneapolis Times.

### A Dog Who Asked Aid.

**A**FTER the battle of Spionkop the writer was assisting at one of the ambulance wagons attached to an irregular corps. While dressing the wounded we had noticed a nice liver-colored pointer lying down some fifty yards away. He waited patiently until the last sufferer had been attended to and dispatched to the field hospital, then walked straight up to us, and with a whine held up one of his forepaws, which, on examination, proved to have received a bullet wound. Needless to say the poor beast received the attention he so plainly asked for, after which he lay down quietly under our wagon. I have many witnesses who will couch for the truth of the above story.—[Fred Howarth in London Referee.



## A VAGABOND IN PARIS.

## VI.—WHICH ENDS THE VAGABOND-AGE WITH A ROMANCE.

By John Foster Fraser.

WE HAD been eight of the ten days in Paris, and still we had not seen a single one of the serious halls in the exhibition grounds.

"My dear chap," said Bulroyd, when I remonstrated on the way he shirked his duty, "why should you and I behave like the common herd? Why should you be so anxious to improve what you call your mind? Such a desire is unseemly; it suggests that you recognize your shortcomings in the way of education. Everybody boasts of what they have seen, and gives a more or less inaccurate description, when there have been much better descriptions in the newspapers. It is a greater distinction to have people point at you, and say: 'There is the man who spent ten days in the Paris Exhibition grounds, and never entered one of the halls.' To have that said of you would mark you out as a man of some originality."

Reluctantly, therefore, I abandoned asking him further. Each morning we sauntered from our hotel along the broad boulevards, with the trees overhead as umbrellas shading us from the sun. We both had become a little saturated with the atmosphere of Paris, which produces the exhilaration of champagne in the veins. There were a thousand things, if one searched for them, wherein Paris lagged behind London. But there was an "other-ness"—the attraction of a complete change—that makes Paris dear to the heart of the Londoner.

The French are a conceited folk, and they have been told so often their gay city is the gayest of all cities that belief in its fascination has become a religion. So they never go to any other land to form opinions of their own. There is only one beautiful country in the world, say they, and it is France; France has only one city, and it is Paris.

Still, a lot of Paris is like a lot of picnic. It is charming as an experience; as an existence it tires. There are Britishers, of course, who settle down for years in France, and like it; also, there are Britishers who prefer hotel life to home life.

If you don't take yourself or the city seriously, you enjoy yourself. That is why I sometimes think Bulroyd was right in refusing to look upon anything that was not flavored by the frivolous.

I do him an injustice, however. We went to the Palace of Optics, and I wanted to make out he had really seen something that did not come within the range of that word. His answer was that it was the only funny thing in the exhibition.

Our visit was exciting. There was a tremendous crush, and we could only get up the steps by sawing a way, digging each elbow by turn into the fleshy part of some stout Frenchman's ribs. Now and then the Frenchman, realizing the intention, would hold his breath and his ground. But a bony elbow dug deep soon made him yield both.

At the entrance there was a Hungarian band playing. The Blue, Red, Green and Magenta Hungarian bands that one occasionally comes across in big London restaurants, where they crouch at one end of the room and play Sousa to your soup, Sousa to your fish, Sousa to your entrée and Sousa right through to coffee and cigars, producing in your mind a musical sea-on-land, so that you wake up at about a o'clock in the morning wondering whether you are at sea or whether there is a mild heave of earthquake—these are tame bands. I've an idea there is a secret treaty between our own government and that of Austria-Hungary prohibiting the importation of real wild Hungarian bands upon British soil.

We put up with German bands because we are unmusical and don't mind the shrill flageolet being a full tone higher than the other instruments, because it plays "Soldiers of the Queen," "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and other patriotic airs.

But we are a pugilistic race, and there would be something approaching murder if anybody served Trigami music with the fish.

You get local color in this music from the Danube. There is no score. Everybody just makes as much noise as he can, and this is said to be fiery and tempestuous, displaying the hot blood of the Magyars; when they get fagged out and limp along then it is said they are soulful, swelling with love, moved to tears. They are the dancing servishes of the musical world.

The principal performer was a man who had evidently stolen the inside out of a piano, and we arrived just in time to see him quivering with remorse and endeavoring to smash the thing up by whacking it with two sticks. He had long hair which sprayed like a fountain. When he broke two of the strings he showed his teeth and screeched like a Highlander when he drives his dirk into the chest of his foe. I was certain he would have an epileptic fit. He struck at random; three times he hit the table, and once the bald head of a perspiring German.

The Teuton seemed to be musical himself and didn't mind. "Ach," he exclaimed with glee, "it is ser mooch like Vagner!"

In time we paid our money and found ourselves in a darkened hall with our clothes partly torn as a result of the struggle. The first thing we saw was a peep-show arrangement to give one an idea what the world was like a million or two years ago. Bulroyd declined to be interested, on the ground the period was somewhat remote.

Then there was a sudden change to the present. The manager of the Palace of Optics, thinking the visitors might be a little despondent at looking upon their hairy great-great-grandfather, who certainly did appear as though he ate raw fish, or children, or seaweed, or a mixture of all three, had provided a number of fantastic mirrors, that were convex and concave, sometimes half one and sometimes half the other. They made you as fat as a butter keg and as thin as a clothes prop. They gave you two right legs, bow shaped. They contracted your legs and elongated your body. They did everything they could to insult you.

But people didn't mind being insulted. They laughed

and wrung out their handkerchiefs that were soaked with the tears of mirth.

Their gravity not only disappeared reflectively but mentally and physically. They clung to one another to be held up.

A black-eyed, black-haired little French lady with ample charms seized Bulroyd by the necktie, and, looking tearfully into his face, cried: "Ah, monsieur, it is very amusing!"

At first Bulroyd pretended to be shocked. Then he expanded into a grin which, in the mirror, stretched right across the frame and, I should think, a foot on either side.

This lady, however, was heavy, and after her tears had chased one another down his waistcoat he, by an adroit movement, switched her on to a very tiny and very thin man, whom she nearly bore to the ground, still crying: "Ah, monsieur, it is very amusing."

We went through a number of barn-like, stuffy rooms, absolutely bare, and the doors were banged on us as soon as we entered, and we were in darkness.

Then they switched on the electric light. One department was like a demented chemist's shop window. There were big flags of colored water, rose, mauve, heliotrope, pink, green and yellow, and by the switching on and off of the light these seemed to be all over the place, and you felt that things were being thrown at you, and you were a little surprised you were not hit.

In another room there were the Röntgen rays at work. The noise made was like a lot of sausages cooking furiously in a frying pan. The lights having been turned down, a young lady in diaphanous garb turned up. She stood between the instrument and a screen. There was a splutter-splutter-splutter, and then you saw the form of the damsel on the screen. You began to see dark shadows which you presumed were her ribs. The audience began to giggle, and a Frenchman by me remarked: "Tres joli." Then the lights were turned up, and with a "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen" from the exhibitor we were swept into another room.

The great sight was the telescope. I don't know how big it was (you will find exact measurements in all the guide books,) but it was about ten times as big as a shooting gallery you see at a fair, and not unlike one. You don't look through it. But you go into a big hall and there are thrown on the wall photographs of the moon taken with its help. They say in the advertisement it is the moon at four miles' distance.

"Well," remarked Bulroyd, "I am glad to have seen the moon by means of photographs. They make me content with this much-abused old world of ours. Did you ever see such a wilderness? Now I understand why there is nobody alive on the moon. They all died from sheer boredom. If ever they start running aerial trips from London to the moon for the week-end you'll have to write a slating article, saying it is deadly dull and not worth the money."

There was one other place that we visited, and that was the Swiss village. We paid our money—you only pay 60 centimes to go in the exhibition, but you spend five louis just looking at the extras when you do get in—and we pushed through a passage, tumbled down some dark steps, and found ourselves in a Swiss village.

"This is all right," said my companion. "When things get into proper working order in the world you'll be able to go anywhere by just climbing over a bridge. You'll save months of time and mints of money. Then, instead of being limited to one's particular suburb for an evening stroll, you can pass the time in Cairo, or under Niagara Falls, or in an Indian temple, or a Japanese tea house."

Certainly it was well done. There were the quaint old houses, with quaint little windows, that were picturesque, but didn't let in much light. There were real mountains, with real grass and real chalets, and with real stones on the top of the chalets to prevent the roofs blowing away.

There was a waterfall and a man with a long horn—about fourteen feet long—and he blew down it and made a noise. You could hear it all over Paris. But another man—a fellow-countryman of the horn-blower, for he was dressed like him in short green knickers and lace shirt—standing twenty yards away, moved as though he had an idea he thought he heard something. He put his hand to his ear and listened, as though he were not quite sure. There was another piercing hoot from the horn. Then the man twenty yards away looked pleased, as though he had made up his mind there was a sound.

Thereupon he inflated his chest, and cried: "Ho-o-li-o-ty; ho-o-li-o-tse-e!" He had a strong voice, that would carry across the four-mile radius.

The man with the horn gave a start. He was amazed there should be anybody in those wild and desolate mountains but himself. So he raised his hand to above his eyes, and peered across the twelve-yard chasm—filled with gaping visitors on the other side of the fence—and thought that like a speck on a far hillside he saw his companion. He up with his horn again, and blew a blast which made the canvas rocks above shake and the mob in the chasm on the other side the fence stick their fingers in their ears.

But everybody declared it was marvelously realistic. The impression was general that Swisslanders do nothing but sit on mountains, blow horns, and shout: "Ho-o-li-o-ty; ho-o-li-o-tse-e!"

The last evening of our stay in Paris came, warm and sensuous, fragrant and with tinkling laughter.

"Tomorrow, my friend," I said to Bulroyd, "you will borrow my umbrella, and slip-alop through the slush of our own beloved London. It will rain and be dreary, and the passing cabs will splash you with filth. But it will be homelike."

Bulroyd said: "Shut up!"

The great question came along, "Where shall we dine?"

We were both pagans and lovers of good things. The evening had sunk to a ruddy glow, and the slanting sunbeams picked out the windows and made them sparkle like chunks of diamond. The top of the exhibition buildings caught the warm light and looked poetic. The wood smoke of Paris was permeated with a mystic rosy radiance that was beautiful to look upon.

"The summit of the Eiffel Tower," suggested Bulroyd; "we shall be beyond Trigami orchestra."

The lattice-worked pillar called the Tour Eiffel, with four outstretched legs for pigmy man to walk beneath, was just breaking into a silhouette of pinhead electric lights as we were jerked spasmodically up one leg. There were four other English people in the creaking car, and two Americans.

One of the Americans, the lady, who was wearing a grey

tailor-made gown and a puce shirt waist (Anglic: blouse) and a hat of grey with one feather in it, remarked to the conductor when we got to the top: "Say! what would happen if the rope broke?"

I saw the fellow look at her meekly and sadly, and even pathetically. "Hello, what's struck you? Are you sick?" inquired the male American.

"Non, monsieur. But I have worked this elevator for eight years. I've taken up hundreds of thousands of passengers. I've never heard any one of them talk about anything else except what would happen if the chain broke. Nobody has ever asked me anything else. But this party was disappointing me. Nobody asked me the question; as I was certain something dreadful would occur. But madame saved the situation. It would be so strange should I ever make a trip without somebody asking: 'What would happen if the thing broke?' Merci, monsieur!"

From the summit of the tower we looked down on Paris, cut by the curving Seine, and admitted the view was wonderful. From far below came the rumble of many noises. We held tight to the side in case we should tumble over.

The visitors on the top weren't, however, interested in the view. Their only object in coming there was to buy a bunch of postcards and scribble messages with broken-pointed pens to their friends at home.

"Now, you can lie in an ordinary letter," said one man, "but you're too near heaven up here to want to do that on a postcard."

And having said that he went into the photographic establishment and had his picture taken. There was the framework of the Eiffel Tower behind him, and far down could be glimpsed the Seine and the Rue de Rivoli. But it was a painted canvas he stood before, though I'll swear he kept quiet before his friends about that.

We descended to the second stage and got a table in a corner, from where we could look over and see Paris being shrouded in dusk, and watch the colored lights along the Champs de Mars and the tumbling crystal fountains.

It was a nice dinner, and when the moon sailed into the sky like a great lantern and showed the rich blue of space, and there came from a distance the lisp of a waltz, and we leaned back and blew rings of smoke we were quite too content to even talk.

I was glancing at Bulroyd, big, lary, cynical Britisher that he is, when suddenly he paled, dropped his cigar, picked it up, stuck it into his mouth wrong end first, spluttered, and swore under his breath. He pretended to be drinking coffee, though there were not three drops left.

Before I had time to ask what he was up to—he was stammering, and bowing, and blushing, and generally behaving like a fool.

"How do you do, Mr. Bulroyd—and what a singular place to meet at!"

She was a fine girl. Personally I'm no hand at describing girls, but she was one of those big, straight, real girls that look you right in the eyes and make you wish she wouldn't do that, and yet you are rather pleased she does.

She looked reprovingly at him. "I thought you were going to—Skag—something—Skagness, and you are playing frivolity here."

"Oh, but—that is, I've been dragged here by my friend Fraser, who—oh, I beg your pardon." Then he introduced us. She was Miss Margaret Selwyn.

There came along Mr. Selwyn and Mrs. Selwyn, who were also surprised to see Bulroyd.

"You didn't get my letter?" said Mr. Selwyn to Bulroyd. He was a cheery, ruddy old man who seemed to have enjoyed life.

"No," replied Bulroyd, "no letters have followed me from home."

The old man grunted. Then they talked apart. Bulroyd was confused, and the old man patted him on the shoulder.

We all sat and talked inanities together—except Bulroyd and Miss Selwyn, who didn't talk at all. Mrs. Selwyn was constantly expressing the hope that no accidents happened on the Tour Eiffel. Her husband and I discussed the partition of China and open doors.

Miss Selwyn wondered if the view from the other side of the tower was as good as from this. In novels, of course, it would have been the man who would have made the remark and bewiled the lady. In real life it is the man who is nervous.

Bulroyd played Sir Gallant.

The band was playing Sousa; the waiters were scampering about with food; there was the aroma of champagne in the air; down below was a fairyland of glimmering tinted lamps.

The old man chuckled and said something to me.

"I never knew that!" I exclaimed, amazed. "He never said a word to me. I'm his friend, and he's a confirmed bachelor."

"How! Confirmed bachelors are the worst! There was a hitch—a slight misunderstanding—but now that is settled. Humph! And you're the Mr. Fraser I've heard him talk about."

The pair came strolling round. Bulroyd avoided my gaze. The villain knew he was guilty.

Friendship between men is a fraud. I had to do the rest of the Vagabondage alone. Bulroyd is now in Switzerland with the Selwyns. I'm in London, and it is raining. I just had a letter from Bulroyd saying it is to be the last week in September. The lucky brute!

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## THE BOASTER CAUGHT.

[Scottish American:] Not very long ago a number of commercial travelers were congregated in the smoking room of a hotel in Glasgow. The conversation turned on the question of physical exercise and endurance. Several of those present gave exaggerated stories of what they had done and could do at one time.

"Why, I remember three years ago," said one young fellow, "I was staying in a house not far from here, quite close to the Clyde, I got up at 5 o'clock every morning, walked ten miles, took off my clothes and plunged into the river and swam across it three times."

There was a minute's silence.

"Three times, did you say, sir?" inquired an old Glasgowian, who had hitherto kept silence.

"Yes, sir; three times every morning," replied the boaster.

"Well, then, I'm thinking ye'd find your class on the wrong side," was the quiet rejoinder.



## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

## McKinley Helped Him Out.

**JIM KILPATRICK** of McLain, in Harvey county, is a fighting, frothing Democrat. The other day he was out fishing with some of the boys and managed to upset his boat in deep water. He could not swim, but he held to the boat and shouted to his companions on the bank for assistance. Seeing that he was in no particular danger, the boys told him they wouldn't help him until he gave three cheers for McKinley. "Hurrah for McKinley," said Jim, in a weak and perishing voice. "Louder!" declared the crowd. And then Jim bellowed, "Hurrah for McKinley!" until he could have been heard a mile away, whereupon one of the boys tossed him a rope with the remark that "This isn't the first time McKinley has helped a d--n fool out of a hole."—[Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.]

## The Lady Interfered.

**SENATOR SPOONER** of Wisconsin is one of the most eloquent men in the upper house, inimitable on the stump and credited with being able to do about as he pleases with his audiences. A friend and admirer who has known the Senator from boyhood is authority for the following story:

Some years ago, when taking part in a symposium in the northern part of the State, Senator Spooner was making an impassioned appeal to his audience, in the midst of which the master of ceremonies touched him on the shoulder and, pointing to the clock, indicated that his time had expired.

Quick as a flash a woman rose from her seat and, mounting a chair in front of the clock, threw her shawl over its face, amid the laughter and cheers of the audience and to the dismay of the master of ceremonies. It is doubtful if Senator Spooner ever received a prettier compliment.—[Washington Letter.]

## The Darky's Awe of Gen. Lee.

**IN A** group of old Confederates gathered around the campfire at the headquarters, at No. 436 West Jefferson street, the other evening, was an ex-captain of Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry. The talk had drifted to the love that the men of the Southern army bore for their leader, and a dozen or more stories were told of some little incident in which that love had manifested itself. Then the captain spoke:

"Your stories prove the love that the men of the South had for Gen. Lee, but I remember a conversation with an old negro, who, I believe, had a truer appreciation of his worth than any of you.

"After the war closed Gen. Lee assumed the presidency of Washington College, now known as Washington and Lee University.

"Ten years ago I visited Lexington, Va., to see the grave of Lee, who lies buried in the family vault of the university chapel. The head janitor was then a white-haired old negro, whose greatest delight in life was to usher a party of visitors into the office that had been Gen. Lee's. His accent in speaking of 'Mars Robert' was one of awed reverence. I asked him a number of questions, and found that his master had been a colonel on Lee's staff, and that he had been employed as a cook at headquarters. In a spirit of banter I asked him if he had ever heard any one say anything disrespectful about Gen. Lee. He scratched his head reflectively, and then said:

"Yas, sir; jes' one time."

"How was it?" I asked.

"Well, sir, 'twus dis erway. One night erbout de middle ob de war I seed a cur'us man go inter de gin'ts tent. He cum out, en whin he got upter whar I wus he wus er-cippin' an er-rearin' and er-snootin'."

"What's de trouble?" I ser ter 'im.

"'Trouble,' sez he, 'I jes' got orders ter ride forty miles ter-night wid er messidge, en here 'tis er-snowin' en er-blowin' en er-sleetin' lak all hell persessed. I'm darned if I know whut Gin'l Lee's er-thinkin' erbout."

"What did you say to him, Uncle Tom?" I asked the old janitor.

"I say ter 'im?" he replied. "Well, sir, I jes' looked at 'im fer a minnit en then ser ter 'im, 'Fo' Gawd, I dean' reckon yer does know whut Gin'l Lee's er-thinkin' erbout. Man, sir, ef one er Gin'l Lee's thots wus ter get inter yer haid 'twould bus' it open.'"—[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

## A Spoiled Tribute.

**I** HEARD a good story the other day, and maybe you have heard it, too; but, anyway, it is worthy of repetition: "Dan Grogan was a prosperous contractor, and he had four boys, great, big, strappin' fellows, wid hands on 'em like canvas hams, an' wan day whin Dan did these same boccos had a floral pillay made fer 'im, wid 'Papa' in purphel immartels ophon et. Phwat do yees tink av thim, 'Papa,' and thim wid hams as big as hams?"

"Well, they tuck Dan, pace be to his soul, out ta the cemetery, and phwin they got 'im thayre the pallbearers all walked along and dthropped a clod av dirt upon 'im, and thayre whict gloves as well, and thim the undhertaker kim along wid the pillay. He bumped up against Mick McCarty and knocked off the first P on 'Papa,' and et left only 'A. P. A.' Thim they tellyphoned fher the caraner."—[Denver Times.]

## Fooled with a Fake Diamond.

**POLICEMAN BINNING**, one of the plain clothes sleuths doing duty in the Tenderloin, was approached by a neatly-dressed young man in Sixth avenue on Friday afternoon. He was in hard luck, the young man said, and wanted to sell an uncut diamond. He showed Binning a stone that weighed at least two carats. Binning examined it carefully and inquired the price.

"What will you give?" asked the young man.

"I'll give you a ten spot for it," replied the sleuth. "If

you don't take that, I'll pinch you for stealing it. I'm an officer."

"I didn't steal it," protested the young man, "I didn't try to pawn it because I have religious scruples against obtaining money in that way."

Without any more ado Binning handed over a \$10 bill and carefully stored the supposed diamond away in a corner of his waistcoat pocket. The young man went away grinning. In a saloon two blocks away he met Detectives Lockwood and Sheehan of the Tenderloin precinct.

"Did you sell it to him?" they asked.

"I did," answered the young man producing the \$10 bill and ordering refreshments.

"Buh! he's a great judge of diamonds, ain't he," said Sheehan. "Told us no one could fool him on their value and the first chance he gets he goes and buys a 'phony' stone that cost me 10 cents."—[New York Sun.]

## No Poets Wanted.

**A POET** called at Republican headquarters on Friday. He hailed from Connecticut, and wore long whiskers and spectacles.

First he tackled Joe Manley. When Manley saw him unroll 150 pages of lyrics dedicated to McKinley and Roosevelt he rang a bell.

"Take the gentleman into Senator Scott's room," said Manley to an assistant sergeant-at-arms.

"But, Mr. Manley, just listen to a few stanzas of this poem," said the poet, and he began:

"When Abe Lincoln drew his sword

And freed a million slaves—"

"Take him to Scott," growled Manley.

At Scott's desk the poet began:

"When Abe Lincoln drew his sword

And freed a million slaves—"

"What's this? What's this?" shouted the West Virginia Senator.

The assistant sergeant-at-arms explained.

"Hanna is the man you wish to see," said Scott. "Go to him. He will listen to your poem, and he may give you \$1000 for it."

Hanna was seated at his desk. The door of his room happened to be open. In walked the poet. Hanna was writing a letter. The poet, unobserved, sat down and began:

"When Abe Lincoln drew his sword

And freed a million slaves—"

Hanna turned in surprise and rang his bell. Private Secretary Dourer rushed in.

"Who let this man in here?" shrieked Hanna. "Take him away."

The poet, despite his protests, was hustled to the elevator.—[New York Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

## More Than He Expected.

**ENGLISHMEN** know little of the geography of the "States," and what little they do know does not object to putting Philadelphia next door to Boston, or San Francisco alongside of New York. An American and an Englishman who had become friends aboard ship had a pleasant encounter about distances on reaching New York. They breakfasted together, and the following conversation ensued:

"I guess I'll turn out to see Harry after breakfast," said the Englishman.

"Harry?" queried the American, softly.

"Yes, my brother," explained the Englishman. "I've two here. Harry lives in San Francisco and Charlie in Chicago."

"But you'll be back for dinner?" facetiously asked the American.

The Britisher took him seriously. "Sure for dinner, if not for lunch," he answered. And accompanied by his friend, now thoroughly alive to the humor of the incident, he found himself a few minutes later in the line of ticket buyers in the Grand Central Depot.

"An excursion ticket to San Francisco, stopping at Chicago station on return," he ordered.

The ticket agent put about a quarter of a mile of paste-board under his stamp, pounded it for a minute or more, thrust it before the explorer, and expectantly awaited payment.

"When does the train go?" asked the Englishman.

"In ten minutes," was the answer.

"How much is it?"

"One hundred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents."

"What!" the Englishman gasped. "How far is it?"

"Three thousand miles."

"Dear me! What a country!"—[Youth's Companion.]

## No Exception.

**A LECTURER** on prohibition tells an experience he had in North Carolina, where the religious ideas that are otherwise rigid do not exclude the free-use of mountain whisky. He delivered his lecture in a church, and, warming up to his subject, declared that the Bible prohibited the drinking of alcohol. Immediately a long, lank member interrupted:

"There ain't no such thing in the Bible," he said. "Read it from Genesis to Revelation, from kiver to kiver, and you can find only one man who ever asked for water, and he only wanted a single drop, and what's more," declared the mountain member in peroration, "he didn't git to heaven."—[New York Life.]

## The Commodore's Cue.

**IN THE** early days of steamboating on the Ohio River they had only stern-wheel boats, and old Commodore McCullough of Cincinnati conceived a scheme to build and launch a palace "side-wheeler," which would by grace of her beauty and size "run the stern-wheelers out of the trade."

He carried his ideas to a successful and beautiful finish, and sent her on her initial trip, and she came back \$3000 loser. The natives along the river would not ship on her, nor would they ride on her nor trust their live-stock on her. They "couldn't see the wheel go round."

So the Flora Belle made trip after trip, burning from \$800 to \$1000 worth of coal and taking in perhaps \$500. The newspapers took it up and it was street talk about what a "frost" the Flora Belle was. Everybody from banker to bootblack knew the tale. At this time the old National

Theater on Sycamore street was the bon-ton theater of Cincinnati, and its gallant men and lovely women thronged the performances. One night the commodore attended, and as he entered there was a series of nudgings and whisperings.

"There's the commodore. There's the owner of Flora Belle."

The play was one of those "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," dramas, with a "hyperbole" heroine, and there was one scene in which the lover proposed marriage.

"No," said the heroine. "I can never be your wife, Harold. You are wealthy, you are a millionaire, while I am only a poor sewing girl. If I marry you all my friends will say it was for your money, and I love you, darling, for yourself. Get rid of your money, my darling, and I will be your wife." And she made her exit in tears.

The lover walked up and down the stage wringing his hands.

"How," he cried, "how can I win her? How can I get rid of my money?"

That was the old commodore's cue. He rose up in the center of the parquette and shouted:

"Buy the Flora Belle!"—[Denver Times.]

## He Stayed in the Game.

**THEY** had a rainy day down at Atlantic City, one of those whose two weeks are past said, and some persons started a game of progressive something in the hotel parlor. A typical seashore crowd was engaged in it. One or two may have had an acquaintance with one or two others, but no one knew everybody. The fact that each had the price to be there was sufficient for all.

In the course of the game pencils and paper were handed around and the players were told to write the names of all the American newspapers they could recall. A time limit of fifteen minutes was fixed and the person turning the largest list took the money. A young man who didn't stick the point of the pencil in his mouth like most of the others smiled broadly when the contest was announced. He was sitting beside a quiet, gray-haired old codger, who looked too slow for any sort of a game, but who took the paper and pencil like the rest. The young man gave him a friendly tip.

"Better stay out of this," he whispered to him. "This is where I win and you'll only waste your time. No one knows me here. I'm the exchange editor of the Buffalo Express."

"I think I'll go in," the old man replied, quietly. "I'm an editor myself."

"That so?" asked the young man who didn't doubt it; "what paper?"

"It's an annual," the old man informed him. "I'm one of the editors of the American Newspaper Directory and I thought of taking a hand in this."—[Pittsburgh News.]

## Phenomenal Heat.

**DURING** the recent hot spell the fat man stood in front of the cigar-store thermometer.

"Whew!" he said, reaching for a fresh handkerchief, "she's at 85 at this hour. What will she be later?"

"Ninety, I guess," responded the news man.

The fat man continued to gaze at the mercury.

"Great Scott!" he suddenly ejaculated, "she has climbed 5 deg. since I have been standing here."

"So she has," assented the news man.

"And she is still climbing! Ninety-one deg! Look for yourself!"

"I see."

"Still going! Ninety-three! What will become of us all?"

"Guess we'll roast."

"Roast? We'll melt. It is up to 99 deg. now. My collar is going. Look at the perspiration on my face."

"Pretty warm, sir."

"Warm? Why, it is at the century mark! Great Scott! Is the sun rushing nearer to the earth?"

"I think not, sir."

"It must be! There is no other explanation. One hundred and five. Desert heat!"

"I think you are mistaken."

"Mistaken? Why, there are the figures! One hundred and ten! The planet's temperature system must have changed so as to shift the tropics here."

"Not likely, sir."

"It must be. Whew! One hundred and fifteen! Good-by! I'm going to evaporate! Do you think the planet has anything to do with it?"

"No, sir. I think it is your cigar."

"My cigar?"

"Yes, you have been holding the lighted end to the mercury bulb."

The fat man glanced down. Then he walked away mumbling something about "buying a kicking machine."—[Chicago News.]

## Presence of Mind.

**IF THERE** be one thing that I more than another admire it is the having one's wits about one—perhaps because I never had mine. To be possessed only of l'esprit d'escaliers is simply an aggravation.

As illustrative of ready-witted men I recall an incident that I have often told but never published. Let me do that now in justice to one that is gone.

In company with the late J. R. Osgood I once of an evening dropped in at Warlick's old Fourteenth Street Theater. We could get no seats, as there was standing room only. At the end of the first act two orchestra seats were vacant in front, and we walked down and took them. Barely were we seated when two gentlemanly-looking young men came down the aisle and addressed me.

"Beg pardon, but have you checks for those seats?"

I was on the point of rising when Osgood replied, "No. Have you?"

They hadn't. It was merely a bit of supreme bluff. But how few would have had the readiness to meet and parry it.—[John Paul in Harper's Magazine.]

[Indianapolis Press:] "I take particular delight," said the prosy boarder, "in watching the monkeys when I go to see the menagerie. There is always something human about them."

"Meaning the crowd, eh?" said the Cheerful Idiot.



## Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

### THE FAIR FILIPINA.

GIRLS OF OUR PACIFIC ISLANDS—HOW THEY LOOK, ACT AND DRESS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**M**ANILA, July 10, 1900.—Come with me to the biggest theater of Manila and have a look at the girls. "The Cross and the Sword" is to be produced this afternoon. It is a Filipino love story, a play by a native Filipino, ridiculing the friars. The women all like it, and a thousand or more will be present. We take a quiller and go on the gallop to the doors. We pay \$1.50 for our seats in the boxes, and as we enter find that we are in the midst of almost an acre of women and men. There is a stage at one end, with a great pit in front of it. About

lily" will fit her much better. She is a plump, petite, little woman, with liquid black eyes, a face like a doll and a skin as soft as rich Jersey cream. She has luxuriant black hair, put up à la Pompadour, in a Psyche knot just back of her crown, held there by a great comb of gold set with diamonds, each as big as the end of your thumb. Sneak a look out of the tail of your eye at her little brown ears, with the big diamond rings in their lobes, and at the same time notice that gold chain, with the diamond locket attached, which is wound round her neck. I venture you have thought that all Filipino girls are savage, dirty, ragged and poor. This girl, at least, must be rich, and there are scores just like her all over the home.

Look again at that neck! Isn't it pretty! And how well the black gauzy dress shows off its beauty! Her costume consists of a low-necked jacket, with great bell-like sleeves, which stand wide out from the arms and stop at

collar bones seldom show. The Filipino women have beautiful hands and perfectly-shaped arms, with sweet little dimples at the elbows. Even in the country the poorest of the women are erect, and well-formed. Their erectness comes from their carrying burdens upon their heads and the fullness of the shoulders from pounding the rice, which exercise thoroughly develops the muscles of the upper part of the body.

#### Pretty Girls Who Smoke.

But look again at the little beauty beside us! She has certainly forgotten she is in full dress at the theater. See, she is smoking! She has taken a cigarette from her pocket and lighted it, and is puffing out the white nicotine in long, slender wreaths. Now she has become interested in the play, and as her mouth is closed, the smoke is rolling out through her nostrils. Look around over the theater.

Filipino Merchants



Filipino Family



Pounding Rice

Spanish Mestiza



Filipino Dress Makers



the pit, boxes rise one above the other almost to the ceiling. The seats are all full, and there are 2000 dark-skinned men and women, dressed in their best, in the boxes and pit. There are Filipino ladies of all conditions and ages, on all sides of us, and we can get a fair idea of Filipino femininity.

#### A Filipino Tiger Lily.

Glance for an instant at this girl at my side. I pretend to take notes of the play as I write this description, and as the little lady cannot read English she does not object. What a pretty girl she is! If she were white you would call her a daisy, but as she is brown the name "tiger

the elbows. She has an embroidered undergown, which is also cut low at the neck, and over this a long skirt with a train. About her bare shoulders a kerchief is pinned. I say her shoulders are bare, for the kerchief and jacket are of the finest gauze, so woven that through the meshes you can see the plump, dimpled shoulders and arms.

#### A Land of Beautiful Necks.

This is the case with almost every girl in the house. I venture you never saw so many beautiful arms and necks at one time. Many of the Filipino faces are homely, but you will rarely see a young woman who is not straight and well-formed. There are few skinny bodies, and the

Nearly every woman has a cigarette in either her hand or her mouth, and in the cheaper seats you now and then see one smoking a cigar. This would look disgusting at home. It is far different here, where men, women and children smoke from morning till night, where you take a cigarette when you get up in the morning, smoke everywhere, and even puff away between the courses of dinner. The Filipino women smoke fully as much, if not more, than the men. You see them on every block going along with cigars or cigarettes in their mouths, and the moment you enter a house you are offered a smoke. Little girls are taught to smoke almost as soon as they are weaned, and I have seen



many a child too young or too poor to wear clothes who was smoking tobacco.

#### Mestizas.

Turn around and look at that maiden over there at the right. She wears the same gauzy costume as the girl who is smoking, but its color is Indian red. There are girls with lavender dresses, yellow dresses, white, green and blue dresses all about us. Every one has her own taste, but the gowns are all of this same gauzy texture, and all cut the same way. The girl in the red has a higher complexion than most of the women about us. Her eyes are slanting and her features resemble somewhat those of that Chinaman down in the pit. That girl is a Chinese mestiza. Her mother is a Filipina, and her father is one of the richest Chinese merchants of Manila. She is his favorite daughter, and he may leave her a fortune some day. She is a type of hundreds of girls you may see in Manila. There are 30,000 Chinese men in the city and not 100 pure Chinese women. The men have taken Filipino wives, and the mestiza girls are their children. Some of the most famous women of the country have Chinese blood in their veins. Aguinaldo's wife is a mestiza, and Aguinaldo's mother has grandparents who were Celestials.

The Chinese features always show wherever there is Chinese blood. This is not always so with the Spanish, many of whom have intermarried with the natives, and it is doubtful whether it will be so with the Americans. For some reason or other the Chinese blood seems to be stronger than any other, and it always makes itself visible.

They are Fond of Jewelry.

As we look again over the theater we notice that every girl has her jewelry. Even the poorest have ear-rings of gold, while many of the rich are blazoning with diamonds. The Filipinos invest the most of their money in jewelry, and I venture that there are women in this house who have tens of thousands of dollars put away in precious stones. Jewels, in fact, are the savings banks of the people. When a girl gets a little ahead she buys a new ring, and later on she may turn a dozen rings into a diamond.

I am told that the women understand the value of diamonds. They can tell whether a stone is of the first or second grade, and can estimate very close as to its price. Some of the largest stores in Manila are jewelry stores, and there are small booths at which gold, silver and diamonds are sold. You will see women in black sitting upon the streets with cases of ear-rings and combs before them. The women wear many gold combs, some set with diamonds, pearls, rubies and emeralds.

It is whispered that there are many Filipino jewels in the hands of American soldiers. During the first days of the war the women left their houses in Manila, and the soldiers going through them now and then picked up a diamond comb, a bracelet or an ear-ring. I have heard it said that one piece of jewelry was sent to the United States which was worth \$10,000. It was a gold comb set with diamonds.

#### More About Dress.

The Filipino costume is a very pretty one. It is by no means inexpensive. Many of the gowns worn at the theater or at balls by the better classes would be looked upon as costly anywhere. They are made of pina cloth, a material woven from the fiber of the pineapple. It is softer than silk, and the strands are as fine as the hair of your baby. Some of the best pina costs \$35 in gold a yard, and I am told it takes a woman three months of constant work to make one yard of this quality. There is, of course, a great deal that is much cheaper, some costing not more than \$1 a yard. There are other cloths made of pina and silk, some made of hemp and some of other fibers, which have the same gauzy appearance, but nothing can equal the pina.

I have asked some of my lady friends to tell me just what the Filipina's costume consists of. The women of the upper classes wear, in the first place, a long chemise, cut rather low in the neck and reaching almost to the feet. This chemise is edged with embroidery at the neck, and it also has a wide strip of embroidery at the bottom. It is rather full, but it is clasped tightly about the body at the waist by a band of stiff cloth, which takes the place of the corset. Very few of the ladies wear corsets, and of the poorer women none. Over the chemise comes the jacket, which I have already described. This is very short, extending about half way down to the waist. About the waist and falling to the feet there is a skirt of silk or some other rich material, with a long train, which is shaped much like a beaver's tail. This train is worn in the house and out. It is worn upon the streets, the woman usually carrying it over her arm, raising it high enough so that the beautiful hem of her chemise can be seen. In addition to this skirt many of the women wear a wide cloth about the waist extending a little below the knees. A pair of heelless slippers usually completes the costume.

Only the ladies wear stockings, and that only on full-dress occasions. Such things as drawers and union suits of underclothing are altogether unknown. As to stockings, there are about four million females in the Philippine Islands, and I venture there is not one girl in a thousand who has ever had on a stocking or a corset. Many of the peasant women do not ever wear the chemise; they have on only the gauze jacket and a skirt, and the jacket is usually so short that a strip of bare brown skin shows out at the waist between the jacket and the skirt.

And still the women are very modest in their way. They think nothing of showing a shoulder or a section of bare brown leg as high as the knee, but they resent the slightest attempt at familiarity, and are as a rule virtuous and good.

#### The Business Women.

The women do the business of the Philippines. They are, in fact, the working and the money-making part of the population. They have, if anything, more brains than the men, and they are far the better financiers. No matter if a Filipino be rich or poor, it is his wife who carries the pocketbook and keeps the accounts. She does the buying for the family, and if the two have a store she does the selling.

In the markets of the Philippine Islands nearly all the stalls are kept by women. They sell meat, vegetables and

fruits. They also have booths in which they sell shoes, cloths, and all kinds of merchandise. Many of them take their goods from their houses to the market every morning and bring them back at night. Business with them is largely a matter of bargaining, but the foreigner is indeed shrewd if he gets the better of the trade in such cases.

There is one street in Manila which is largely given up to native women who sell dress goods. They have little stores not more than six feet square. These are walled with cases containing the finest of pins, just and other native cloths. A counter separates the woman from the street. She has just room enough in the store for a seat and is able to reach everything about her as she sits and deals with her customers.

#### Women's Work.

There are women peddlers everywhere in the Philippine Islands. You see them sitting on the corners of the streets selling tobacco, fruit, vegetables and notions. Many of them peddle the betel nut, and some have rice wrapped up in banana leaves and cakes of various kinds. They do the washing of the country, carrying the clothes to the streams and pounding the dirt out by slapping the wet garments on the stones. They do all their washing in cold water, using cocoanut-oil soap to loosen the dirt. They iron the clothes with flat, iron boxes, which have coals inside of them to keep them hot, never heating the irons on stoves, as we do.

Many of the women are tailors and dressmakers. They do beautiful embroidery and are excellent seamstresses. They usually sit on the ground when they sew, and where they have sewing machines they squat down on the ground and run them. This is possible here, because the sewing machines of the Philippines are hand machines, which have no table connected with them. The average sewing machine costs \$35 in silver, or about half that amount in gold.

If Americans establish factories in the Philippines they will have to rely upon the women to do the work. The men are lazy and cannot be gotten to work for more than a few days at one time. There are now in the neighborhood of 30,000 employes in the tobacco factories of Manila, and the great majority of these are women. They are expert at making cigars and cigarettes, and do their work more rapidly and skillfully than the men. It is the same in the cotton factory, and, in fact, everywhere.

The women do a vast amount of the farm work. They aid in planting the rice and in harvesting it. You see them everywhere in the fields, thrashing, planting and harvesting, and you seldom pass a country house without finding one or two women at work hulling rice for the daily meal.

#### Courtship and Marriage.

Courtship and marriage are carried on here in much the same way as it is in the Spanish countries, save that there is more freedom and people marry at an earlier age. According to an order issued by the military Governor of the Philippines last December, boys may marry as soon as they reach the age of 14, and girls may be married at 12. This is an American law issued by an American Governor, but it is merely a copy of the Spanish law which has been used for generations. A Filipino girl of 12 is often not bigger than an American girl of 10, and though in some cases the girls develop more rapidly than American girls do, they often do not. Until this order was issued all marriages had to be solemnized by the priest in order to be valid. Now any Justice of the Peace or Judge can perform the marriage ceremony, and all that a man and woman need to do to become man and wife is to publicly say that they take each other as such and sign a certificate to this effect.

The ordinary custom of contracting marriage is for the parents of the bride and groom to get together and make the arrangements. There is less giving of money on the part of the bride's parents than in most Spanish countries, and, in fact, in some parts of the islands it is the custom for the young man to act as the servant of his father-in-law for several years previous to his marriage.

Many marriages are love matches. The young man meets his sweetheart at a ball or a reception, and after that goes to call upon her, always being received in the presence of the parents or some of the older women of the family. The man may stand outside on the street and talk to the girl through the window, but it is not etiquette for him to be alone with her in the house nor to go out with her without she is accompanied by a duenna.

After marriage the woman's property is kept separate and apart from that of the husband's. She has entire control of it. If she loans it to him to go into business and he fails she ranks as a creditor of the second class, and if she dies her money goes back to her family, he receiving only a small proportion of it. A man may have children who are very rich through their mother, and he himself be almost destitute.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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#### A HOT-WEATHER LAMENT.

Will yo' tell me whut's de pleasur in dis writin' ev'ry day  
Erbout de flow'rs a-bloomin' an' 'perfumia,' es dey say;  
Erbout de birds a-singin' in de trees so sof' an' sweet,  
An' nottin' 'bout de da'ky whut's a-dyin' f'om de heat?

Erbout de 'gen'le breezes'—don't it seem lak out o' place  
When sweat is des a-po'rin' in a torrent down yo' face?  
An' 'bout—but w'en it's finished, w'y, de sto'y ain't complete;  
Dey's nottin' 'bout de da'ky whut's a-dyin' f'om de heat.

Now, ef dey'd get to writin' 'bout de wintah an' de snow  
It wud be real refreshin'—in de summer time, yo' know;  
An' ain' dey othah ways fur dem to earn thiah bread an' meat  
Whut won't to'ment de da'ky whut's a-dyin' f'om de heat?

It's pow'ful aggravat' an' it c'larly knocked me out  
To think w'ile I'ee a-sweatin' an' a-frettin' dey kin shout  
An' sing erbout ol' Nature 'cause she's lookin' prim and sweet,  
An' nottin' 'bout de da'ky whut's a-dyin' f'om de heat.

—[T. P. Joyce in Baltimore American.]

#### IN WHITE HORSE PASS.

STORY OF A PIONEER'S BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR IN WHITE HORSE-PASS.

By a Special Contributor.

"You don't have excitement nowadays," said the old pioneer who had lived to see two wars. "When I came to California a day didn't amount to much if some friend wasn't killed or two or three dozen Indians massacred."

"Before I came to this State, that was—let's see—'61, I was freighting between Denver and Salt Lake City, running my four ten-mule teams a month on what was then known as the 'White Horse Pass' route. This pass was an old river bottom between two chains of hills, about two miles wide on an average, except at a point about two-thirds of the way through from the Salt Lake side, where it broadened out into a little plain some eight miles wide by twelve long."

"Away in the southwest corner of this plain was an Indian encampment. I never saw much of the Indians, because they were seven miles from the trail, but I understood that they were mostly old braves and women, the men working corn and rye patches at the reservation, thirty-eight miles distant."

"I usually had four drivers and three outriders with me, not for fear, but because the law required at least two as a guard to property not belonging to the mover. But on one particular Tuesday that I'm thinking of, the outriders had left us, a few hours out from Denver, to get a shot at some bear we had heard rumors of. After we had been in the pass a little while I used my revolver on some turkeys and emptied the chambers."

"Dinner time came on just after we got onto Comanche flats, so we unhitched the mules and began to get dinner. I remember vividly how good the piece of bacon looked which I was about to put into my mouth, and what I said suddenly at something I saw. I said, 'What the Sam——!' and I saw—Indians."

"They had had trouble at the reservation, had broken the heads of three soldiers and left, taking everything that they could lay their hands on."

"By their savage faces, their weapons and their war paint I saw at once that they were out for gore. There were about twenty of them, and probably thirteen had rifles. The rest had knives, bows and arrows, and tomahawks, but they kept in the background and the chief (?) with eight braves (?) came forward, covering us with their rifles. I saw at once that all they wanted was plunder and maybe a hostage, so I was not afraid for our lives. But I remembered a large consignment of rifles and about five hundred rounds of ammunition that we were freighting for the pony express company and I determined not to be robbed so easily."

"Just as the party were about fifty feet from us our bell mule came between me and the leader of the reds. Quick as thought I had my pistol out, and when our good mule had passed I had the chief covered. It all happened so quickly that the Indians lowered their guns and stood with their mouths open."

"Now, you—' I said in my purest Comanche, 'all of you just stand dead in your tracks or I'll blow your chief to—the happy hunting grounds.' Not seeing any inclination on their part, or more especially, on the part of the chief, to move, I ordered the drivers, in French, to get up and harness the mules as quickly as possible, and bring my pony to me. 'Now,' I said, when this was done, 'you pull out about four miles, then wait. If I don't come, in fifteen minutes, after you stop, hurry on in—and give my love to Sarah and the boys.'

"Sarah is Mrs. — now. She wasn't, then," he added, parenthetically, then went on.

"Well, that next half hour was the longest I ever spent, especially the last fifteen minutes of it. I sat and sat. I counted the number of Indians twenty times. I noted, carefully, the costume, or lack of one, of every man of them. The chief wore an old plug hat with a feather stuck in each side of it. Around his neck he wore a string of beads and on the end hung a tooth of some wild animal, a little piece of carved wood and a beautiful bit of uncut onyx. He wore a sash of some gay colored material and from this, front and back, hung a dirty piece of cloth. He held a knife in one hand and in the other a lockless old cavalry pistol."

"And it was just as I put this item down on my memory that it suddenly occurred to me that the weapon in my hand was as useless and harmless as an old tooth brush."

"Scared? Well I guess! I evidently didn't show it, for the Indians never moved, but I declare that every individual hair on my head got up and pushed at my hat. I hope that you may all die and be buried before you experience the sensation I felt as I sat facing those savage, hungry Indians and keeping them at bay with an empty 44 Colt's!"

"What I suffered in the next ten minutes I never want to suffer again. Once or twice I fancied that the old chief, who was naturally a little nervous, noticed my anxiety and was preparing to start for me. This reminded me that a higher elevation would give me a strategic advantage, so I mounted my little cow pony, keeping meanwhile a very close eye on my charges."

"Well, to make a long story short, as the saying is, I at length decided to close this farce and so, giving them to understand that I was an excellent long-distance shot, I backed my pony off fifty, a hundred, two hundred yards, and then, with a wild yell, I wheeled and ran. Before my pony had gone five feet thirteen rifles cracked behind me, but although I was hit in the left thigh, I got away all right and soon joined my retreating wagons. We got out some of our rifles and prepared for trouble, but we never saw the Indians till two months later, when I had the honor of conveying ten of them, heavily chained, back to their reservation. The other ten had looked into the muzzles of 44 Colt's that were loaded—and that went off."

WILBUR HALL.

#### RECOGNITION OF A FOREIGN TOUCH.

[Indianapolis Journal:] (First Parrot:) Say, that girl has been to England since she was here.

(Second Parrot:) What makes you think so?

(First Parrot:) Why, she used to say, "Polly want a cracker?" and now she says, "Polly want a biscuit?"



# Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

## FICTION.

### Daudet's Books in English.

ENGLISH seems to have come to be the language of Adam Smith more than that of Shakespeare, and therefore it is not the most kindly kimono for the masterpieces of French letters. The works of Alphonse Daudet, however, on the whole, have been rather fortunate so far as their English interpreters go. Little, Brown & Co., who are doing not a little to make the American reader acquainted with foreign books—these out of which money can be made, of course, but also those that are worthy—have just brought out the translation of Daudet's three books—"La Petite Paroisse," "Numa Roumestan" and "Les Rois en Exil." It is true that Daudet's "Sapho" had its popular triumphs and has had the survivals of them, too. Still, it is a heroic undertaking from the point of view of the publisher's cash box to serve Daudet to the avidity that cries for the Sunday magazine of the New York Journal (and, after all, even with the unselfish promoter of true literature and the guardian dragon of art called publisher, the old saying holds true, that "where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.") It is a rather melancholy work to serve caviar to the multitude. To find a sincere pleasure in good French prose is a distinction—because it is rare, because also it shows that you know a beautiful thing when you see it. It is not meant to entertain the mobbish admirers of, say, E. P. Roe, for example. It is the opinion of scholarly Prof. W. P. Trent (who, by the by, writes the introduction to "The Little Parish Church") that it is very short of impertinence, especially for a foreigner, to praise "Daudet's mastery of word and phrase and subtle prose rhythm." Now that is very beautiful in him to think so; modesty is such a winning thing. At the same time, if there ever were a time when the critic—that dismal proprietor of a tiny horn, ever busy with somebody else's business—should blow at the top of his voice that time is nigh at hand, and Daudet is as good as any writer over whose work he might become blatant. Style, after all, is the best thing in Daudet—so at least the consensus of critical opinions is happy in pronouncing. And when you make your honey-sipping tour through "The Letters from the Mill" or "Wives of Men of Genius," and are caught in the magic tangle of his word mosaic, where you are made to see something like a miracle in artistic nicety in the matter of fitting words, the simple and rigorous refinement of adjectives (the colors of the literary painter,) and that elegance and ease which are the singular monopoly of a master of any art, then you find it very hard, indeed, to differ from the consensus of critical opinions. This, however, does not prevent you or the consensus of critical opinions from seeing that Daudet was much more than a stylist—a painstaking student of human emotions, the conscientious recorder of manners and ill manners of Parisians and others, the genial poker of fun at his own people, at the homeland of mistral and of the sun; a friend of the footlights, the writer of as perfect short stories and sketches as you can find anywhere, reminding you of the Japanese ivory carver in his triumph over the details of his work, and, not in too rare intervals, of a preacher. All in all, Daudet is a writer with whom the lover of good literature can fall in love without the slightest trouble; a writer whom you would love more than admire.

Now the three volumes which are with us show Daudet in three different roles. "The Little Parish Church" is a sermon on an old text, "The jealous man knows no peace by night or day." Wise the author tried to be in the work, and men read it and see what a triumphant demonstration it is of his being a master artist. I do not say that the reader never thinks of his solution of a social problem, nor that he is more apt to disagree and smile over it than take it studiously. I have said that this is a sermon. And that is the reason why Prof. Trent is somewhat troubled lest the cross-eyed among the Anglo-Saxon moralists should cry it down as an immoral book. I wonder why it is a sermon, for the French is so immoral in the eyes of the Anglo-Saxon? I know, as a matter of fact, the sermon is a very good and strong one for everybody, Anglo-Saxons included, and on an evil as common in England and America as in any other land. I know, also, of course, that the prudish whims of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy on a certain social evil is something that passes the understandings of a wiser than man. From the way Clement Scott jumps over the hedge of his own patch and pours an evil flood of hysterics against the morality of Daudet's "Sapho," the heck (mark you, I am not saying a word about his anathema against the play,) one would suppose that adultery is as novel a fact among Anglo-Saxons as a copy of the Sunday Examiner on the library table of monastic angels in the kingdom of heaven. Daudet, the preacher, as you see him in this book, is not to be brushed aside because some of those Anglo-Saxon neighbors of yours (against whom Daudet had never done a single bad turn) think it so stylish to call him names.

Many—among whom Charles de Kay—seem to find so much to admire in the boldness of Daudet in having chosen crowned heads as characters of his story. I cannot tell you why; can you tell me? Is it any the less bold for an artist to handle successfully the character of the beggar instead of that of the king? Could the critics be absurd enough to think that the wrath of some actual kings whom an author is supposed to have novelized would overwhelm him with a fearful doom? If so, there is fairly good capital for a humorist. A large portion of the book is a picture of Parisian life. Still, it is as near an approach to romance as Daudet ever tried. Through it one thing was made manifest to the public—and most of all perhaps to himself—that he was no romancer. That was what he always said. That is to say that, although this romance would have been a masterpiece in the hand of a second-rate writer, it looked small and base beside the noblest things Daudet could do. And that is the chief reason, doubtless, that the reader feels that his interest in the characters of the Queen of Illyria and of Meraut is

so much out of proportion to the interest he takes in their actions and the unfoldings of events.

In "Numa Roumestan," Daudet plays the combined role of the humorous critic of his beloved meridians and the observer and recorder of the social life about him. In order to bring out in a more striking light the "morality as loose as one's belt" and the talk of the Southerners as "facile as their impulse and their promises, yes, as their mendacity," he placed alongside and in a very close intimacy the character of Rosalie, the wife of Numa—the frigid embodiment of a somewhat exaggerated North. The character pictures of Numa and Valmajour and that of his sister are—as they appear to us at our first reading and thought—exceedingly stern judgment on the author's own country people and his South. And it must seem to those who cannot read the book through the eyes of an indifferent foreigner, more than a mere hostile criticism. At the same time there is more than one way of looking at the thing.

"Is it fair to treat a man as a liar"—this question is credited to the lips of Daudet by his son—"who becomes drunk with his own speech, and, without any low purpose, without the instinct of deceiving or getting the better of his neighbor, or of profit, endeavors to embellish his own life and that of others with stories which he knows are untrue, but which he would like to have true, or at any rate probable? Is Don Quixote a liar? And all those poets who wish to take us away from the actual and compass the globe in their wandering flights—are they liars?" All of which means that a Southerner's criticism on the Southerner must be looked at through the eyes of a Southerner.

One unfortunate thing about all these volumes is that none of them represents the best that Daudet has accomplished in three different fields which they represent.

As a preacher, Daudet ought to be judged by his "Sapho"—an infinitely stronger sermon than "The Little Par-



ALPHONSE DAUDET.  
[From a water-color by L. Rowel.]

ish Church." Daudet's portrayal and interpretation of the provincial character have passed into history in his trilogy on the humor-full and luckless episodes of Tartarin. And when you put the character of either Numa or Valmajour beside that of the far-famed president of the Alpine Club of Tarascon and the founder of the Port Tarascon, and the mighty hunter of the lion of the Atlantis—"of course, he was incapable of killing a fly," as Henry James would put it—I say when you put the characters in "Numa Roumestan" to augment the portrayal of the Southerner and of the South in the "Tartarin of Tarascon," "Tartarin on the Alps" and "Port Tarascon," you are in danger of feeling as sorry as a thoughtful man who tried to help the sun with his candle. As for the romance of the princely exiles, the best thing it did was to show the limitation of the master's powers.

The translation of "The Little Parish Church" is by George Burnham Ives, and is not so very bad. Charles de Kay translated "Numa Roumestan" and Katherine Prescott Wormeley (very familiar to the readers of French literature in English) Englished "Kings in Exile." And, of course, these are done much better than the first mentioned. Nevertheless, one can hardly avoid a sigh when he thinks of the works of Laura Esnor, Henry Frith, Henry James and Edward Wakefield in the interpretation of Daudet in English.

["The Little Parish Church; by Alphonse Daudet; translated by George Burnham Ives. Numa Roumestan; by Alphonse Daudet; translated by Charles de Kay. Kings in Exile; by Alphonse Daudet; translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50 per volume.]

### Miss Pool's Last Work.

A singer—that is to say a girl whose voice gave her dreams far prettier than the pearl streets of the kingdom of heaven in the general run of pious Methodist visions—two men and a dog—all these the author puts on a New Hampshire farm. And around them she weaves many a cunning thread of romance.

You may not enjoy the story, if you happen to be a

lukewarm student of music and its technique—I mean one of those know-all, dangerous with little knowledge on the subject. For, then, the slightness of Miss Pool's acquaintance with matters musical (at least, as she shows it in the book) would, I fear, spoil the charm of rhetoric, of human touches, and the bashful and hesitating glimmers of humor you come across here and there throughout the book.

As a writer, Miss Pool deserves the place she has made for herself much better than the general run of New England authors—Mary Wilkins, among others. And this, the last serious work of hers—although many another has come to claim this distinction—will, if you take the pains to read it in the proper and reverent spirit, tell you the same. As a story-teller—well, the much-appreciated author of "Roweny in Boston" and "The Red Bridge Neighborhood" seems not quite so sure of her steps when she attempts to tell a long story and sustain the interest throughout, as in the sketchy series of studies of her New England people.

The character of Mellon is not in the least great, has not the distinction of being consistently simple even. Still it is a character in the study of which one can comfortably invest one of his summer evenings. And therefore I do not like a few touches in it that are false and stupidly stagy. For example, when Meloon, without a word, hastens to fetch a "green haise bag and a fiddle bow" to demonstrate to Hildreth that he, a New Hampshire farmer, is quite able to appreciate things musical! The love of Wilhelmina for Meloon—who might be her father in point of years—is an interesting chapter on woman, a New England woman, one of the most divinely puzzling entities in the mystic scheme of God's universe. I do not pretend to say, however, that the way the singer regains her lost voice is any more mysterious than other wondrous ways of the All-Wise.

But when all is said, this is one of the readable fictions of the year—and ought to take a high rank among the wordy multitudes with an easy grace. Moreover, it is by no means the worst thing the author has done.

[The Meloon Farm. By Maria Louise Pool. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.50.]

### Out of Stanford.

The much-abused and exceedingly popular word in a certain corner of the literary world, "clever," is the fitting word to introduce this volume of short stories. It is very pleasant for a reviewer, also, to be able to add, with no blushing conscience, that the stories are as amusing as they are clever.

School life in fiction is, of course, no new thing. The popularity of it in American fiction of the day may, I think, be called remarkable. We have seen that the fact is a healthy and happy thing for the course of American letters. This present volume is one of the books that help to make college life somewhat nearer to the comprehension of the laxy class—whose foolish aim in life seems to be to expect others to entertain them—than the gossip of angels which some of the good but somewhat humorless preachers try to dispense from behind their pulpits every Sunday. More than that, this slender volume is very likely to do. For it has much in it that would attract the attention of the historian of American literature of the day. For, good as these short stories are, viewed as excellent yarns—there are very few humorous tales better than these—they are much better when you become serious on matters artistic and examine them from the critical standpoint of literary art. I do not say that there is anything very great or immortal in the art wherewith the entertaining tales are recorded; nothing in these tales that would authorize one to speak of them in the same breath with the short stories of Poe and Daudet. At the same time on an island where there are no birds or at least so few real birds—that is (if you insist on plain speaking,) in the literary America of this our wealthy day, where Mary Wilkins is still considered to be somebody and Richard H. Davis, also a decent bat, and I am not so sure that the authors of these tales are more than mere bats—has a very comfortable space to stretch its wings.

Of course, these are the "tales of a young university"—that goes without saying. That, however, does not prevent them from having much of the city of Los Angeles—Figueras street comes perilously close to being immortalized—throughout the bewitching pages, a fact which ought to recommend the book to the summer verandas of the city. It is but natural that a large portion of the humor in the book is at the expense of a mythical and most good-natured and tremendously abused important but humorless personage called the freshman.

[Stanford Stories. By Charles K. Field and Will H. Irwin. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.]

### ECONOMIC.

#### America and Her Growth.

Every one—I do not care what country may be his homeland—more or less, and now and then, would like to know something of the future prospect of his own country, of its industrial, commercial, political and social outlook. More than any one else in the world, perhaps, just at this day, the American has cause to ask questions along these and many other lines of national activity. And as a matter of fact, countless voices are engaged in asking countless questions. Therefore nothing is more natural in these enterprising days of printed letters than to meet with a book in answer to the demand.

The present volume is a concise, statistical history of the prosperity which America enjoys today. Also, it is a study of the national growth of the United States in farming, mining, manufacturing, in internal and foreign trade, as compared with that of the leading European nations in general and Great Britain in particular. It gives you the summary record—a proud history, 'tis indeed!—of the world-wide conquest of American commerce; of the prosperity of the Great Lakes, of the development of the



South—agricultural and commercial South more especially—of the West. Iron, steel, meat, corn, wheat, coal, coke, wool, lumber, receive special attentions.

The book represents, it is said, much of the result of the author's own investigation at first hand. At the same time that which he gathered together and the inferences he drew therefrom all are carefully treated in the light of what the best source of information, called authorities, say on the subject.

When you have been reviewing the dress parade of anemic greenhorns through the sinful dirt of city streets, and your heart is down in your boots for the future of the nation, then I think this little book may do you more good than drugs; it will revive your failing faith in the coming race and time.

[Our New Prospectus. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday & McClure Company, New York. Price, \$1.25. For sale by C. C. Parker.]

#### LITERARY NOTES.

I am sure I do not know whether the sacred memory of Omar Khayyam is of a humorous turn or whether his poet soul is bitter and full of sneer at all this fashionable fuss which is being made over his poem after so many centuries. But we are to have another edition from Doney's, lately moved from San Francisco to New York. Miss Florence Lundberg—a California girl, by the by, transplanted into exotic climes, such as Whistler's Academy in Paris, etc.—is to furnish the edition with a full set of illustrations. And they are—so says the report—oriental in conception (we can tell what this means when we see them, it is piously hoped,) and they are meant to be, in the high phrase of the publisher, "a student's elucidation of the text rather than a mere series of pleasing decorations."

The September Scribner's John Fox, Jr., the Kentucky novelist, describes an amusing fishing trip in the mountains of Kentucky, entitled "To the Breaks of Sandy." The article is full of those humorous bits of character drawing which are the charm of Mr. Fox's fiction. Another sort of outdoor article is the concluding part of Ernest Seton-Thompson's story of animal life, entitled "Tito." This story of a coyote puts that much-abused animal in the catalogue of heroes along with "Lobo," the wolf. Mr. Seton-Thompson's illustrations show vividly the characteristics of the animal as seen by a learned naturalist.

The editor of the Century is receiving inquiries about the author of "The Helmet of Navarre," the historical romance which began to appear serially in the August number of that magazine. Miss Bertha Runkle is the only child of Mrs. L. G. Runkle, a well-known New York journalist, and one of the editors of the "Library of the World's Best Literature." The present work is a maiden effort at fiction writing. She was born in New Jersey a few and twenty years ago, never went to kindergarten as a child, nor to college as a young woman, has traveled little and has never been in France—which possibly accounts for her laying there the scene of her romance.

The picture of the battle of Gettysburg in J. A. Altsheler's romance of the civil war, "In Circling Camps," has been described as the strongest description of that great conflict which has been written by a novelist.

Everybody's Magazine for September contains a new short story by S. R. Crockett, entitled "A Scientific Symposium."

Miss Helen Hay, the gifted daughter of the Secretary of State, has written some clever verses, to be published under the title of "The Little Boy Book."

Louis Evan Shipman has turned his hand from the writing of plays to a novel of gallant adventure, entitled "The Curious Courtship of Kate Pains." It is now running serially in Collier's Weekly, and is beautifully illustrated by A. I. Keller.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have in preparation a book of great value and interest to all lovers of antique furniture, which will be published under the title, "The Furniture of Our Forefathers," describing the colonial furniture brought to America up to about 1840, and manufactured in this country before the machine-made black walnut article made its appearance.

The reading public will be glad to hear that "Hugh Wynne" is at last to appear in a single volume. The work will hereafter contain twelve half-tone reproductions of Howard Pyle's brilliant drawings. The improvement in form will be accompanied by a reduction in price—from \$2 to \$1.50. A new edition of one of Gov. Roosevelt's most popular books is soon to be issued by the Century Company. When "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" was first published, neither the author's nor the illustrator's name appeared on the front cover. In the new edition the names of Roosevelt and Remington will be duly prominent; and one of the ninety-four spirited pictures by the famous artist of wild western life will be reproduced in the cover design.

Probably the most-talked-about book in Continental Europe just now—one which particularly pertains to the Chinese problem—is Leroy Beaulieu's work, "Renovation de l'Asie." The American rights for an English translation have been secured by McClure, Phillips & Co., and it will appear here about September 1. Henry Norman, who is one of the best experts on the situation in the Far East, has written an introduction for the translation.

Hon. George S. Boutwell, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, writes in the September McClure's of "An Historic Sale of United States Bonds in England." The article gives the text of the official correspondence of our government with the Bank of England relating to a somewhat singular episode in the affairs of the Treasury Department.

The Popular Science Monthly for September contains: "The Modern Occult," by Prof. Joseph Jastrow, president of the American Psychological Association; "The Part Played by the Color Red in our Physiological and Mental Life," by Haverlock Ellis; "The Spectra of the Stars and their Movements," by Prof. Simon Newcomb; "The Religious Beliefs of the Esquimo," by Prof. Franz Boas, and "Birds Considered as Flying Machines," by F. A. Lucas. There is also an account of the experiments of Prof. Rosa and Atwater on the "Conservation of Energy in the Human Body and the Values of Foods," articles on the "Economic Life of France," the expenditure and waste of the working class, the tropics as a residence for the Caucasian race, and on electric automobiles, as well as numerous reviews and notes.

"One Hundred Years in the White House," opening the

September Ladies' Home Journal, gives some highly interesting glimpses of the social life of the century, and of the home life of our Presidents since the time the Adamases moved into the Executive Mansion as its first occupants, in November, 1800. The "Romances of Some Southern Homes," in the same issue, pictures the most notable historic mansions of the South, and recalls the incidents which made them famous—their brave men and beautiful women. The pictorial features of the September Journal include a page drawing of "Loiterers at the Railroad Station," as A. B. Frost sees them; "The Wonders of California Gardens," and the beauties of Yellowstone Park.

## CHINAMAN AT HOME.

### I.—SIDELIGHTS ON CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

By John Foster Fraser.

TWO hundred and sixty years ago the Chinese did not wear pigtails; they wore their hair in a bunch. But when the Manchus swooped down from the North and conquered the Flowery Land they made the Celestials shave the head except for a queue behind, as a badge of servitude. It has ceased to be a badge of servitude now, and fine, flowing pigtails are honorable things. When Nature has not been sufficiently liberal then art is employed and a yard or so of tail added. The missionaries who dress China-fashion have false queues fastened to the inside of their caps. When the little Chinese boys are bent on fun they give a tug at the "joss-pidgin" man's tail, and bring away the hat as well.

China has at once the most despotic and most democratic government in the world. The Emperor is not a Chinese but a Manchu, and succession is not from father to son but from Emperor to some person he names. Some other man, however, may imagine he has the right to the title of Son of Heaven, and so he poisons the nominee or gets some one else to do it for him.

It is noticeable that most Emperors on ascending the throne have been children. They are put there by intriguing relations, who act as regents and run less risk than their august nephews of having arsenic in their tea.

Though the Emperor is despotic and has the power of chopping off heads at will, he is, in his early years, made to understand several things. If his people behave badly he has to consider this due to his own negligence and want of wisdom. If they are happy and contented he pats himself on the back and accepts the fact as evidence of his fatherly care.

Further, as China is an anomalous land it is to be remembered that although the Emperor may order boiling oil as a punishment for recalcitrant subjects, the subjects in return only owe obedience so long as his rule is just and good.

As the Emperor represents Heaven, the Empress is the representative of Mother Earth. She has to see, at stated seasons, that reverence is paid to the deity of silkworms. In the intervals she superintends the weaving of silk garments for the Buddhistic idols. She is assumed to be ignorant of everything political. But, as we know from the role played by the Dowager Empress, it is only an assumption.

Besides the Empress, the Emperor may have eight wives with the rank and title of Queens. The choice of the Empress and Queens has nothing to do with their rank. They are chosen for personal attractions and qualifications. The Empress Dowager holds a "drawing-room" once a year for the purpose of choosing. Manchu ladies and the daughters of military chieftains are summoned, and the belle of the assembly is chosen Empress and the next beautiful are selected as Queens. Although these are generally of rank a beautiful girl may be summoned from the people. The mother of Hien-fung, it is said, kept a fruit stall, but attracted the notice of the Chief Minister of State by her beauty. So he had her invited to the Royal Palace.

As the son of a blacksmith became the first Norman King of England, so the son of a coolie may in China rise to be the father of an Emperor. All the positions of state are obtained by competitive examinations, and these are open to the poorest. Once a man has passed his "preliminary" he can climb rung by rung to any place. It is generally stated that Englishmen enter public life for their country's good and that they have no personal end to serve. A Chinaman is more candid than that. His object is to get a place of authority. When he gets this, however small, he has the opportunity of "squeezing" those under him and then to buy his way to the next post. So the Governors and Viceroys in China do not only possess brains, but keen business instincts. There are no ornamental Viceroys in China.

Away in the far west of China, at Yunnan—where they have coinage still in use as old as the Norman conquest, and where I was shown as a wonderful curiosity a rupee with our Queen's head upon it, and which was treasured as a coin of a land where there were only women—I was fortunate in seeing an examination. These examinations take place in the chief towns every three years, and the examiner comes from Peking. Did he travel by steamship from Peking to Shanghai, and then by another steamer up the Yang Tse River to Ichang, from where he might have been carried in a palanquin, the examiner might have reached Yunnan in two months. But that was too terrible haste and would have ruffled his dignity; so he was carried in a chair the whole way across China. Only a common man would ride a horse. A mandarin will ride a mule; a higher dignitary will be carried in a green chair by four coolies. On ordinary occasions when I traveled in a chair through a Chinese city three coolies were enough to carry me. But if I had to make an official call then I had four coolies and a man running in front crying: "Make room for the foreigner!"

Three miles outside Yunnan that examiner was met by the high officials of the city, and after they had kow-towed to each other and shaken hands they proceeded to seal the

door and windows of the palanquin. This was to prevent any bribe being slipped to him to favor some particular candidate. The Chinese are not above such things. But you must never offer anyone plain, exposed cash—the Celestial would never get over the shock; you must wrap it in a piece of red paper and present the package to him. Though everybody knows he is receiving a bribe he is not abashed, for the wrapper "saves his face."

The examiner was little better than a prisoner while in Yunnan. His windows were barred. There were 4800 students for an examination to admit them to become petty officers of state, but there were only sixty-four vacancies.

The examination halls stand permanently and are divided into little cells. The competitors have their robes and their finger nails looked over before they enter their cells at six in the morning, just to make sure they are not carrying criba. They are locked up till 6 o'clock in the evening. There are young men, middle-aged men, old men, all competing. There is the son, the father, the grandfather. The grandfather began coming up to compete for a post sixty years ago. He has come up every three years since, and will die with his ambition unrealized.

"Oh, to get into office!" is the one real prayer of the Chinaman. All he wants is to get over the threshold, to just struggle through his examinations and obtain the most minor of minor posts in the Yamen. Visions of wealth then float before his eyes. He will "squeeze" every coolie he can set eyes upon, and has him threatened with a thrashing if he doesn't pay a few hundred cash—a shilling or so. He hoards his money; he wants to buy his way into a higher office.

The Viceroy receives 600 taels to pay the examiner of taxable goods that are brought within the city gates. But the man who holds the post will pay 2000 taels for the situation, for he knows that by rigorous "squeezing" and threatening he will make 6000 taels. The Viceroy may draw the money for ten thousand soldiers. He makes a return to Peking that he has ten thousand; but he has only some fifteen hundred. All along the trade routes are likin stations, kinds of toll gates. The Viceroy can't collect the money himself and he can't trust anybody to do it for him; honestly. So he sells certain likin stations for round sums per year. Then perhaps they are sub-sold. A man comes along with eighty bales of cotton. He would die if he thought he had to pay a tax on the eighty bales. But he arranges with the man at the station that he shall only pay for forty and receive a receipt in return for only twenty-five. Result—the carrier of the bales only pays half the tax, though he charges his employer full tax, and the collector who has paid for his situation gets a good "squeeze." There is never anything done in China without one. Even the coolie who shows you to your inn gets a few cash from the landlord. "With money," says the Celestial proverb, "you can move the gods, without it you can't move a man." "The Chinese," wrote a brilliant journalist who came to the Flowery Land years ago, "cuts off ten thousand heads and cites a passage from Mencius about the sanctity of human life. He pockets the money given him to repair an embankment and thus inundates a province, and he deplores the land lost to the cultivator of the soil."

Now, all this is very shocking to anyone brought up with western notions about strict accounts. But really much depends upon the point of view. The Chinese are among the most honest people in the world, and they buy a situation hoping to grow rich out of it as you buy a piece of land hoping to make money by selling it again. The "squeezed" Chinaman protests, but no more than the man who buys your land and declares you are making too big a profit by it. He has got profit in his eyes, and the "squeezed" Chinaman proceeds on his way and "squeezes" somebody else. The system is as well understood as that you and I will pay our butcher's bill. Everybody is quite content.

[Next week's article will be "The Chinaman and the Foreign Devil."]

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## ENGLISH TOY SOLDIERS.

### A NEW FACTORY TO DRIVE OUT THOSE "MADE IN GERMANY."

[London Chronicle:] The British army—the army of lead and paint, whose battles are won not on the field, but on the nursery floor—is on the point of receiving an important addition to its strength. For many years past it has been "made in Germany," with more or less success in the matter of coloring and accoutrements, but, thanks to the inventive genius of a Frenchman who has lived nearly all his life in the metropolis, it will in future be "made in London." The small commanders-in-chief will no longer have their patriotism affronted by the reflection that their batteries and squadrons are mere foreign mercenaries.

"We anticipate a very large trade," said a representative of Faudel Phillips & Co., who have secured for five years the right to the output of the new factory. "The idea of Mr. Renvoize is most ingenious. The men and horses are cast in hollow form, thus reducing the cost of production and enabling us to place on the market miniature reproductions of all the famous regiments at a retail price below that of our foreign competitors. We have already some sixty regiments in hand, to say nothing of a naval brigade and a most ingenious mountain battery, the guns of which are 'practicable,' and in course of time we shall be able to supply children with representatives of the whole British army."

"Since the South African war began the demand for miniature soldiers has far exceeded the supply which even Germany could afford, and this led us to cast about for a method of home production which should render us to a large extent independent. How far we have succeeded will be seen when our army gets on the market, which will be very shortly, but we have no doubts on the point. One of our special points is attention to detail, and you will see from these specimens that our soldiers conform to all the army regulations in the matter of uniform and equipment. The Welsh Fusiliers have their goat, the C.I.V.'s their slouch hats, and the Naval Brigade their 4.7 inch. More than a hundred people are now employed in the production, the coloring being done by women who have been specially instructed in the process. Each regiment will be in a box, on the cover of which will be its colors and its achievements, and 'Made in London' will be a prominent line."



## Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## A Fifteen-minute Sentence.

**PUNISHMENT** for intoxication is at a minimum in Camden. John Valentine was sentenced to fifteen minutes' imprisonment for being drunk.

Valentine was taken to Cooper Hospital on Friday, under the supposition that he was one of the unfortunates who had succumbed to the wild flight of the mercury. But the doctors found that instead of a thermometer, his case was fast to be diagnosed with a distiller's gauge. So Saturday morning he was arraigned before Recorder Stackhouse. He said he had a fever and needed some stimulant for his nervous system. He took two drinks and woke up in the frustration ward of Cooper Hospital.

"You're guilty," said the Recorder, sternly, "and you are sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen—"

The clerk wrote "days" on the commitment!

"Minutes," said His Honor, and the clerk used his eraser, while Valentine was led away to serve the shortest sentence on record. It was the longest fifteen minutes of his life. He drew his watch. So did the keeper. There was a long silence. Valentine fretted and drops of perspiration fell on the face of his timepiece. He heaved a big sigh of relief.

"Now, lemme out."

"In a minute," said the keeper, "your watch is fast."

"Heavens!" said Valentine, "will I ever get out?"

"In twenty seconds," said the keeper, consolingly.

Then the bolt shot back and the fifteen-minute man walked forth free.—[Philadelphia North American.]

## Sheds His Skin Annually.

**A** RESIDENT of Clark county, Mo., S. O. Buskirk, has shed his skin annually since his birth, which occurred in 1850. He is well-built, robust and agile, and was never ill. He takes very little medicine for the annual attacks when his epidermis is shed. Physicians have tried to prevent this exfoliation, but they have been unsuccessful, and Mr. Buskirk, notwithstanding the fact that the operation is disagreeable and debilitating, has decided that he will not make any more attempts to prevent it by medical means. The operation requires several days, and for the last five years has begun exactly on June 27. Prior to that time it came either in July or August. About a month is consumed in discarding the old cuticle and the appearance of the new. During this time the finger and toe nails become loose and are discarded, new nails come in, and more time is required in growing the nails to maturity than is ordinarily needed. After the old skin has been shed he says that he feels like a boy of 13. The discarded cuticle looks like thin, white rubber gloves.

The peeling of the hands begins at the root of the fingers and gradually spreads in all directions. The hardened skin begins to break away from the new skin which is forming underneath, and if it is tapped with a lead pencil gives a sharp sound, like that caused by striking a piece of calico or stiff leather. By opening and closing the hands often the skin parts along the edge, and then by helping along the process with a penknife the piece comes off whole. He has several interesting souvenirs in the form of patches of skin which he has shed from his hands and feet at various times, and in every instance they present perfect outlines of the members from which they come.

The thick, callous-like skin from the hands retains its lines, and this remarkable case tends to disprove the entire theory of palmistry, being evidence that the lines of the hands change with time and are not unalterably preserved, as has been supposed. A piece of the skin taken from his right hand when he was 10 years old shows that the general conformation of the lines correspond with those of his hand today. Still, the new lines are longer now than then, making allowance for the growth of the member as a whole. Fully a third has been attached to the length of the famous "life" line. Evidently nature had decided to increase Mr. Buskirk's span of life. This is not altogether surprising, as his father is now 103 and his grandfather died at the age of 110 years.—[Scientific American.]

## Hit by the Eclipse.

**T**HE recent eclipse of the sun does not seem to have been prolific of superstitious displays in the United States, and therefore we all the more welcome an amusing instance related by Dr. W. H. Morse. According to Dr. Morse, it is the custom in Cuba for mothers to expose their young children entirely naked on the ground during the whole time of the obscuration of the sun or moon, in order to prevent their being "hit by the eclipse"—and, incidentally, by any devils that may be lurking about. If the child takes bronchitis, it is "hit"; if it escapes, it is blessed. This superstition clung to a Cuban woman living in New Jersey. She accordingly exposed her two infants, aged 3 months and 14 months, respectively, during the whole eclipse, with the result that the unfortunate innocents both took severe bronchitis. The husband, going for the doctor, announced, in terse Spanish, that "a mother and two daughters are three devils for a father." At the same time the priest was summoned, and he, being a level-headed and good-natured Irishman, lost no time in saying prayers, but took the doctor's prescription to the drug store to have filled. Fortunately, no harm resulted, for the babies, after severe illness, recovered. The mother, of course, believed that they had been "hit by the eclipse," and gave all the credit for their cure, not to the doctor, but to the priest, and especially for the splendid "holy water" which he had brought and which was the doctor's prescription for eucalyptol.—[Albany Medical Annals.]

## Dragged a Shark Ashore by the Tail.

**ERNEST KUPFER** of New York had fought and captured sharks before, and when a big one brushed against him while he was bathing here Saturday he simply seized it by the tail and dragged it ashore.

Kupfer is 60 years old, but is very strong, and he is a fine swimmer. He is as much at home in the water as a Triton, and, according to his story, he has spent a large

part of his life at sea. He says he has frequently fought sharks in the water off the coast of Australia, and captured them with ease. While Kupfer was bathing in deep water about a hundred feet from the shore he observed the fin of a big shark very close to him. He knew exactly what to do. The more noise he made, he said, the less danger he would be in. So he attacked the shark, shouting and kicking up as much fuss in the water as the propeller of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse on a record-breaking spurt.

These tactics completely disconcerted the shark, which found itself forced back into shallow water. Still yelling and beating the water with his arms and feet like a side-wheeler, Kupfer made another dash at the shark. The big fish turned tail. But that was exactly what Kupfer wanted. He grasped the tail and, thinking one good turn deserved another, threw the fish over on its back and dragged it triumphantly to the beach. With some assistance he succeeded in landing his prize.

Kupfer procured a stage to take him and his spoil to the Herbert House, where he is spending the summer. Several persons witnessed the daring feat. The shark, which measures 7 feet 3 inches in length, is now on exhibition here.—[New York Herald.]

## Newsboy Gets \$500 Reward.

**LITTLE** Eddie Ryan is the envy of all the newsboys in the city. Eddie lives with his parents at No. 3740 Armour avenue, and though but entering his teens has been at work for several weeks helping to support his mother and six little brothers and sisters. His father has been out of work since the labor troubles began.

Tuesday evening, at State and Washington streets, he found an envelope including a lady's diamond ring, mounted with rubies, and also a large unset ruby. A reward of \$500 had been offered for the return of the jewels by the Schrader-Wittstein Company, from whom the next day Eddie received the money. The ring had been left with the Schrader-Wittstein Company for resetting and was lost by the messenger boy sent to return it.—[Chicago News.]

## How the Shah Kept His Hat On.

**T**HE Shah of Persia, like our early Quakers, religiously objects to taking off his hat in a Christian church. On his way from St. Petersburg to Paris the Shah stopped at Cologne, and expressed a wish to see the interior of the famous cathedral. His Grand Visier was sent to the ecclesiastical authorities to make the needful arrangements for his master's visit. The Persian Minister was informed that it was the rule of the Church of Cologne, as unchangeable as the laws of the old Medes and Persians, that every visitor, however sublime his position, should uncover his head while in the cathedral. "In that case," said the Grand Visier, "my master will never come." Subsequently, however, it was arranged that all ordinary visitors should be excluded during the Shah's presence, and that he and his ten Ministers should be permitted to inspect the Church of the Three Kings of the East—for such is the dedication of the cathedral—not, indeed, with their ten hats, but with ten small lamb-wool caps upon their heads. It was casually, but very conveniently, determined that this would be no more irreligious than the wearing of a beretta by a priest or of a mitre by the archbishop within the sacred walls.—[London News.]

## Distress Rockets for Trains.

**KENT YATES** is nothing if not original. He has a plan for protection against train robbers. Hear him:

"I believe it would be an excellent plan for all railroad trains to be provided with large signal rockets such as are used at sea for the purpose of giving the alarm to the surrounding country in case of train robbery. Five or six of these rockets could be placed on the roof of each car and fired by means of a lanyard like a field piece is fired. The fact of rockets being carried on all trains would be published broadcast by the press and every farmer would know a train robbery was being committed when a number of red rockets were being fired into the air. It would be feasible to have small bombs which could go up with the rockets and the noise of these together with the red lights fired into the sky would make it well-nigh impossible for the robbers to escape after a robbery was committed. The whole country would be aroused and the citizens could come to the rescue of the passengers and train crew. The rocket lanyards could be placed in a conspicuous place like the fire extinguishers are. This would also discourage the train robber to some extent."—[Kansas City Star.]

## Took the Veil Because She Loved Two Men.

**M**LE. Elanore de Puybaraud, the only heiress of the Count and Countess de Puybaraud, leading aristocrats of Paris, yesterday took the veil at the Ursulines Convent in Versailles, pronouncing perpetual vows, because she loved two men equally and had been unable to decide which one to select for a husband.

Both of the men had been ardent suitors and are now desperate in their disappointment. The girl's family is in despair and society is talking of little else, as Mlle. de Puybaraud has been popular in society for the last three seasons.—[Chicago Tribune.]

## Broke Up the Love Match.

**A** YOUNG man of Bryn Mawr went to the South Seas for his health two years ago and returned last week much benefited. He tells a sad story about the daughter of a native king whom he met on one of the smaller and more remote of the Hawaiian Islands. She was a beautiful girl, and it was his greatest pleasure to be with her fishing and bathing and to sit beside her in the council house, listening to the songs of the King's poets. It is not unusual for a white man to marry a Hawaiian, and the youth from Bryn Mawr, without prospects, almost penniless, and with health that was always wretched in the uncertain climate of his home, thought sometimes that it would be wise and pleasant to marry the Hawaiian

Princess and to live on her quiet and beautiful island for the rest of his days.

But suddenly the Princess became sad, heart-broken. She went out no more. She sat alone and wept day and night. The young man could find out from no one what troubled her, for all whom he questioned pretended not to know. One day he met the Princess by chance on the beach alone and asked her what had filled her life with sorrow. She pointed, with a strange gesture, to a tiny brown spot, like a mole on the lobe of each of her ears and she ran her finger over her brow, which, he now saw, were thinning. Then she fled from the mystified youth and he never saw her again. A year later, on another island, he heard a physician say that the absence of eyebrows, together with the brown spots on the lobes of the ears, indicated the beginning of leprosy.—[Philadelphia Record.]

## Tricks of the Barn Stormer.

**"O**NE of the old slang phrases of the stage," said Maggles, who used to be a good actor, "was 'to pong.' This means, or used to mean, using your own language, that is, playing a part without cues of the proper lines, relying only upon a knowledge of the play to carry you through. Years ago on the road there used to be some highly ludicrous situations in consequence of a new play being produced in a hurry. The stage manager, however, had a wonderful genius for patching up a hitch. When circumstances were necessary, he would sometimes lower a front scene, and tell the low comedian and chambermaid to go on, and 'keep it up,' and, while they did so, he would arrange how the play had to be continued.

"Of course, actors are supposed to help one another out of a difficulty, but at times old grudges were paid off. For instance, I remember on one occasion a letter had to be read in one scene. Unfortunately this letter could not be found, so a 'dummy,' that is, a blank sheet, was sent on the stage.

"Say, dad," said the actor, who had to read the letter, and seeing it blank, "here's a letter for you. You had better read it yourself, as I am sure it contains good news."

"But 'dad' tumbled to the occasion, and replied, 'No, Tom, you read it. I've mislaid my spectacles.'"

"Bless me," said Tom, "it is written so badly I can't make out a word of it. Here, Nelly, you read it."

"The unsuspecting Nelly takes the letter, and, seeing it blank, says, 'No, father had better read it. He will be able to make it out better; I'll go and fetch your spectacles. I know where they are.' And off she goes.

"The old man is again equal to the occasion, and calls out to her, 'Never mind bringing them, Nelly, I'll come and get them.' Then he walks off, and the stage manager has to rearrange the scene.

"Yes, sir, there's a lot in the theatrical business you outsiders never dream of."—[New York Sun.]

## Used His Child to Bait an Eagle.

**T**HE good old drama of "William Tell" was enacted near Hartford, Ct., a few days ago. The tyrant Gessler in this instance, however, was a wicked bald eagle, and the part of William Tell was enacted by F. H. Woodworth.

Mr. Woodworth and his nine-year-old daughter Helen, who is his inseparable companion, started together on a fishing trip. There had been some talk of the marauding of his eagleship for some time, and this inspired Mr. Woodworth to fetch his rifle along.

The two fishers had not proceeded far when the bird appeared. Secreting himself behind some shrubbery, Mr. Woodworth pushed his little girl forward, telling her not to be afraid, but to sit down.

The bait tempted the bird, and with a swoop he descended. Just as he was nearing the child Woodworth's rifle cracked and feathers flew. The bird again spread his wings and attempted to soar, when another shot rang out and down he came in a heap.

The eagle measured 6 feet 3 inches from tip to tip. It is the largest seen in this part of the country in many years.

"No; I had no fear," said the modern William Tell today, with a smile; "I just sent the gal out for a bait, while I hid in the brush and popped him. I had no doubt about hitting him. All I was afraid of was that he might get near and claw her before he died. That's why I put a second bullet in his wing. The one in the neck was sufficient. It's what I aimed at."—[St. Louis Republic.]

## People Who Lived Underground.

**BRITAIN** numbers among its population some people who live entirely in underground caves. They are the fishermen who inhabit the far north coast of Scotland, and the caves occupied have either been carved out at some prehistoric time by the action of the waves or owe their origin to the smugglers of other days. This life-long existence underground affects the cave dwellers in a rather peculiar manner, for it has been noticed that practically without exception they are of small stature and might very favorably be compared to the inhabitants of Lapland.

The men of note have frequently found a fascination in living beneath the earth. Saurier, whose novels are so popular throughout France, was one of these, and many of his finest works were written underground, or rather under water. He was a very eccentric man and had in his garden a large lake. One day, worried by the noise around him, he conceived the idea of having a study erected under the lake with a roof of plate glass to it. This was done at enormous cost, and in that room Saurier lived throughout the day. When not busy he had only to look through the glass and watch the fish as they passed to and fro.

The late Duke of Portland, it will be remembered, passed the later years of his life in the underground cellars of Welbeck Abbey, and lived there until his death, entirely cut off from the outer world, where the sun could not reach him. Elizabeth Browning, too, wrote many of her finest poems in the cellars of her house, where she was compelled to live after her sight had given way.—[London Tid-Bits.]



# THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

## An Uninviting Suite of Rooms.

MRS. M. B. R. Hemet: The objectionable features of the rooms you have taken are: They are gloomy, the woodwork is dark drab, the windows and doors are small, the bedrooms have corner closets, with doors across the corners, the dining-room has a skylight (this you speak of as a nightmare,) and the paper is all a cheap buff. I would advise you to select some scheme of coloring for your bedrooms and then carry out the color either in a flowered cretonne or a plain denim, in curtains hung against these corner doors. Put a small brass rod at top of door and gather your curtain to that, letting it fall flat against the door, thus, instead of interruption of a common wood door, you have strengthened your color scheme and gotten some pretty drapery. If you paint the woodwork black in sitting-room and south bedroom, you might use, with your buff walls, dull blue, hanging in the bedroom, blue and white-flowered on the closet doors and over white muslin at the windows, and the same blue in a plain denim curtain between the two rooms; carrying the plain blue for upholstery and straight window curtains on into the sitting-room. This will make the two rooms throw open together well. If you could but persuade your landlord to enlarge the opening of this doorway between the two rooms, having black paint, and would hang this with blue denim curtains, you would have a pretty suite. Indeed, with your oil paintings framed in gilt it should be quite handsome. Your Indian blanket would look well with blue hangings, buff wall and black paint. Your other bedroom would be pretty in pink. I would have a narrow shelf around the dining-room walls if I had a great deal of decorated China, or I would have the sideboard as built that the china could be displayed on it. As for your skylight, I am afraid I could not help you, unless I could see its exact effect. I have seen Venetian blinds of pale green used with good effect over these skylights in New York studios.

## Some Hints for a Whole House.

K. A. B. Farley, Idaho, says: "I send you the plan of my new house. The woodwork is the natural wood, oiled and polished, wall all white. For parlor will have mahogany piano and several pieces of furniture in this room, some rattan chairs also. I would like a color scheme for portieres, paper for walls and floor covering. What shall I use for window drapery in here? I do not want Swiss or ruffled net on first floor."

So far I would advise a soft creamy, pinky shade of old rose for your parlor ceiling and wall down to picture mold, and a striped paper in two shades of old rose, with perhaps a little gold, for side walls. You will find that this treatment has a great deal of style in conjunction with your mahogany furniture. Your window seat, upholstered with old rose brocade and a Louis XV footstool, done in the brocade, will make a not very expensive, but a very elegant-looking parlor. I would drape my windows with net, having a rich border. Hang the curtains with the border running across the bottom of the glass, instead of down the sides. When windows are draped only to the sill, it is a pretty effect to hang a lace curtain crossways, so that the border comes at the bottom of the window, showing against the pane. I would drape all of the windows on the lower floor in this way, letting the curtains hang to sill in straight folds. You could use a simpler, less expensive lace in the dining-room than in the parlor, but the general effect should be the same. There is a point I forgot to mention which has a border, and there are also many varieties of lace curtains which look well used in this way. I would use on the floor a large rug, either oriental or Wilton (if the latter, in old rose tints) and stain and polish the floor for several feet all around it. You will find that you can make your rattan chairs very handsome by using cushions in them of old rose brocade, soft pale-green plush or an old, dull-blue silk. Blues and greens go equally well with such a room. In the archway leading from parlor into hall hang one Bagdad curtain and one of a very soft, cold, green jute.

Next, you say: "For hall I think I should like a color scheme in green, with yellow silk for window draperies. What shall I have for hall furniture and how treat the walls?"

I would put several pieces of heavy, slightly-carved pieces of Flemish oak in my hall. The chairs with the rush seats make beautiful hall pieces. I am glad you are going to have green walls and yellow silk curtains. Upholster your seat with green corduroy, and drape the archway into dining-room with green jute velvet, like the other door.

Again, to quote from your letter: "For dining-room I like yellow, but would you advise golden oak or the darker finish, and would you prefer all furniture alike for this room? Which would be better to have, a sideboard or china closet with glass doors, or both?"

With yellow walls I would use golden oak. Your furniture need not be all alike here, if you prefer to introduce some little variety. The room will have more character if you use Flemish oak furniture with your golden oak woodwork than if it were all light in tone. I would have both sideboard and china closet. You say that for your bedrooms you may use murres on the walls. I am sorry to say I do not know what that is. One room is to be blue and gold, I would make this a Gobelin blue and use some tapestry in it.

The yellow and white bedroom I would keep airy and light, using a creamy yellow and some straw-colored rattan furniture. Apple green with white would be pretty for the other room. A deep cream or white yellow is a good color for all-over shades, but you must, of course, be governed in this by the outside coloring of your house.

## An Ontario Dining-room.

K. L. says: "Please give me your advice, I wish to fix up my dining-room with as little expense as possible. It is sized, with a rug, the predominating color is red and has a dark blue edge. Around the edge of the rug

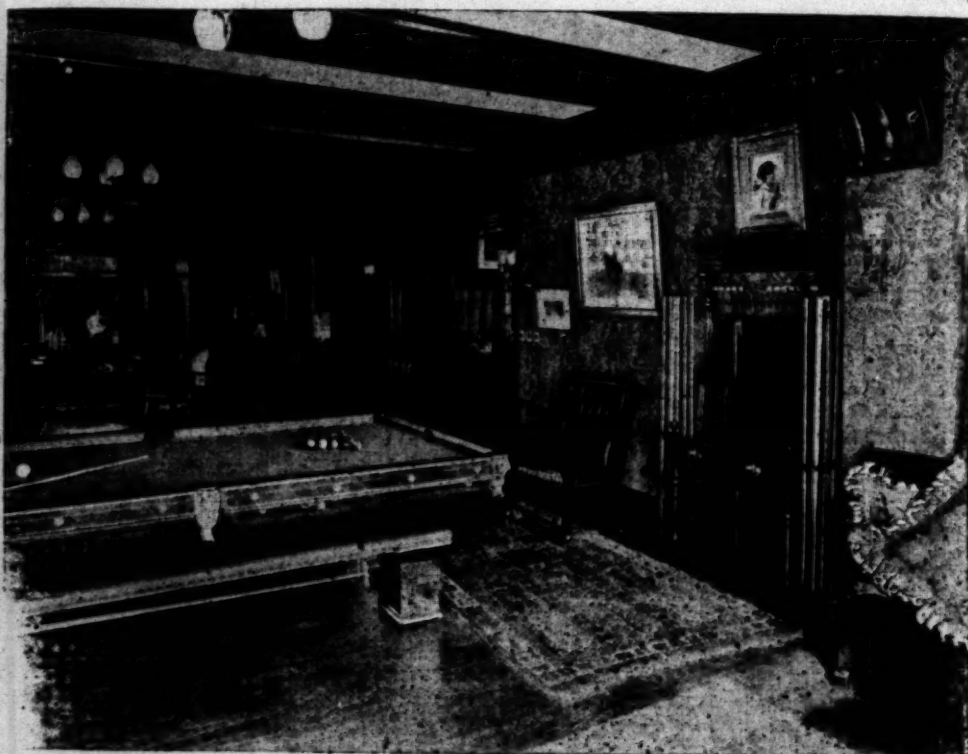
the floor is painted a dark red. The walls are also painted and tinted a delicate pink. There is a double window toward the east and double doors leading into the parlor. Would you use portieres? If so, please tell me what color and how to arrange them. What kind of curtains would you use at the windows to make more light? How shall I cover the couch to make the room more cheerful and homelike?"

I like the red and tan rug with the dark red floor border, but I wish your walls were not pink, as it is hard to get any dignity of effect with this color, in a dining-room. However, I think that you had better use dark-red burlap curtains in the double doorway and a dark red denim cover on your couch. This, with white muslin curtains at your windows, should give a cheerful and attractive effect. I have seen at various stores in Los Angeles

browns and tans, tiling pattern, the walls are papered with old blue, in rather a set design.

"I must get new curtain drapery for the windows of the front room, a new lamp with shade, and wish to upholster a couch in the dining-room. Will you kindly suggest materials and colors for the new things that I must get?"

There is no reason why the art square of old blue should not go most harmoniously with the soft green you have in this room. My fancy would be for curtains of sheer white, ruffled muslin in the front room; when the draperies are green and matting is used on the floor there seems to me a beautiful completeness in white, ruffled muslin at the windows. You will not need a medium to bring the blue and green together. They are good contrasting colors, and therefore look well together. I would use a yellow shade



INTERIOR STUDIES—LIVING ROOMS.

a beautiful dark red burlap with an old gold fleur-de-lis figure on it. It is 30 cents a yard, and 36 inches wide. It would make good portieres if hung straight from the pole. Crease it slightly with the hands in regular folds and push it well back on either side of doorway.

## A Pasadena House.

Mrs. C. says: "I have just taken a house and wish to ask your advice about colors. The sitting-room is papered with a deep cream paper, having a green vine. The whole effect of which is a soft green. On the floor is a nice matting, which blends well with the paper, and the portieres are of the same shade. Woodwork, redwood. I have an ebony stand, fancy white stand, brown corduroy couch, etc., in the room. For the floor I wish to use over the matting an art square of old blue, also another one in which blue predominates. I have a willow rocker, with blue cushions, also. Will these blues and greens be in too glaring contrast? On the dining-room floor I have linoleum in

on my lamp or one of old rose pink. Upholster the couch in dining-room in a blue denim which matches the papering.

KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer, so far as possible, all proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, whether the writer be a resident of California or not; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to inquiries have, frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.

[Baltimore American:] If the young Cuban idea is not taught to shoot up with magnificent impressions of American hospitality and the greatness of the United States generally it will not be the fault of the Cuban tourist teachers, who have enthusiastically accepted entertainment here, and who will soon return. Nothing has been left undone to make their visit pleasant, and it would be strange, indeed, if it did not produce good fruit.



# Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

## A FEW SMART GOWNS.

### VOGUE OF THE NEW SLEEVE AND THE BOLERO. BEAUTIFUL NEW TINTS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—One of our largest couturières here is showing many smart gowns in the new fuchsia tints, and many pretty combinations of wisteria or orchid lilac with sky-blue, and the boleros are simply countless. One of the most fetching is of almost solid gold embroidery, on white satin, very short, and worn over a white cloth empire gown. The short boleros, worn with a high sash or belt, are decidedly chic and greatly in vogue. Another handsome toilette is of black Chantilly over ivory taffeta, and is embroidered around the spreading edge of the skirt with great poppies, in purple, mauve and rose. The drapery of the corsage is caught up at the bust with a bunch of artificial poppies of the same tones, and the large, black capeline is trimmed with the same flowers.

Conspicuous on all sides is the new sleeve, if one can speak in the singular of what seems like nothing so much as two or three sleeves rolled into one.

Some of the new sleeves resemble an elbow sleeve, all plaits and tucks and inserting, finished off with ruffles and bows, and from the elbow to the wrist there is a clinging undersleeve of lace or lawn which falls over the hands.

Others are braided and embroidered and lined with a contrasting tone; they fall off wide and open at the elbow over an undersleeve of finely-plaited or tucked chiffon, which in turn is held in at the wrist by a small, embroidered or braided cuff.

Cluny lace is lavishly employed with voile, and is often dyed to match the tint of the material. In dull Pompeian reds, pastel blues, greens and beige, the effect is charming. Cluny has superseded everything, even Irish and Venetian guipure.

One fetching gown of the season, a pretty, dressy toilette, suitable for theater wear, etc., has a skirt in the new French shade—roses mourante—ornamented with fine silk cord braiding in a wide pattern, round the hem. The fullness around the waist is laid in fine plaits, in a manner similar to that of the bonne femme skirts. The corsage is entirely of deep écar Cluny lace, the edges of the fronts being held together over the tucked vest with black velvet straps and rosettes of black velvet baby ribbon. The sleeves are of lace and white mousseline and are trimmed with black ribbon and rosettes.

Lace gowns appliqued with taffeta are considered very smart. These are without doubt the costliest toilettes of the moment. Entire robes of Chantilly are much in vogue, and one of the most stylish was mounted on a foundation of lavender-blue taffeta, embroidered with small white dots. The lace skirt was mounted on a round yoke of black crêpe de Chine, and the corsage was of lace over

blue silk, finished with a wide girdle of black crêpe de Chine. The gown was completed with a dainty bolero of crêpe, encrusted with lace over blue silk, the whole ensemble being decidedly charming. The toilette is very elegant, and still practical. The noticeable point about the corsage is that it blouses over the girdle.

This shows how fancy presides over the composition of the modern robe. The whole is worked out with the very finest detail of the thousand and one things that are at present necessary in the make-up of a gown, and the solidity of the price stands in no proportion to the gaudiness of the toilette. Today it is fragility that stands foremost, and the more fragile the gown the more stylish it is.

ADELAIDE.

## HISTORY OF THE FAN.

IT DATES BACK TO ANCIENT EGYPT AND WAS USED BEFORE CLEOPATRA'S TIME.

By a Special Contributor.

One of the richest and most expensive fans in the world is owned by Mrs. Howard Gould, and was given to her by her husband as an engagement present. It cost not far from \$100,000, and its sticks are of perfectly-matched ivory, the mount studded with diamonds and turquoises. Queen Victoria has an ivory stick fan, riveted with dia-



### A PRETTY COAT.

A charming mastic coat of lady's cloth, the capes bound with white silk braid and scarf of scarlet crêpe de chine. It is for full dress wear during the autumn and early winter.

### A SCHOOL FROCK.

Little girls will wear the conventional sailor dress as a school frock all through the winter, the fabric, as with the one photographed here, is made of a warm, heavy

serge, trimmed with braid, buttons, and scarf in good contrast.

### A PARTY FROCK.

Here is an exquisite little coming frock, designed for party wear this season. The stuff is pale rose-colored crêpe de chine. The skirt and bertha accordion pleated and showing insertion of cream-tinted lace. Narrow velvet ribbon to match the crêpe encircles the waist and forms rosettes and steamers.

### A WINTER HAT.

A picturesque winter hat of gray felt, black and white grieve, and very pale pink roses. The shape is novel and becoming.

### A WALKING COSTUME.

This walking costume, for the autumn, is of a russet surfaced brown mixture, trimmed with bands of tulle black silk. It shows the approved shape of the winter



monds, with rare Maltese lace mount and much gold thread. Christine Nilsson has many fans that were presented to her at various times and which she has collected otherwise. A particularly fine one, made of gold, gems and feathers, came to her from the Thakore Sahib of Morri. Another one she has is closely covered with diamonds, oriental rubies, pearls and emeralds. A fan which Marie Antoinette had with her in prison, and subsequently carried with her to the scaffold, is one of the rare treasures of Nilsson's collection, the total value of which is approximately \$50,000.

The fan occupies a unique place in history and art. According to George Augustus Sala a palm leaf was the first original fan. Monuments dating prior to the Christian era establish the fact that natural objects, such as palm or lotus leaves, birds' wings and things of a similar character, were originally adapted to use as fans.

In the oriental days of Sheba and Cleopatra, fans were entirely utilitarian. They were wielded by slaves, for the benefit of their masters and mistresses.

Processions that have lingered in ancient Thebes show, in the artistic conceptions of the period, Ramesses III (who reigned in Egypt 1800 B.C.) accompanied by princes bearing screen-shaped fans. These fans were painted in warm or brilliant colors, and had long, twisted or double-colored handles. They were semi-circular in form, and served likewise as standards. It was considered a princely honor to be appointed a fan-bearer, and only persons of royal blood or men of the highest rank and noted for bravery were allowed to hold the position.

In India (where the fan is supposed to have originated) the oldest known fans were palm leaves. Among the Arabs and Persians fans were made of ostrich feathers as early as the dawn of the Christian era. With the rise of Christianity the fan appears as an emblem of chastity, and was given a place in the sanctuary; and at the altar it served to banish swarming flies from the chalice and to protect the celebrant from the sun's fierce rays. Flag fans similar to those now used in Tunisia appear as picture records in the illuminated manuscript miniatures of the thirteenth century and subsequently.

Japan has been credited with the origin of the folding fan (the fan proper) as we now know it. China soon after adopted it, and between 600 and 960 A.D. its use was firmly established there. Portugal received it at the hands of China some time during the fifteenth century, and from there it found its way to Spain, Italy, France and England.

An interesting form of the fan is found in Spain about 1430. It is a sort of round abanico, made of rice paper and garnished with feathers. Queen Elizabeth frequently used a fan, and there is a portrait of her in which she holds in her hand a small folding fan. In the inventory of her famous wardrobe twenty-seven fans were found, some of which were set with mirrors.

The celebrated Mme. Pompadour had a wonderful fan. The lace mount cost \$150,000, and it took some years to make the five sections, each one of which contains a miniature so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye. It still exists, but in a broken state.

Charlotte Corday, according to tradition, had a fan in one hand at the moment she carried death to Marat with the other.

In France under the reign of Louis XIV the art of fan-making reached a very high development. The fan blades vary from eighteen to twenty-one in number, and when the fan is fully extended, form a continuous surface of ivory or mother-of-pearl, with rich gold and silver decoration. A fan also much in favor during this period was the even-tail braise, which consisted altogether of sticks that were carved, painted or decorated with spangles. One of these was exhibited at the South Kensington Museum in 1870, and attracted much attention from those interested in fans and fan lore. It was in the style known as the Vernis Martin. Its decorative features were the "Toilette of Venus" and a "Promenade," the Venus being a portrait of Mme. Montespan. Martin was a coach painter or varnisher, who lived during the reign of the Grand Monarque. He discovered a most remarkable varnish—brilliant, translucent, hard and permanent—which he applied over paintings upon various objects, such as coaches, sedan chairs, snuff-boxes, bookcases, tables, and other furniture, ivory, fans, etc. His secret was not disclosed, and with his death the formula was lost. A good example of an undoubted Vernis Martin would cost today in the neighborhood of \$500. A splendid example of this fan, once belonging to Marie Antoinette, is now owned by Queen Victoria.

Fans called "the Lilliputians," which were just large enough to mask an indiscreet smile or a sudden blush, were popular during the First Empire. They figured under the name of "Imperceptibles" in the drawing-rooms of the Rue de Bac, of the Abbaye au Bois, and at the residence of Mme. Recamier. Early in the nineteenth century curious folding-fans of asses' skin, for the ball, appeared, on which the ladies used to write with black lead or with a silver pin the names of their partners for the waltz or quadrille.

The fan acquired a certain historical value in the annals of France, when on April 30, 1847, Hussin, the Dey of Algiers, in a moment of anger, struck M. Deval, the French Consul, with the plumes of his fan and refused to give satisfaction for the act—a refusal which brought about the conquest of Algiers and the occupation of Tunis by the French soldiers.

The finest collection of fans now in the world is that belonging to the Baroness James Rothschild, who has more than eight hundred examples of fans in her possession. In our own country, Mrs. Peter Marie, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Mrs. William D. Sloane, Mrs. J. W. Pinchot, Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, and several others have important collections. Leloir and Vibert painted some of the treasure fans that are now in the Vanderbilt collection. The Lazarus collection of fans in the Metropolitan Museum is small, but very select. It contains but seventy-two numbers, but among them are several excellent examples of fan creation during the most notable epochs. The Bloomfield-Moore collection in the Pennsylvania Museum at Philadelphia is also notable.

JOHN A. MORRIS.

[Kansas City Journal:] The tramp convention nominated Admiral Dewey, for the reason that for most of his life he was without a home, and when he got one gave it away. An effort was made to show that Dewey once navigated a tramp schooner, but the evidence was unsatisfactory.

## THE FOUNTAIN'S GUESTS.

OUR SWEET-VOICED SUMMER NEIGHBORS OF THE BUSH AND TREE-TOP.

By a Special Contributor.

During this period of excessive heat, while the mercury of thermometers is gambling at incredible altitudes, gasping birds find the stone bath near our front veranda a rare luxury, and all day long, with twittering, fluttering and exuberant plunging they express their joy at having such a delightful swimming pool. Synchronous with the spring migration of robins and other familiar acquaintances arrived in the valley and assumed bathing privileges at the rock resort. These were likely to arrive at night and appear in the morning that they might take their turn with the older habitués of the bath.

Participants in this northward immigration, which extended through March and April, showed by their actions whether they had decided to remain in our neighborhood, the tourists exhibiting only a languid interest in the surroundings, the prospective settlers displaying the liveliest curiosity. A pair of infinitesimal vireos, excruciating musicians, their song rag-time, inspected every bush and weed in the vicinity and afterward built in a nightshade growing at the root of a large bamboo below the terrace. The shy little golden warblers were just as scrupulous in their search for a nesting place, but because of their silence while thus engaged they did not reveal the spot selected for that purpose. The handsome black-caps displayed no concern about matters of that kind, as they were only resting on a journey to other breeding grounds.

The approach of the orioles was heralded, on March 13, by an unaccompanied male, a handsome specimen of the Bullock variety, with glossy jet cap and perfectly golden body, who appeared in the sycamore limbs, then, after considerable hesitation, dropped to the water for a long, refreshing dip. Three mornings later the bath and all of its surroundings were overwhelmed with these birds, all of them making exquisite melody, all of them clothed in the brightest yellow plumage. Their presence gave to the doorway the appearance of being stormed by musical poppies. Several black-throated or hooded orioles, their coloring bright, their forms unusually graceful, were to be seen with the others mingling with them on terms of friendship. No females of either variety appeared here until a week later. Nesting began about the third week in April.

During May, when most of the incubating occurred, brooding females that came to the pool found its coolness a decided relief to their fevered bodies, and cast high a spray that must have enabled them for a few moments to see the world through a medium of sparkle so bright and so beautiful that it probably gave to their retirement afterward cheerful visions. The males at this time held stag parties to which all except the treacherous jays were welcomed, and sang all day long to their mates who were hatching in the surrounding brushwood, the vocalists strenuous in their efforts thus to relieve the tedium of enforced seclusion. It was truly edifying to see some winged gentleman of the old school escort his spouse to the water when she appeared, and then off to the brush, his proprietorship manifest, his joy extreme.

The black and orange grosbeaks, or fruit birds, as they are called here, Zamelodia Melanocephala, were the most noticeable songsters of the hatching period. In fact from the time of their arrival, which occurred about the 10th of April, their glorious refrain—which had in it notes of the summer redbird and robin, and the mellow gliding tones of the cardinal—gave to the creek timber a brilliant music that both cheered and fascinated, as if the spring brightness had actually become vocal. So great is the compass of song possessed by these creatures that a single specimen while performing is frequently taken by the listener to be many birds. But they are fruit thieves, despite the sweetness of their song.

June and July have been exceedingly noisy with broods in which every individual, like little Oliver Twist, has expressed painful hunger by a cry for more, the appeal coming from youthful house finches, song sparrows, grosbeaks, jays, goldfinches, vireos, warblers, orioles, and many other shrill-voiced appellants that careworn parent birds, desperate in their attempts to satisfy, led often to the stone to fill up with water; for growing birds are so voracious that a single youngster of some varieties will consume fifteen feet of worms in a day and then ask for additional dainties. And when the broods have come to the bath they have dared one another as to which undaunted swimmer should make the most alarming plunge. The chorus of the immature is loud if not exquisite, and their antics are amusing.

Diverse in appearance and garb are the individuals of this hot-weather flock. In it there are youngsters so young that they can scarcely sit on a limb, others nearly grown, large and vigorous, that must forever be trying the delightful novelty of wing propulsion; and old birds with worn-out plumage, old birds with scarcely a tail feather to boast of, old birds disreputable in their nakedness, and old birds beautiful in a new gift of feathers. Marvelous is their chorus of chirp, chit, chatter, madrigal, roundelay and every other form of expression known to feathered craniums; while the wide dissimilarity in age, condition, size and song gives to the ever-present concourse a charm seldom equaled by mobs of this character. The doorway just now, the second week in August, is inhabited by a cosmopolitan, busy, noisy population that is densest about the swimming place.

The failure of mountain springs, caused by successive dry years, has driven many birds to the valley, and some of them come here for water. The most noticeable among these, the shining fly-snappers, or Phainopepla Nitens, glossy jet creatures with unexpended white in their wings and slender occipital crests on their heads, are shy visitors who sing prettily about the trees while I am on the veranda, then bathe immediately I have entered the house. Their vocalistic efforts are modest, though very pleasing. These birds are easily recognized by their appearance and actions; but there are many others much smaller that I cannot place and will not kill to identify.

The great California thrasher, Harporhynchus Redivivus, resurrected sickle-beak, has been more numerous represented here this summer than last, and many of the speci-

mens have made attempts to sing, their method being to thrust the long decurved bill skyward, then shriek harsh notes through the side of it in much the manner of some loquacious individuals of the human race. With awkward flight the performers go from tree to tree repeating their comical music. So clumsy are these thrashers that I often fear they will drown while bathing. Frequently they exhibit their prowess by drilling for ants in the front walk.

Several coveys of quail, the young mere fledglings when first seen, but now large enough so that I can easily distinguish the sexes, have this summer become regular visitors for water; and whenever they are here the old birds perch as sentinels either on the rail or the low hanging limbs near, while their countless progeny group about the stone to drink. The blue-clothed horde, some of the individuals lifting their heads high after every sip from the pool, others bathing, others waiting patiently on the outside, makes an attractive picture. They chatter continually while here and completely occupy the front yard.

All sorts of characters come to the pool in the course of a hot day—the shy and the bold, the modest and the vain, the silent and the uproarious, some in quiet apparel and others arrayed gorgeously, some to bathe leisurely, others hurriedly, all contributing their share of sprightliness to the dooryard; and while they are here the old Indian mortar shows duplicate images of its pretty visitors, and splashes brightly, and ripples continually, apparently overjoyed to be again the center of so much extravagant happiness; indeed, the chief promoter of all the gladsome good feeling. Hungry pickaninnies in yea olden times waiting for meal could not have been more clamorous than the thirsty birds.

The first ray of morning sunshine brings to the rock pool a large flock of early risers, then all day long birds as bright as autumn leaves are dropping to it from perches above, all day long exuberant voices are to be heard, till the last quail hushes his refrain in the creek brush, night envelops the view, the singing of poor-wills becomes faintly audible on the nearest mountain slope, and small gnome owls among the limbs over the water croon softly a sleepy chorus.

## GOOD FOR THE COMPLEXION.

PUNCHING THE BAG IS A NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR COSMETICS.

[Philadelphia Press:] Every now and then some new tonic, lotion or form of exercise appeals to woman's vanity, says the New York Tribune. Just now the girl who takes her exercise by punching the bag believes she has discovered an incomparable tonic for her complexion. To secure the best results the punching bag should be used just after the morning bath, when the loose dressing gown worn gives free play to the muscles. Ten or fifteen minutes of this vigorous exercise will send the blood coursing through every part of the body.

The bag should be placed by an expert, and should hang about on a level with the user's eyes. The striking motion must be upward, and the left hand should be used as much as possible. The immediate effect of this splendid exercise is to develop the muscles of the chest and arms. The advantage of using the left hand even more than the right will be evident at once when it is remembered that dress-makers habitually complain of the difficulty in fitting their clients, the majority of whom have the right shoulder higher than the left. This state of affairs, of course, comes from the habit of using the right hand almost exclusively.

## WOMEN OF NOTE.

Mme. Patti recently gave a grand concert at Brecon, in aid of a fund for the poor which she founded thirteen years ago.

The widowed Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has an income of £6000 a year from the British treasury, besides a jointure from the Coburg duchy estates. The Russian estate of the Duchess, and her own invested money, and her life allowance from the imperial treasury produce an income of about £50,000 a year.

One thing the new Queen of Italy has yet to learn—how to smile. Handsome as she is, she is also cold, or so she seems, for the simple reason that she is shy. As a Princess she has not achieved the art of always rejoicing in public, and the Italian people, who set great store by outward demonstrations of sympathy, have noted their absence.

Her Majesty, the Queen of England, has an intense horror of smoking, for men quite as much as for women. The weed is prohibited at Windsor Castle and at Balmoral. The lady has been known to cause her secretary to address letters to various cabinet ministers complaining of the aroma of tobacco with which official documents submitted for her signature were impregnated.

A typical Boer young woman of the wealthier class is a student at Chautauqua, N. Y. She is Miss Carrie Rousseau of Kenilworth, a suburb of Cape Colony, and is the daughter of a cousin of President Steyn of the Orange Free State, and a grandniece of Gen. Botha. She and her mother left South Africa at the outbreak of the war and have been traveling in this country since.

Among the exhibits at the Paris Exposition at present attracting considerable attention may be mentioned a magnificent fur costume, specially designed by the express wish of the favorite wife of the Shah of Persia by a well-known London furrier. The costume is valued at \$35,000 and is probably the finest specimen of workmanship in furs that has ever been exhibited, either in Paris or London.

Belle Isle Sur Mer, where the chateau of Sarah Bernhardt is located, is to be strongly fortified. The place has been found to be of strategic importance, and four great forts will be erected at once and two new batteries installed. Sarah Bernhardt is disgusted over the new invasion of the island, with its tramcars and fortifications, and declares she will not pass another summer there. She threatens to sell her chateau to some English nobleman.



## The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

### THINGS ALL AROUND US.

#### NATURE SERIES—XLII. AN INSECT DRILL.

By a Staff Writer.

IN LAST Sunday's paper I described to you an insect I saw and the way in which its tiny owner, the saw-fly, uses it. In the picture on this page you have an insect drill—the drill of the ichneumon, of which I have already told you something in an earlier paper. On the left-hand side of the picture you can see an ichneumon crawling over the trunk of the tree, with the long drill trailing far behind it, and on the right hand you can see her tool in use. She is laying her eggs, with the aid of the tool, in the body of the other insect inside the trunk. You must imagine that this last insect is entirely hidden

vantage of this and again sprang for the nest. But the old birds were too quick for him, and flew at him, again buffeting him with their wings and pecking at his face so savagely that the tears streamed from his eyes, and he bit and shrieked in his rage. The wings of the birds fanned and beat him until he was compelled to jump from the tree and take refuge in his house beneath.

It was amusing to watch him, as he sat down and spread out his tail and combed it with his fingers, winking and blinking the tears from his eyes and chattering quietly to himself. Defeat was plainly written all over his countenance, and I feel sure that he will prefer the seclusion of his house to the freedom of the trees, at least while the mockingbirds are nesting, and will no doubt be a wiser if a sadder monkey after a few weeks' reflection.

It is not surprising that Jocko did not come off victorious

continual struggle for existence in the crowd, and the too near proximity of the horses' heels, by means of which the mounted gendarmes kept the course clear. Presently the hills of Rome resound to a salvo of cannon. This announces that the Queen has left the Quirinal Palace. Shortly afterward the royal carriage appears, and in reply to the "Viva, viva la Regina," Margherita smilingly bows right and left to the crowd. The ladies sink in the "charity dip," the courtesy acceptable to royalty, men bare their heads. As for the Queen's part in the interchange of courtesies, it is said this incessant act of bowing is so fatiguing that a seat with springs is provided for such occasions in order to minimize the physical effort.

The royal carriage, with its footmen in powdered heads and scarlet liveries, draws up on one side; bareheaded the flunkies stand in front of the horses; and distant music heralds the coming spectacle.

The regiments march through the square, saluting Her Majesty as they pass the royal carriage. They are welcomed by the crowd with acclamation, but it remains for the crack regiment, the famous Bersagliere, to awaken wild enthusiasm.

Frenzied applause greets the appearance of the band which heralds the favorites, as it runs past (how the musicians keep up the pace and play their instruments is marvelous); then the Bersagliere, who always come upon the field at a run, make their appearance. Picturesque in their large hats and waving plumes, and splendidly drilled, they sweep forward as one man, worthy of the continued applause which follows their advance across the piazza into the streets beyond.

"The Bersagliere! The Bersagliere!" the crowd shouts itself hoarse.

It is said the pace is killing, and wears out the men in a few years; also that the gait, once acquired, is difficult to lose. A friend who was waited on at a hotel by an ex-Bersagliere declares that he used to trot around the table with the dishes!

But now comes the climax of interest in this morning's proceedings. The King will pass the royal carriage and salute the Queen, who will rise and curtsy to him.

"Evvivat il Re!"

Humbert comes on the field, riding his superb bay war horse, which curvets proudly at the enthusiastic greetings of the crowd. The King is an imposing figure in his magnificent uniform. Beside him Prince Victor looks but a slip of a lad. His snow-white mustaches make a great contrast to his dark, swarthy countenance. He is surrounded by his staff officers, and rides slowly across the piazza, taking evident pleasure in the warm reception he receives from his people.

And now the Queen is seen to change her place, taking that of her companion. This brings her to the side of the carriage on which the King will pass. As he draws near he lowers his sword in deep obeisance to his royal consort, and the Queen rises to her feet and makes a deep curtsy to the King. It is a pretty sight, this gracious, graceful acknowledgment of her King by Margherita, and is much appreciated by the spectators of the charming play.

The review is over, the Queen drives away, with King Humbert on one side of her carriage and Prince Victor on the other.

In the evening, as a climax to the superb pyrotechnics, two jeweled crowns appear against the Pincian Hill, encircled with the monogram of the royal pair, on a background of the arms of the house of Savoy.

Then there is a salvo of cannon, as Their Majesties drive away from the piazza. The eternal hills echo and re-echo the sound. The crowd disperses. The gala day is over.

Pass—the dream. The King is dead!

Long live the King!

ADA M. TROTTER.

### FLIES' EYES.

#### FOUR THOUSAND IN A BUNCH ON EACH SIDE OF THE HEAD.

[Harvey Sutherland, in Ainslee's:] "Whoever thinks the male the superior animal finds no rest for the sole of his foot in the contemplation of what we, in the sublimity of our self-conceit, call 'the lower animals.' In our general ignorance of the housefly we do not know just how foolish and no-account the male is, but we may reasonably infer that he is as markedly deficient as usual, seeing that his eyes are so close together that they touch each other. That's always a bad sign. If you see anybody with eyes close together you are entitled to think little of his intelligence."

"The fly has two sorts of eyes, the big compound one, 4000 in a bunch on each side of the head, for knocking about in daylight, and three simple eyes on the top of the head for use in a poor light, sewing and fine print. Before going into ecstasies of admiration over the creature that has 4000 eyes on each side of its head it might be well to remember that they are not of much account. In case of old flies kept over winter the compound eyes cave in and get broken, yet the fly seems to get along and find food. One kind gentleman varnished over the simple eyes and plucked off the wings of some flies. He found that he might hold a candle close enough to burn the compound eyes of the fly before it had a suspicion that anything out of the common was going on. In daylight he took a knitting needle and brought it up in front of the fly close enough to touch its antennae before it dodged. If the knitting needle was brought up on one side Mr. Fly picked up his sticking plasters quite lively."

### CHECKMATED.

[Judge:] Cobwigger. What is it that is troubling Freddie so much?

Mrs. Cobwigger. He joined two Sunday-schools and they are both going to have their strawberry festival on the same day.



ICHNEUMON DRILLING A TREE.

in the wood, although in the picture part of the tree trunk is cut away in order that you may see how the drill works. At the top it is curved around under the body of the ichneumon and separates into two parts. This gives strength to the thrust.

### JOCKO'S DEFEAT.

#### HOW THE LITTLE FILIPINO WAS OUTCLASSED BY A PAIR OF MOCKING BIRDS.

By a Special Contributor.

JOCKO made such a strong fight against the hens and their chickens, when last let out for a climb in the trees, that for this and another reason here shown he will not be allowed to come out of his house for several weeks. He refused to conduct himself like a gentleman, but rather acted like a brigand, attacking old hens and their broods and making raids on hens' nests—not to speak of his escapade with a pair of mockingbirds who have built their home in a tall eucalyptus tree just over his house, where their baby birds have often to be left unprotected while the parents forage for food. The adventure came about in this wise. Jocko took advantage of the absence of the parent mockingbirds, once when they went foraging, and climbing up the tree near the nest, attempted to take possession of the young birds. But, alas, for his ambition! As he swung agilely upward from limb to limb, intent on destroying the home of the little ones, the youngsters heard the crackling of the twigs, and looked confidently out of their nest with their mouths wide open, ready for food.

Now Jocko is not altogether a coward, but when he looked up and saw four, great, yellow throats wide open, looking like immense caverns, he paused in his ascent and seemed to consider. At that moment the four mouths uttered a piercing shriek that caused Jocko to bound forward. In an instant there was a whirling sound, and the two large mockingbirds flew at him, beating him with their wings and pecking ferociously at his face. Jocko shrieked and chattered, and sprang from branch to branch, but without avail; the two birds darted at him with the rapidity of lightning. The young birds in their nest chirped shrilly, and their great mouths opened wider and wider.

Jocko was wholly unprepared for such a fierce onslaught. However, he was plucky, besides he had lost his temper. Therefore he went chattering and jumping about, showing a good bit of fight, but keeping his distance from the nest.

And now the birds for an instant ceased their attack and soared up above the tree. Jocko attempted to take ad-

in his raid, for mockingbirds are most formidable fighters, and they are not at all discriminating in their attacks upon intruders. They will fight man or beast who molests their homes. Often dogs are forced to run from their sharp beaks and the buffeting of their wings. Even sly old puss finds the ascent of a tree in search of a mockingbird's nest impracticable with two infuriated birds pecking at her eyes and blinding her.

The black snake is the deadly enemy of all birds, and the very sight of one makes a mockingbird furious. Now the black snake is a harmless reptile to man, but he just dotes on rats and mice and eggs of all kinds, and young birds form one of his daintiest dishes. But the black snake is vulnerable about the head, and the mockingbird knows this, and will beat him down with his wings. Then, as soon as the bird sees his advantage, he will seize the reptile by the neck and lift it bodily from the ground; he will buffet it with his wings, and peck at it, and drop it, and pick it up again, until it is dead.

So, taking into consideration the fighting capacity of the mockingbird, we concluded that it was best to keep Jocko at home until the young birds had gone out into the big world to fight for themselves—else there might possibly be a dead monkey.

ADINA MITCHELL.

### A GALA DAY AT ROME.

#### REMINISCENCES OF KING HUMBERT AND THE GOOD QUEEN MARGHERITA.

By a Special Contributor.

THE famous bay—the war horse of King Humbert, in mourning trappings—riderless, followed in procession as the funeral cortège of the murdered King wound through the streets of the Eternal City from the palace on the Pincian Hill to that fit mausoleum of heroes, the Temple in the Campus Martius, the Pantheon. Tears welled up in many eyes, as the favorite passed, reminiscent of many a superb pageant in which he had figured with his master. And in vivid picture rises remembrance of the last occasion when the writer saw King Humbert riding this beautiful steed.

June 1 is kept in Rome as a gala day, commemorated in the morning by a review of the troops, ended in the evening by pyrotechnics let off on the Pincian Hill. Crowds throng the gayly decorated streets, and blue sky and sunbeam from a brilliant setting which we of Southern California know well how to appreciate.

Early in the morning of June 1, 1895, our party occupied a flat roof overlooking the piazza through which the troops must pass on their return from the field. Here, kneeling on chairs, we could peep over the stone coping, escaping



## HOW THE NAVY TRAINS SEAMEN.

DUTIES AND PLEASURES OF THE BOY WHO HAS ENTERED THE NAVAL STATION.

By a Special Contributor.

Last week, I told you about what is required of a boy who wishes to enlist in Uncle Sam's navy. This week I will describe to you something of what would be your life at the naval training station on Yerba Buena Island, supposing that you were the boy who had entered the service.

From the Pensacola you carry your bag of clothing and your hammock up to the long, low building that you saw from the ferry. This building is called the Barracks, and is where you will live while you are at the station. The first thing you see, when you enter, is a very long hall with windows all along one side and doors all along the other. It is three hundred feet long and sixty feet wide—a very large hall, but the space is needed, for it is in here that so many boys live and drill every day.

When you enter this big hall you are shown to the office of the officer-of-the-day. You are then given what is called a station billet, which is a printed slip giving your number in the organization of boys, the number of your division, section and mess, and the number of the hydrant that you must look for when the fire alarm is sounded, as it is once a week. On this same slip are printed several of the regulations of the station, so that a boy may know from the start just about what is expected of him.

He is then shown how to keep his clothing neatly tied up and stowed in his bag, where to put his bag on the rack in the bag room, and where to stow his hammock until night. He is furnished with a small box, called a ditty box, in which to keep his smaller toilet articles and writing materials, and a key to this box is given him. The box, his hammock and his bag are all marked with his number, so that he may keep track of his own property.

Let us now begin a day with our apprentice and see him through until "taps."

At 6 o'clock in the morning he is roused from his first night in a hammock by the sound of a bugle playing "reveille." At this call every boy turns out at once and lashes up his hammock into a neat roll with seven turns of the lashing around it. He then stows it in the proper box with the others of his section. Twenty minutes are allowed for this at the station, though much less time is considered necessary on board ship.

The next thing on the programme is a bath for one-half of the boys, the other half being content with a wash up tomorrow, when it will be their turn to bathe. During the summer time the boys that wish to may swim from the beach near the Pensacola during the time for bathing. The bathroom is made for the purpose of bathing a large number of boys at one time, for in this one room are sixty showers in which run hot and cold water.

The washroom has bowls for seventy-two, so you see boys find it very easy to keep clean. In fact it is made very hard for them if they do not keep so.

After the bathing they are marched to breakfast. After breakfast, until 9 a.m., all boys are busy cleaning up their barracks and the grounds in their vicinity, and when they have cleaned their quarters they get their clean clothes from their bags to put on for inspection. At 9 o'clock the inspection is held and at that time every boy must appear in clean clothing and with his shoes blacked. No one can escape being clean for all form in ranks in the big hall and

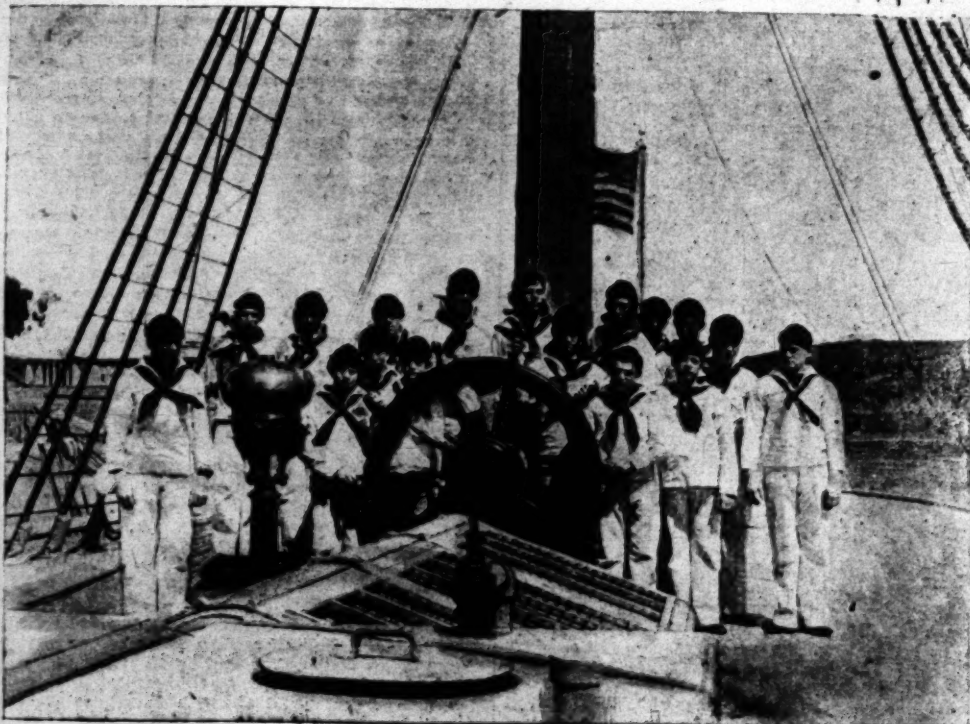
on duty with the boys at all times, instructing them in drill, looking out for their bags of clothing to see that these are clean, and keeping the boys themselves in order. The instruction is more for the purpose of making seamen and petty officers than it is for schooling, so much more of a boy's time is devoted to instruction in the duties of a sailor than in school.

The drill periods last until 4 p.m., with an hour and a half off at noon; and at 4 o'clock all prepare to scrub their clothing. You would be surprised to see how soon a boy learns to scrub his own clothes and gets them clean and white for inspection in the morning. A steam dryer is just

exercised until the physical exercise just before supper. Saturdays there is no drill, all being engaged during the forenoon in a general cleaning of the barracks and grounds.

In the afternoon there is work for those boys only who have been assigned extra duty as a punishment. Others may play ball, fish, or go for a sail with one of the petty officer instructors.

On Sunday all dress in their blue sailor uniform for the inspection by the commandant and for church, which follows close after. They remain in their blue uniforms until after dinner, when they stow them away neatly in their bags and put on their white suits. Sunday afternoons are de-



AT THE WHEEL.

off from the bathroom, where the boys scrub their clothing, and in this dryer all the clothing is placed over night.

From this time on and until shortly before supper a boy is free to amuse himself as best he may, there being balls and bats, boxing gloves and Indian clubs furnished by the station. Just before supper there is a short physical exercise as in the morning. Then, after supper, the library is open, and the boys find good books in which to read, or they look at the latest weekly papers or the monthly magazines or daily papers.

Next to the library is the chaplain's office, where the

voted to reading or letter-writing in the library, or perhaps to sailing again, as on Saturday.

Every morning the report of the conduct of boys is read out and posted up where all may see it. At 11:30 the commandant considers these reports, listens to the boys' excuses, and cautions or punishes as the case may demand. At the end of each three months a board of officers meets and considers the conduct of the boys, their progress, etc., and if it finds that a boy's conduct has been too bad it recommends that he be discharged as undisciplined. Before he is discharged, however, his parents are notified in time to send for him, but if they do not do so, then he is discharged without further ado. The training station cannot afford to waste time on useless boys any more than can other institutions. At the end of six months, or as near that time as possible, boys who have made satisfactory progress are sent aboard the training ship Adams, on which they cruise up and down the Pacific Coast and sometimes visit Honolulu, until the end of another six months, when they may be given leave to go home for a week or ten days if there is no war on and the navy can spare them that length of time. After that leave, they are sent aboard any of the ships of the navy, some to go to Manila, some to China, some to Japan, some to stay here on this Coast on the Iowa or the Philadelphia, where they serve the remaining time of their apprenticeship until they are twenty-one. Boys that are transferred to regular ships in this way are advanced to apprentices, second class, and are paid \$15 a month in addition to their ration allowance of 30 cents a day. They must be of the second class for one year before they can be made apprentices of the first class at \$21 a month, and they reach the position only providing they can pass the examination that will show them to be pretty good seamen.

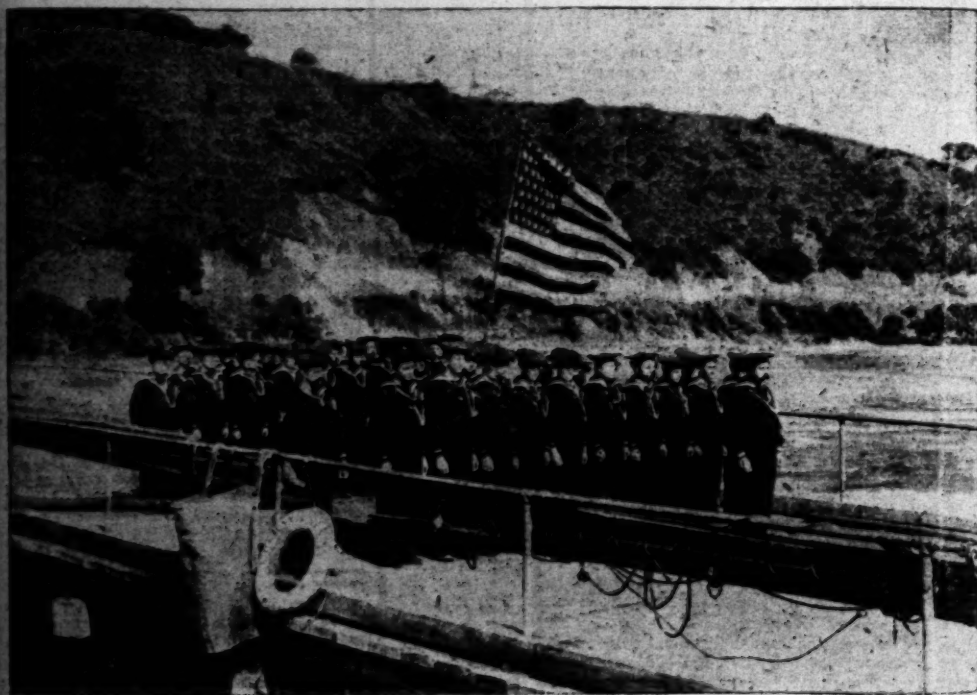
At twenty-one a boy enlisted on the Pacific Coast will be sent to this Coast at government expense for discharge. A discharge as an apprentice, first class, with good behavior, will entitle a boy to reenlist as a seaman, and from then on he is eligible to promotion to petty officer, and particularly bright boys are made petty officers at \$30 per month on board regular ships of the navy during the last year of their apprenticeship.

Thus we have followed our boy from the time of his entrance as an apprentice, third class, with the consent of his parents, until his discharge at twenty-one, when he is eligible for reenlistment and promotion to any grade of petty officer with pay anywhere from \$24 to \$65 per month. Or he may, if he be an exceptionally bright young man, become a warrant officer with pay from \$75 to \$150, depending upon the length of service; and with the privilege of retiring on three-quarters pay when he is sixty-two years of age.

F. C. UPHAM.

## PREHISTORIC RACES IN ALASKA.

[Indianapolis News:] The first authentic discovery of traces of a prehistoric race in Alaska was made recently by prospectors in the foothills of Mt. St. Elias, who, in prospecting for placer diggings, discovered a copper mine which had been worked ages ago. In the immediate vicinity were picked up kettles, tools, spearheads and other articles of practical use, manufactured in a crude manner out of copper. It is evident that the copper came from three of the four veins in the immediate vicinity. The spot where the discovery was made is 6000 feet above sea level, in the foothills of the mountain peak.



OFF FOR MEMORIAL PARADE.

be carefully inspected. This inspection is followed by physical exercise that is intended to make a boy carry his head up and shoulders square.

At 9:30 o'clock the work for the day begins in earnest, for at this time the bugle sounds again and all form in ranks to hear what are to be their drills for the day. The boys are divided into two divisions, and in each division are six sections of eighteen boys each. Each section drills by itself, so every day a detail of the drills for each section for the following day is made out. In one day there are five instruction periods, and one section may drill at all drill, boats, infantry, heaving the lead, and have a varied at school. The next day that same section will have instruction in other subjects necessary to naval training. Petty officers who have been many years in the navy are

boys pay many visits to their good friend, whose business it is to be ever ready with kind words for homesick boys.

Just before sundown, the bugle calls all boys to stand in ranks and salute the flag as it is hauled down for the night to the music of the station band or to the notes of the bugle. Only one more time do they answer the bugle today, and that is when they muster for their hammocks and prepare for the night's rest.

They all sleep well and are quite ready for more drills and new ones the following day.

Wednesday afternoon there is no drill, but every boy gets his bag from the bag room and takes it to the place where it is inspected to see that the clothing is clean and in good order, and that the owner has the required amount of it. After this bag inspection the afternoon is free of



## SALAMANCA.

SEAT OF LEARNING OF SOUTHERN EUROPE.

From a Special Correspondent.

SALAMANCA (Spain), July 30, 1900.—How disappointing and yet how interesting is this old city of song and story. For centuries the world has been accustomed to think of Salamanca, with its celebrated university and troubadour students, as the synonym of erudition—the Oxford, Yale, Harvard, Heidelberg of Southern Europe; and most of the world has gone on thinking so to this day, though the melancholy fact is that the ancient seat of learning has for many years been little more than a heap of ruins abandoned to rats and owls. From Avila to Salamanca is a tedious night journey by railway, over an arid and treeless country which even "the hallowed benediction of the moon" fails to beautify. You leave Avila at 1 a.m., guided by lanterns down the narrow, crooked streets from hotel to station, imprompted every step of the way by whining beggars and lottery-ticket sellers who are as numerous and persistent by night as by day when strangers are their prey. So slowly jogs the train that day is well advanced before you sight Salamanca—horseshoe in shape, pale-yellow in color, with the wide, blue river Tormes flowing close under its ancient walls. This mighty river, by the way, than which a bluer or more beautiful does not exist, proves a dangerous acquaintance to the foreigner. Its waters hold in solution some unexplained mineral or organic matter, which not only plays havoc with the "inner man" of one unaccustomed to drinking it, but covers the body of the bather with minute sores, resembling an aggravated case of "prickly heat." Salamancans keep the water standing several days in cisterns before drinking it, in order to allow the injurious substance to deposit. The Tormes, rising somewhere in the northern mountains, flows more than a hundred miles through Spanish territory, to its junction with the Duero, the great river of Portugal. A lazy, shallow trout stream through the arid region where water is most needed, it suddenly becomes very broad and imposing near Salamanca, where it is crossed by a magnificent stone bridge of twenty-five arches. The rule of twenty-five appears to prevail in this ancient seat of learning—twenty-five colleges, twenty-five churches, twenty-five convents, twenty-five professorships and twenty-five arches to its Roman bridge; but the last alone remain intact—the rest being mostly among the things of long ago. In the fourteenth century Salamanca boasted the most splendid collegiate buildings in Europe and twelve thousand students in its great university alone. Its pride was first laid in the dust by the French, in the summer of 1812, who wantonly destroyed twenty of the colleges and all the richest convents, together with private palaces worthy the Corso of Rome or the Grand Canal of Venice, which they first looted of valuables and then burned for firewood. Later on the law of Queen Isabella II, that no corporate body in Spain could hold any property (made especially for royal plunder), completed the devastation of Salamanca. A few notable buildings remain to show what the city must once have been—the great cathedral, a dozen colleges and convents, the monastery of San Bartolomeo, now used as a residence for the civil Governor, and the archbishop's palace, occupied by what remains of the celebrated Colegio de Noblesas Irlandesas, ("College of Irish Noblemen," founded by Philip IV, in 1590, to spite his sister-in-law, Elizabeth of England, and dedicated to St. Patrick. The beautiful cream-colored stone which forms the walls of the larger buildings was quarried close by the city on the banks of the Tormes. Most of them were erected early in the fifteenth century, although of course many are much older; and it is safe to say that nothing whatever has been built in Salamanca during the last hundred years. Furbishing up your ancient history, you remember that Plutarch relates how, 380 B.C., Hannibal raised the siege of Salamanca, after the Spaniards had promised to pay three hundred talents of silver and to hand over three hundred hostages. It seems that the race was not famous for keeping its word even in that early day, and, having failed to comply with the terms agreed upon, the Punic Chief returned and gave the place over to plunder. He ordered the male population to come out unarmed, and, being afraid to trust them, demanded that they leave their cloaks behind. But he did not reckon on the women. The latter concealed swords under their sayas, and when the Massagettian guard placed over the presumably unarmed prisoners, left their charge to join in the pillage, the women gave the swords to the men, who rushed back and killed hundreds of the plunderers. So much for Plutarch's contribution to the history of Salamanca, true or false. We know that under the Romans this city became the ninth military station on the Via Plata, ("Silver Way,")—the broad road that led from Santander on the north coast of the peninsula, to Cadis on the south. At Salamanca the Goths coined their golden money until the place was ravaged by the Moors; and Spaniards reconquered it in 1055. Although fully three-fourths of the city is now ruins, it is still a wonderful mass of colleges, convents and churches. Indeed, nowhere else in the world, upon so small an area, can be found such a wealth of sculpture, such pomp of architectural display, as in this corpse of a city whose population has dwindled from 50,000 to hardly 5000. You put up at La Burgalesa, the only hotel now open in the place, and are surprised to find it, "not half bad," as the English say—considering the extreme poverty of the region and the general badness of Spanish inns. Close by is the Plaza Mayor, the great square which for three hundred years enjoyed the reputation of being the finest in Spain, capable of holding twenty thousand people, where bullfights were held for the amusement of Kings. One side is occupied by municipal buildings, the three other sides by arcades of arches, on Corinthian columns—the whole a marvelous sample of Plateresque architecture. But its glory has long since departed. Behind those splendid arcades are dark, dirty, poverty-stricken shops, and back of them are narrow, ill-paved alleys, lined with tumble-down palaces and swarming with beggars. All day this once-proud Plaza is deserted—except for the beg-

gars, asleep in the sun; but in the evening the few remaining students congregate there, swaggering up and down, arm in arm, proudly wearing their ragged cloaks like regal ermine, puffing their interminable cigarettes and shouting their Castilian songs. The old-fashioned "Spanish student," associated in the mind with strolling bands of musicians, escalades of balconies, and the roguish exploits so charmingly pictured in the pages of "The Bachelor of Salamanca" and Cervantes "Tia Fingide," is now almost extinct. The ugly black costume of the order is yet worn, but the boxwood fork and spoon, stuck in the cocked hat, are nowadays only for ornament and are no longer used to fish out tidbits from the caldron of the convent kitchen. Since the construction of railroads in this part of Spain has destroyed the business of muleteers, the troops of rollicking youths that formerly over-ran these provinces—clearing the larders of the ventas and arousing the ire of jealous husbands—have entirely disappeared.

There is a Spanish proverb which compares a student without a guitar to a comet without a tail; and truly, one is as conceivable as the other in Salamanca. Every student has more or less musical ability, and the performances of the experts would win applause from the "end men" of any minstrel show. Poor as he always is, and often hungry, his beloved guitar is the last possession the scholar will part with. His books go first, his cloak, his coat—but never his music maker until he is reduced to the pangs of starvation. The municipal authorities of Salamanca have no jurisdiction over the university, which has its own government and courts. The old-time Beadles, charged with preserving the peace, have a hard time of it to keep in order the madcap students, whom another Castilian saying calls "The Bedouins of guitar and dagger." It is said that the university discipline is very lax, only a nominal attendance at the lectures being expected. The sole and indispensable requisite to graduation is a thorough knowledge of Latin, in which the candidate for a degree must be so proficient as to read and write it with the same facility as his native tongue. The doctors of the various faculties are distinguished by tassels upon their caps—red, blue, green, yellow or white, each department of science having its peculiar color—and funny it looks to see a dried-up, leathery old gentleman, stalking solemnly about, with cap perched rakishly on one side of his bald head, a gaudy bunch of silk dangling above his nose.

The university buildings cover a great deal of ground, but everything about them indicates the decayed fortunes of the venerable institution. You enter by way of the library, whose facade alone—a triumph of the decorative and heraldic style—is worth an architect's visit to Spain. It is of the richest period of Ferdinand and Isabella, the creamy stone having been as wax in the hands of the artists, who evolved a mass of scrolls and tracery, amid medallions and badges innumerable. The inscriptions are in Greek—"The Kings to the University, and this to the Kings." That dilapidated portion which answers to "The Schools" of Oxford—began in the year 1415, in the romantic age of Juan II, patron of literature and the troubadour—has a gorgeous plateresque front and a curious Convocation house. Nowadays the students are lodged in private houses and come up here for their "classes." The little square behind this part, surrounded by collegiate buildings, is much like any other college "quadrangle," only immeasurably shabbier and more melancholy. In the center is a statue of the famous ecclesiastical poet, Fra Luis de Leon, who is numbered among the eminent students here, with Cervantes, Cardinal Ximenes, Saavedra and others of whom the world has heard, now long returned to mother earth. Over the door of each lecture room is a tablet, denoting the particular science which is, or was, or ought to be taught therein. Inside of each room is a pulpit for the lecturer, and rows of benches for the students, with a sort of ledge before them, or which to write their notes. The handsome library is lined with Louis XIV bookcases and gallery, a smaller room being devoted to a vast and most interesting collection of illuminated manuscripts and books—mostly collected from confiscated monasteries. Among the most remarkable are an illuminated manuscript of the fifteenth century, "Libro de las Claras y Virtuosas mujeres" (Book of the Graces and Virtues of Women), by Don Alvaro de Luna; original letters and manuscript books of Fra de Leon; a volume of the Lord's Prayer, in one hundred and fifty-seven languages, ordered by the first Napoleon, and many rare works prohibited by the liber expurgatorio—all of which the librarian will show you with boundless pride and patience. Passing through several tapestry-draped, musty-smelling rooms, you come to the Sala del Claustro—a rather modern-looking saloon in which the doctors and heads of houses assemble in conclave. A student about to "wrangle," or "dispute," is shut up here twenty-five hours, with a sentinel on guard at the door, to give him time and opportunity to consider his subject.

Next in interest in the line of colleges is the old Colegio Mayor de Santiago Apostol, now called the "Irish College," founded more than four centuries ago. Here a score of Irish students are always in training for the priesthood. There are dozens of other colleges, all built at incredible expense by the most skillful artisans of their age, and all now comparatively untenanted, with empty courts and echoing corridors.

Even more interesting from a historical point of view is the Dominican monastery of San Esteban, in the Calle de Colon ("Columbus street")—so called in memory of the great admiral, who once resided in it. When the wise doctors of the university found Columbus's scheme for discovering another continent "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of the government"—the friars of San Esteban, under Daza, the Inquisitor, approved and upheld the homeless genius and entertained him several weeks with generous hospitality. In gratitude for the same, Columbus used the first virgin gold imported from the New World in gilding the retablo of the Dominican Church; and most gorgeous it still is in appearance, as seen under the dark elliptical arch of the coro. The "Room of Colon," where the conferences took place which subsequently had such great control over the destinies of the Western Hemisphere, is an immense, bare, vaulted hall, two hundred feet long by perhaps twenty-five feet wide. But it has another and more terrible history. For many years the familiars of the Inquisition assembled here to witness the torture of heretics, and the floor is

neatly paved with human vertebrae, the remains of the victims of that tribunal.

The Cathedral of brilliant yellow stone has little appearance of antiquity, though begun in 1513. From its north aisle you pass into a second and older cathedral, built in 1103, by the famous Bishop Geronimo, Confessor of the Cid, who fought by his side in all his battles and supported his dead body on its final journey from Valencia. The bishop was buried here, and above his tomb for five centuries hung "El Christo de las Batallas," the bronze crucifix of the Cid, which he always carried to battle. It long since disappeared; but it is said that the canons know the hiding place where, in these days of church robbery, it has been secreted. The tomb of Geronimo was opened in 1606, and a chronicler of the day affirms that "The body of the holy warrior smelled truly delicious."

FANNIE B. WARD.

## AN ENGLISH "PARADISE"

INNUMERABLE SPECIES OF ANIMALS ON THE DUKE OF BEDFORD'S ESTATE.

[London News:] A "paradise" is the technical term for a preserve in which attempts are made with more or less success to acclimatize foreign birds and animals. The three most successful paradises in England are Haggerstone Castle, near Beale; Leonardale, in Sussex, and Weburn Abbey. Leonardale provides the nearest approach to perfectly wild conditions, and the innumerable foreign species—the big red kangaroos, the wallabies, the mouflon, or wild sheep; the prairie dogs, the Patagonian caracaras and countless other species—give the landscape a very un-English appearance. A writer in the Quarterly Review thus describes a vista on the Duke of Bedford's estate at Weburn Abbey:

There, in a single picture, axis deer, Japanese deer, Peking deer, red deer, Caucasian red deer, Virginian deer, and a mouflon sheep may be seen grazing quietly together; while the portraits of many other stags and bucks show to what health and vigor the animals attain in this unique paradise. But no photograph could ever do justice to the general effect of the herds there gathered together. Probably nothing like it could be seen anywhere nearer than the Athi plains in our East African Protectorate, where the great fauna of Africa still wander and feed in herds of hundreds of individuals, all at peace with one another and not greatly scared by man. In the center of the scene lies the big gray palace, set among rolling waves of park, studded with ancient trees. Under the trees, out on the open lawns and glades, all along the sky line, and round the pools, graze the fallow bucks and does, Japanese stags, red deer, and hybrid fawns and stags. Among them stalk gigantic wapiti, lords and masters of the mixed multitude. Under the chestnut trees is a herd of black and white yaks with their calves, with their other wild sheep, and close to the drive is a small herd of sebras, with a foal or two, as much at their ease as if they were commoner ponies on Matley Heath in the New Forest.

The variety of strange birds is just as great. Chiefly remarkable are the brilliant Reeves's pheasant and the Australian brush turkey.

One of the most useful functions of a "paradise" is to preserve moribund species which once flourished in this country. The beaver, for instance, is busy with his marvelous feats of engineering and architecture in the brook at Leonardale, though it is probably eight hundred years since a beaver made a weir on a British stream. Says the writer in the Quarterly:

"If beavers are to flourish on a river they must have a constant depth of water in which to dive and to cover the entrance to their 'lodges,' even if the surface is frozen thick with ice. As few small rivers or brooks have a constant flow, but are sometimes shallow, sometimes in flood, the beavers make a weir to keep up a head of water. How serious are the difficulties of building and maintaining such a weir every engineer knows. The phenomenal cleverness and industry of beavers are devoted to this end. This is not the place to give details of their log-rolling paths, canals, wood cutting and weir making; but, apart from the two former processes, which were not needed in their home at Leonardale, all the mechanical skill of beavers may there be seen to admiration. They soon made and have ever since maintained a large weir, cutting down all the unprotected trees, except some large beeches and big pines, and using all the branches, large and small, for building with. They left one tree, a small oak, to support what was to be the center of the weir. Soon a long, deep pool was formed about the weir, flooding the 'acres' banks and submerging the bases of several large trees which the beavers had begun to cut. One, a large beech, they rooted up, when the water had moistened the earth below. In order to cut down another, around which their pool had formed deep water, they built a platform, and then sat on that and gnawed the tree. Later they cut down the supporting oak, probably knowing that the dam was strong enough without it, and began a new weir below."

## THEY HAVE NO GIRLHOOD.

NO INTERMEDIATE PERIOD IN THE LIFE OF A CHINESE MAIDEN.

In China there is nothing of the sweet girlhood which is enjoyed in this country; in fact, one rarely sees girls in China, says the London Daily Mail.

They marry so young that they appear to spring from childhood to maturity without any intermediate stage of girlhood. There is no blushing "fifteen" or "sweet sixteen," no flirtations, no balls, no picnics, no billets-doux. The child has not ceased to play with her doll before she has a baby to dandle.

The only joy of a woman's life is in dressing her hair. This is done with an elaborate, artistic science curious to see. Their hair is invariably black and very long. It is drawn tightly from the face and stiffened with gum. It is then piled up in coils and wings and loops that stand aloof without the aid of pads, roulets, puffs or hairpins.

There are no spinsters in China, except the nuns who dedicate their virginity to Buddha. These ladies shave their heads like priests, and thus deprive themselves of the only Chinese sign of gender—the hair dressed in a teased-



# CARE OF THE BODY.

## VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

### Sulphur for Mosquito Bites.

SOME people are very sensitive to the bites of mosquitoes. Such persons might experiment with a novel remedy suggested by an English physician. It is nothing less than the internal use of sulphur. The New York Medical Journal says:

"One of our readers informs us that, having seen a statement in some English medical journal to the effect that sulphur, taken internally, would protect a person against the bites, it occurred to him to try it as a preventive of mosquito bites. Accordingly he began taking effervescent tablets of tartaric acid and sulphur, four daily. He provided himself with several lively mosquitoes, and, having put them into a wide-mouthed bottle, inverted the bottle and pressed its mouth upon his bare arm. The mosquitoes settled on his skin, but showed no inclination to bite him. If this gentleman's experience should be borne out by further trials it might be well for persons who are particularly sensitive to mosquito bites to take a course of sulphur during the mosquito season, especially in view of the growing opinion that the mosquito is the common vehicle of the plasmodium malaria."

### Insanity Caused by Improper Food.

HERE is a somewhat novel theory in regard to the cause of the rapidly increasing prevalence of insanity. It is a contribution to the Philadelphia Times:

"Taking into consideration the great number of suicides that are taking place, of persons of all ages and in all positions of life, in some cases mere children, some of which it has been found impossible to trace to a cause, and considering that insanity is greatly on the increase, according to the statistics of a most reliable authority, it has been shown that 'while the population of America has increased 100 per cent., insanity has increased 600 per cent.' Being the case there must be a large percentage of those who are on the verge of insanity, another large percentage still nearer the verge, and yet a larger percentage belonging that state of transition from sanity to the first signs of incipient insanity. If this be so, then there must be some cause, and this cause can be traced immediately to a lack of brain nutrition, and primarily to the systematic omission of brain-sustaining phosphates from the flour of which the daily bread in fashionable use is made, irrespective of the removal by sifting and dressing of other most valuable nutritive properties which reduce what was once the original 'staff of life,' the mainstay of man for over 10,000 years, before the Christian era and since, to a mere better than starch, a carbonaceous compound or heat producer, containing 'not a trace of phosphate,' as proved by Dr. C. C. Calvert, the eminent analytical chemist."

"This being so, I consider the press cannot do a greater service to humanity than by making these facts known, as it can be further proved beyond all doubt that the condition of mentality that leads to insanity is not only curable by restoring to such foods as are capable of being elaborated into normally constituted blood, but preventable by abstaining from such innutritious starch and other carbonaceous so-called foods as do not contain the necessary brain nutrients, such as rice, macaroni, tapioca and the starch of potatoes when eaten without the skin. The reason why sprouts, cabbage, string beans, lettuce, spinach and other green vegetables are so wholesome is that the skins are contained."

"It has been proved by chemical analysis and demonstrated by microscopic experiments made by myself that the most valuable brain-sustaining properties are resident in the skins of cereals, fruits and vegetables, and as an instance of the great difference to the health resultant from eating or rejecting the skins I will give here an incident that occurred in India as told by an Indian officer."

"A regiment was stationed in a part of the country where the rice was the chief article of food. The officers, one day another, became so sick as to be invalided as unfit for duty, but it being considered remarkable that the troops were all well, a commission of inquiry was instituted, when it was found that while every trooper in eating the grapes rejected the skins, the officers followed the fashionable habit of rejecting them. It was then ordered that the troops should also swallow the skins, which was done, and the result that they immediately recovered."

"The building up of a strong physical and mental organization within the power of all who will conform to the natural fundamental laws of life."

"A reform school of cooking on a scientific basis is one of the first essential steps to increased brain nutrition. Several prominent men in New York have recently expressed the opinion that all suicides are insane. Of this there can be no question. No sane, properly-nourished person could be capable of so rash an act."

"I am of the opinion that nothing tends more to weaken the brain and render it liable to become unbalanced than a lack of suitable nourishment. The brain can no more act vigorously without suitable nourishment than can a watch run without being wound up, and if properly wound it requires no further stimulant to make it go correctly. As Bavaria says, 'the destiny of nations depends on their food,' then the destiny, whether a healthy, long life, or insanity or suicide, of every unit of the United States, depends on how he or she is fed."

"The bread so much depends upon food, why should not the person capable of normal thought seek to procure the food as best sustains his or her normality. Brain nutrition, through the lack of suitable brain and nerve nutriment in our daily food, is the sole cause of the need for stimulants to supply, as they do, artificially and improperly, what nature has provided in a natural way in the skins of the grape, which contains the best part of the wine, in the skins of all fruits and vegetables, and in the skins of cereals, how comes it that stimulants and narcotics are extracted from them—as the inner kernel,

the starch is devoid of anything other than a heat giver?"

"It is generally admitted that prevention is better than cure, but unfortunately the human family of the present day lacks that sense which was once so prevalent among our ancestors (thanks to the normal food they partook of,) as to be called common, so that hundreds of millions of dollars are spent for curatives, correctives and ameliorative agencies, including the useless endeavors to arrest intemperance, while so-called food, such as bread, crackers and pie is provided wholesale, regardless of its lack of real nutrition."

### Another Use for the Pomelo.

OF LATE years the pomelo or grape fruit has become very popular in this country, as a natural remedy for malaria and diseases of the stomach. The first fruit used in this way came from the West Indies and Florida. During the past few years culture of the fruit has been extended to California and when grown under proper conditions it has been found very profitable, the trees yielding early and heavily.

There are many ways of using the grape fruit. Perhaps the best way to utilize it for medicinal purposes is to slice the whole fruit, including the peel, pour boiling water on it, letting it soak for several hours and taking a tumblerful of the liquid three times a day.

Several preparations have been made from the juice of the pomelo. Reference has been made in The Times to a preparation known as Kairo, manufactured on the ranch of Andrew McNally at La Mirada, in Orange county. The latest thing of this kind is a temperance beverage called pomelo, which has been placed on the market by the Ice and Cold Storage Company of this city, a firm which has introduced a number of novelties in which California products are utilized. This beverage is composed of the juice of the grape fruit, which is obtained from the Land and Town Company of San Diego, with a little sugar and carbonized water, forming a non-intoxicating and effervescent beverage, which somewhat resembles champagne.

As the virtues of the grape fruit become better known it is likely that the cultivation of this product will be largely extended.

### To Fight Compulsory Vaccination.

IT IS stated that an anti-vaccination society will be formed in Los Angeles for the purpose of presenting an organized resistance to the requirements of the local ordinance affecting the vaccination of school children. As long as there exists a serious difference of opinion, even among many physicians, regarding the practice of vaccination, it is certainly proper that the authorities should act with moderation and consideration in enforcing such ordinances.

### How Babies Are Killed.

AN EASTERN physician recently remarked that there ought to be a compulsory course on the care and feeding of babies for all girls in the public schools. There is no doubt that a great majority of the infants which die are killed by improper feeding and particularly by over-feeding in hot weather. It is the practice of many mothers to feed the child every time it cries, just to keep it quiet. The New York Tribune has the following:

"This is a hard summer for babies, but the ignorance and stupidity of mothers are responsible for a larger proportion of the death rate than the weather. These women that come here, in nine cases out of ten, take all the knowledge of medicine they have from the 'lady across the hall.' They learn nothing from experience. Every time their babies cry they feed them, as if a child's wail always meant something to eat. And so the more milk the more colic—the more colic the more milk, until, with the heat, the babies succumb."

"At the Babies' Hospital, at Lexington avenue and Fifty-fifth street, these words were corroborated."

"Improper feeding is responsible for more deaths among children than any other one thing," said the nurse in charge. "These poor mothers whom we meet do not know that in hot weather the babies' milk should be diluted, and that less should be given to the child. Many of our babies that die might have been saved had they been brought to us earlier. But the mother keeps her baby until it is almost gone, and then when she brings it it sometimes dies before she leaves. Such an instance occurred recently. A more than ordinarily intelligent woman brought in a beautiful, plump boy, nine months old, sick with cholera infantum. But while she held him he died. It was very pitiful, and she was broken-hearted, because she had to leave the little body with us, to be buried in potter's field, and go away alone. Her husband is a consumptive in a hospital, and she had been earning enough washing dishes in a restaurant to pay the baby's board and her own lodging in a colored woman's apartment. Because she was obliged to leave her work long enough to bring the baby here she lost her place."

"That, of course, is only one case, but she seemed to feel it more than some do."

"There was only one sick baby at the hospital in Lexington avenue when a Tribune reporter called there. This was a patient with cholera infantum, whom they expected to take to the summer branch at Oceanic, N. J., the following day. At the latter place the fifty beds are always full. One nurse takes the sick babies to the seaside hospital three times a week, and brings back with her all that have recovered. Going down the babies are always wan and pale, and pitiful wailings are a continual accompaniment; but coming back the little faces are sunburned and happy. Forty-two were taken to Oceanic last month."

"During the two hours that the dispensary below the Babies' Hospital is open about twenty children are brought daily for medicine and treatment."

"For babies that are too sick to take nourishment barley or egg water is prescribed. To make the barley water the mothers are instructed to boil a teaspoonful of barley flour for twenty minutes in a pint of water, and to add a pinch of salt at the end of that time. If the child refuses the barley water, egg water is to be substituted. For this the white of one egg is put into a pint of water that has been previously boiled and cooled on the ice. The mixture is seasoned with salt and shaken thoroughly. In many cases all that is needed is to stop all milk for twenty-four or forty-eight hours."

"In hot weather it is not unusual for babies to be brought

to the dispensary in a dying condition and to die there in their mothers' arms."

"A little book containing instructions for the proper feeding of young children is given to every mother. In it is the following list of foods that should never be given to any child under eight years:

- "Ham, sausage, salt fish, tripe.
- "Green corn, tomatoes, cucumbers, beets, cabbage.
- "Hot bread, hot rolls.
- "Buckwheat or other griddle cakes.
- "Cheese, nuts, candy, pie, tarts, pastry.
- "Tea, coffee, wine, beer or cider.
- "No stale or unripe fruits at any time, but especially none in summer."

### Rules for Consumptives.

IN THE Medical News, a New York publication, of recent date, Dr. William H. Dukeman has an article on "The Consumptive in Los Angeles." After advising consumptives who come to California to stay away from Los Angeles and locate in the country, Dr. Dukeman adds the following general advice which he gives to all his patients:

1. You must live in the country and there make every effort to try to get well.
2. A patient who tries to get well has ten times as many chances of getting well as the one who is careless and indifferent.
3. You must avoid worry, anxiety and excitement.
4. Be hopeful and cheerful, for your disease can be cured if you will but do your duty in strictly following the advice here given.
5. As a rule, do not leave the house during the winter months until one hour after sunrise. Live out-of-doors all day. Remain indoors only on rainy and very windy days. Remain in the sunshine as much as possible, and a greater part of the time recline on a couch or in a hammock in a comfortable position; protect your head from the sun's rays, the rest of the body lying bathed in the warm rays of the sun.
6. Always breathe through the nose and take your breathing exercises regularly, as I have instructed you.
7. Avoid dust as you would rain and dampness and all places where the air is bad, such as theaters, concert halls, or any crowded meeting place, and lodging-houses.
8. Take your walking exercises regularly as prescribed, but never walk when you are tired or when you have a high fever (temperature 100 deg. Fahr. or over).
9. Dress neatly. Be clean and comfortable, but never wear a chest protector, as they are injurious; wear woolen undergarments as well as woolen socks and thick-soled shoes to keep your feet warm and dry.
10. Never stay or sleep in an overheated room. In this climate, however, in the mornings and evenings during the winter months, you should have a small fire to keep your sitting room comfortably warm, at about 65 to 68 deg. Fahr. Do not heat your room with an oil stove.
11. Never use your sleeping room as a sitting room. Keep all the windows open in your sleeping room all day long and one window open all night. On cold evenings close the windows a little before sundown and then when you go to bed open one window, for you must have fresh air while you sleep. Fresh night air is as good for you while you sleep as is day air while you are awake.
12. Retire every night before 9 o'clock. Have at least nine hours' sleep; when thoroughly rested, get up any time after 7 a.m.
13. Never expectorate any place where it can dry. Indoors always expectorate in a spittoon which is partially filled with water containing some antiseptic in solution, such as carbolic acid (teaspoonful to pint of water) or some other antiseptic. When you cannot conveniently get to the spittoon, use your pocket flask. Never swallow your expectoration. Never expectorate in your handkerchief, nor use the same handkerchief to wipe your nose which you have used to wipe your mouth. Always cover your mouth with your handkerchief while coughing or sneezing. Never cough while at the dining table; by a little effort you can suppress the cough.
14. Never kiss anyone, for your disease is infectious.
15. Keep your teeth clean by brushing them after each meal and use your mouth and nose wash night and morning, as advised.
16. Take a warm bath twice a week, to be followed by a rapid sponging with cooler water and a vigorous rubbing with a rough towel. If you are too weak to do the latter and you do not have an attendant, rub your entire body with alcohol.
17. Never use tobacco in any form. Never use any alcoholic beverages without the special directions of your physician.
18. Coax your appetite with a varied nutritious diet, as per diet list given, and eat all you possibly can. A good nutritious diet, plenty of fresh air and sunshine are the best medicines.
19. Should there be any intercurrent symptoms, such as indigestion, diarrhea, constipation, restless nights, increased cough, pain, blood-streaked expectoration, do not be alarmed, but notify your physician without delay.
20. By carefully following the above instructions, as well as the advice given you at the office, the chances of your getting well are greatly in your favor.

In the past I had placed more or less faith in certain drugs as curative agents in this disease; I have tried them all, have found them all wanting, and am convinced that no one remedy is anything near a specific, and the serum treatment less valuable than any. My main hopes are to induce the patient to go and live in the country, treat symptoms as they arise, eat plenty of easily digestible nutritive food, especially milk, eggs and beef. One patient who ate as many as ten to twelve eggs daily for months recovered without any medicine other than a digestive mixture. I insist on patients living an easy, regular life in the open air and sunshine. In fact, if I can impress them with the absolute necessity of giving up everything else and employ themselves in taking every precaution against negligence and using every effort in trying to get well, improvement generally follows.

[Denver Post:] A sweet-singing poetess of Kansas City is named Hazel Lesueur Figg. It will now be in order for some rude paragrapher to make a witty allusion to the productions of her pen.



## The Development of the Great Southwest.

### IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

#### Water Development at India.

G. TINGMAN writes as follows from India:

**A.** "We have two hydraulic well rigs at work in the valley now, and they have sunk eleven wells and every one a winner, more or less. George Huntington, 5 1/4 inches over two-inch pipe at surface of ground; George Cowker, 6 1/4 inches over top of two-inch; Mr. Thompson, eight inches over three-inch casing, giving him about twenty-one minims of a flow; Harvey Fortney, two two-inch wells, each 5 1/4 inches over top; A. G. Tingman two, one 1 1/4 inches and one 2 1/4 inches over top; Mrs. Wearo, 1 1/2 inches over top; Oscar Gath, 1 inch; J. L. Casebur, 1 1/4 inches over top. All the wells are only two-inch pipe, except that of Mr. Thompson. There is another well that flows 5 1/4 inches over casing near Mr. Huntington's, but I do not know the name of the party that owns it.

"The desert heebauts will surely bloom as a rose this spring, for our soil is very strong and rich."

#### Artesian Water in Arizona.

**A.** ARTESIAN water is being found in many places where it was not previously supposed to exist. At Benson citizens are much excited over a strike of artesian water which flows fifteen inches over ground from a depth of 103 feet.

#### New Brick Plant.

**T.** HE Riverside Pressed Brick Company recently started up its new machinery. The Riverside Enterprise says: "The company certainly has a fine plant established on their land east of the Thirteenth-street schoolhouse, one that will, when once in smooth working order, make all the brick that will be needed in this part of the country."

"It is the intention to make 20,000 bricks per day and they have drying ground and shelving enough to accommodate 100,000 brick. Every fourth day the bricks that are four days drying will be placed in the kiln and the rotation process continued until the kiln of a half-million bricks is ready for burning."

"A large boiler is being placed now which will be used to operate the oil that will be used for burning the bricks. It is the intention to have all arrangements for burning such that a kiln will be burned in seventy-two hours, or in just half the time it usually takes to burn when wood and the old-fashioned methods are used."

"The new machinery is rather complicated for the layman to describe, but it may be said that in many respects the operation of the plant is automatic. A self-feeding device feeds the clay into a large cast trough wherein it is automatically mixed and tempered by the use of a large rotary screw."

"At the end of this trough there is an opening out of which sufficient clay is pressed into molds at regular intervals, and this is afterward pressed, when the new brick is ready to be placed upon the drying shelves."

"This self-feeding and pressing part of the machinery has a capacity of 3600 bricks each hour and each brick turned out is exactly of the same size and dimensions every way."

"Although the company intends to turn out but 20,000 brick per day, the plant has a capacity of twice that many, if it should be found necessary to make use of it. It requires thirteen men to operate the plant and a span of horses will be used in bringing the clay from the pit to the mill."

"This bringing of the clay is done with a wheel scraper, which is dumped over a hole which leads to an elevator, which in turn places the clay in the large mixing tank."

"The plant is operated by electric power, a twenty-horsepower motor being used."

#### Riverside's Wealth.

**R.** IVERSIDE boasts of being the wealthiest city in the United States in proportion to population. However this may be, the following facts from the assessment rolls of Riverside are interesting:

Real estate other than town lots .....	\$1,670,665
Improvements thereon .....	929,065
Town lots .....	1,112,560
Improvements thereon .....	1,023,155
Personal property .....	474,383
Cash .....	90,915

Total ..... \$5,298,743

#### Silk.

**T.** HOSE who are interested in the culture in San Diego county of the silk worm and of the mulberry are feeling much encouraged at present over the prospect. Like many another industry, the hope that there may some time be some settlement of the water question gives encouragement, beside which there are many things which indicate that the industry may be started where all who have studied the problem agree that it will be a big success. The San Diego Union says:

"Yesterday the Chamber of Commerce gave away sixty mulberry trees, which had been given to it. They are now about two years of age and well started, but they are to be transplanted to the head of the bay, where they are to be set out on the property of Edward Lane. He has plenty of water and ample space, not only for these trees, but for

many others. He will find space for all that the Chamber of Commerce is able to secure for him in the natural distribution of plants that may be given to it.

"The managers of the Universal Brotherhood are to give a great deal of space to the mulberry and will plant the entire grounds in front of the homestead to mulberries and olives. There are almost enough silk worms grown now to eat up all the mulberry leaves which are grown in the city, and while it is desirable that the number of worms handled be increased by many millions, it is also desirable that more trees be planted and cared for."

"This is one of the months of great activity, though there is no particular season for the worms in this climate. Green food can be had for the worms almost every month of the year, and by keeping the eggs in storage they may be hatched at any time and permitted to go to work."

"J. E. Atwood, who is now in the East, and who is known to be interested in silk and silk manufacture, writes words of encouragement for San Diego. It is expected that he will be able while in the East to interest some of the users of raw silk to invest here, where a better article can be secured for less money than can be procured on the other side of the Pacific."

#### Date Palms in Arizona.

**T.** HE last consignment of date palms from North Africa has been safely set out in an orchard south of Tempe, and nearly all of the trees are doing well. The plants reached their destination July 17 and were at once fumigated to kill scale, and set out, and have since been watered every day. Of the shipment two cars were shipped to Berkeley and Pomona and twenty suckers to the experimental farm near Phoenix, leaving 400 for Tempe.

#### To Manufacture Drain Tile.

**A.** MONG the other industries recently established in Orange county is that of the manufacture of drain pipe tiling, which is about to be begun near Westminster by J. B. Raine, one of the best-known celery growers in the section, and the owner of a large tract of land in the heart of the peatland country. The Santa Ana Blade says:

"The principal drawback to the successful cultivation of the whole of the area comprised in the peatland belt has in the past been from insufficient drainage, and notwithstanding the fairly complete system already in operation, there is yet a considerable area periodically damaged by storm water and from the overflow from irrigated water and the waste from uncapped artesian wells. This condition Mr. Raine proposes to remedy, and for such purpose he will begin the manufacture of drain tiling which, from all appearance, is what is needed to much facilitate the work of agriculture and to add materially to the value of the locality as a sure crop producer. A fine quality of clay is said to exist just south of Westminster, and a lease on a portion of this clay-bearing property covering a sufficient quantity of the material to furnish all the product required, has been secured by the promoter of the industry. The question of proper material thus settled, the rest is comparatively easy, for Mr. Raine himself has practical knowledge of the manufacture of tiling, and the most improved machinery will be used in connection with the work."

"Operations are now in progress cleaning off the surface soil covering the clay deposit, and the machinery is on the ground ready to be put in place, so that before long the industry will be given a practical test and the fact established that Orange county has added one more to her long list of natural resources."

"The source of supply for drain tile for this part of Southern California is now found at Los Angeles, where a big trade has been established in this product, but it is asserted that, everything else being equal, the article from the local factory can be manufactured much more cheaply because of the comparatively small cost of handling the raw material, in the first place, and the deduction from Los Angeles prices on account of the absence of railway freight charges on the home product."

"Mr. Raine has received strong assurance that his enterprise will be warmly supported, and as he claims to be able to furnish as good an article as the market affords, his fullest expectations will doubtless be realized."

#### Arizona Oil Fields.

**I.** T IS not improbable that before long Arizona may come to the front as an oil territory. The Phoenix Herald has the following in regard to the prospects along this line:

"If Arizona does not develop an oil boom equal to that of California it will not be the fault of a large number of men who are extending their efforts to that end. In four or five places traces have been found of petroleum."

"Mention has been made heretofore of the oil fields near Yuma, in the river bed and at the Potholes. The geological conditions are described as favorable to the presence of petroleum."

"The second field is only eight miles east of Phoenix, among some red sandstone and conglomerate buttes north of Tempe. The field abuts upon the Indian reservation, a fact that may cause some of the locators a little trouble. The formation, save for the little hills, is granite, in places covered with alluvial deposit and in others bare. The locators are nearly all citizens of Tempe and more of them are daily flocking across the river to secure more ground on which to base visions of wealth. Luckily the land is nearly all open for location, as it lies too high and dry and is too rocky for cultivation. It is in a cock peninsula that is thrust down from the hills on the north into the deep alluvial deposit that forms the floor of almost the entire Salt River Valley. No rigs are on the ground yet, but a number of industrious enthusiasts are sinking shafts. Some of the holes are more than thirty feet deep and the miners have brought up, in several instances, rock that has the odor of petroleum, at least. In fact, the excitement is to be charged almost entirely to sensitive olfactories. A mining district has been formed, and locators have employed a

surveyor to lay out their claims to avoid possible friction in the future. Only one stock company has been formed, but its twenty incorporators are putting up all the capital necessary to purchase a standard drilling rig and thoroughly explore their ground to a depth of not less than 1000 feet. The general hope of the populace is that the drilling will develop either oil or water. Many would prefer the latter."

"Twelve miles northwest of Jerome and two miles south of the line of the Jerome narrow-gauge railway, have been found oil fields so promising that 30,000 acres of land have been taken up by a hundred prospectors, though it is agreed that the only likely looking ground is embraced in a strip five miles long by a quarter of a mile wide. A number of good gold prospects have been worked for months in the locality, which is known to miners as Mineral Point district. To the local names have been added 'Petroleum Hill' and 'Petroleum Flat.' This district, too, was discovered by a prospector who had a good nose for grease. But men from California, who profess to be experts, say the ground is all that could be asked—a lime and sandstone conglomerate, declared identical with the formation of the best of the Southern California fields. By some the stone is called 'horsestone.' Even when taken from the surface the rock has an unmistakable odor of petroleum. Slate and shale also are to be found. A Jerome company, headed by Dr. Hart and Wood, has already ordered drilling machinery for installation in Petroleum Flat."

#### An Arizona School.

**T.** HE Northern Arizona Normal School has issued a small pamphlet setting forth the work that is now being done by this institution. Following is an extract from this publication:

"The Normal closely articulates with the public schools of the city, admitting the graduates to the sub-normal course and taking them through a well-balanced course of study, graduating those who finish the work in five years. Those who are prepared to enter the normal course proper finish in three years, receiving a diploma which is a certificate for life in Arizona and has been accredited by the school authorities in many of the States."

"Students who are graduates of accredited high schools of Arizona or the States will be given credit for work done so far as their work covers our course; but no one will be graduated from the normal who has not done at least a year's resident work."

"Through the generosity of E. S. Gossney, Hon. E. E. Ellinwood and Dr. D. J. Brannen we are able to hold out to the students of the normal the following scholarships: To the pupil who stands highest in the year's work Mr. Gossney gives the following year's tuition which amounts to \$20. The students are marked on department, class standing in daily recitations and final examinations. The one whose average is the highest will receive this scholarship."

"The Normal building is the finest public building in the Territory, except the new Territorial building at Phoenix. The building is of dark red stone and very imposing. It commands the finest view of Flagstaff and the San Francisco Mountains possible, and the scene from the front porch of the Normal building is in itself an education."

#### Coal in Sinaloa.

**T.** HE Nogales Osa's has the following in regard to an important discovery of coal in Sinaloa, Mex.:

"Large and very extensive coal fields found by a locating engineer of the Oriental and Pacific Railway Company while surveying northeast from Topolobampo, and he was offered \$20,000 gold for his information with one-fourth interest in said deposit and refused on account of having given one-half interest in the said claims for the consideration of a nominal amount for expenses to look up the ownership of the land. A prominent banker of the State of Sonora will handle the formation of a company to work the mines, they being only fifteen miles from a possibly good harbor and anchorage for large vessels. Specimens shown at Guaymas are very fair, being of a bituminous variety."

"The engineer of Mr. Rey is now making a map showing the facilities of the shipping."

"There are parties who know that coal has been found on the beach opposite the same place; and it was mentioned in the report of Dewey and C. E. Herbert, a topographical engineer of note and Admiral—then Captain—George Dewey of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, in the year 1895 made the report mentioned, but at the time no attention was paid to the information which led later to finding of the deposit. This is of great commercial value, saving the transportation from the United States, and the harbor near will ultimately make a great coal station for all coast vessels. John Rose is said to be largely interested in the discovery; also the Cohen brothers of Hermosillo. A tugboat left Guaymas on the night bearing Mr. Rey to the point of disembarkation, where he will take samples from the surface. Mr. Rey says he will have no trouble in having a road built to the fields just as soon as it is demonstrated that coal is there in sufficient quantities to warrant the outlay of the necessary amount of capital."

"J. P. Shaffer, representing the Rothchild Copper Company, was seen and he said that if this coal turns out to be represented, his company would put in a smelter of 20,000 tons capacity per day at Topolobampo, and would ultimately build a series of roads from Topolobampo to mining districts. Mr. Rey was asked if he had made an arrangement with Mr. Shaffer, and he said he could not speak of the business through Max Muller of the Bank of Sonora. A piece of coal which was brought back from the field is 40 c. m. x 1.25 x .75 and the captain of the tug said that the vein is well defined and was as good coal as was shipped to Guaymas. He was very enthusiastic that a find had been made."



## SOUTHWEST BY SOUTH.

By Bill the Bo'sun.

I GOT home from San Francisco on Saturday afternoon, after the usual long and hot ride that is inevitable at this season. The train was as crowded as I ever can remember to have seen it in the middle of the winter, when the State is filled with climate refugees from the bleak and boisterous East. It was impossible to get a lower berth until after reaching Bakersfield at 3:30 a.m., but after that I enjoyed a broad-gauge snooze and got up at 9 o'clock, just in time for a hearty breakfast at Mojave. The desert looked "grand, gloomy and peculiar" in the rays of the morning sun and I had no end of appetite. The Harvey system of eating-houses is a good one, and I hope to see the day when it will be extended all over the S. P. lines, to take the place of the miserable and comfortless institutions now in use. The Ocean Wave, which does the ferry service for the Valley road, has her refectory arrangements under the Harvey system; and I have eaten no such meal aboard of a steamboat since the palmy days of the old Chrysopolis, Yosemite and Capital on the Sacramento route, prior to 1870. Most of the eating-houses on the S. P. routes are under the management of prominent politicians, which is not a desirable condition of things for the inner man.

Of course, it is easy to say that the S. P. should have kept out of politics after the road was once fairly in running order, but when one looks at the conditions surrounding that corporation one may perceive that this is not so easy to do as to talk about. The projectors of the road were four well-to-do business men of Sacramento, the late C. P. Huntington and his partner, Mark Hopkins, in the hardware business; Charles Crocker, a retail drygoods merchant; and Leland Stanford, nominally a lawyer, but one-half owner in the largest oil house on the Coast. I don't think the latter gentleman did much legal business except for the firm of which he was the most prominent member. Knowing all four of them as I did, I do not believe they had \$500,000 between them when they began the Central Pacific, outside of the capital engaged in their already established business vocations; and yet they grew so suddenly rich that, in five years after that road was completed, a fiduciary employee robbed them of \$800,000—more money than they had when they began the road—before they found out that he was stealing at all. How did they get so rich? By means of subsidies from the Federal government. How did they obtain such subsidies? From the fact that they were Republican politicians and employed the services of John Conness and Aaron A. Sargent of their own party, to legislate these subsidies in their behalf. The act creating a Pacific railroad stated distinctly that the subsidy should commence whenever the road, coming eastward, should reach the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. Wishing to act fairly in the matter, President Lincoln asked Senator Conness where the foothills began, and the Senator told him at Arcade Creek, about fourteen miles east of Sacramento. The grade of the road at that point and for several miles further east, is less than sixteen feet to the mile! Conness is living in Boston and is rich. He hangs out a sign as attorney-at-law, but not a suit has he ever brought to recover as much as \$20,000 in behalf of the plaintiff. With Sargent the case was different. He owned some good gravel mines and had a good law practice, for he told me that he lost money by being appointed Minister to Berlin at a salary of \$15,000 a year.

Hence it is hard to see how a concern that has been doing active politics for thirty-eight years can very well pull out of such a rut. They claim, at the big yellow building on the corner of Market and Montgomery streets, that they have to be in politics in order to protect themselves from the depredations of mercenary politicians who would get "clinch bills" passed by the Legislature. I have no doubt that they have a horde of figure-heads on their pay roll for this very reason. Still, I am honest and sincere in the belief that, had they kept out of political conventions (and of both the great political parties, too, mark you,) they would easily have saved money enough to build them a double-track road, every foot of the way from the Oakland mole to Newport News in Virginia, thus rendering impossible any collision save those designated as "rear-end" ones, which are of infrequent occurrence. That would certainly have made the S. P. a line with which nothing could in anywise compete, either for speed or safety to the traveling public.

Just how it will be hereafter remains to be seen and depends largely upon whom the directors of that monster corporation select as the successor of Collis P. Huntington. I was in San Francisco on the day following that magnate's death and talked it over with "all sorts and conditions of men." Even those who had condemned his tariff of freights and fares as oppressive cordially conceded him to have been the foremost man, as a financier, that California has so far produced in her half-century of existence as a State. This was best proven by the fact that no panic occurred in the stocks of which he was the foremost exponent, on account of his sudden and unexpected death. Southern Pacific declined about \$1 and Market-street Railroad about \$1.50 per share, and in forty-eight hours, they were both back at the old figures. This shows how ably the old man of "54 K street" had discounted his own departure and "set his house in order" accordingly. Of late years I have seen but little of Mr. Huntington, but forty years ago I knew him pretty well. He was as much the creation of the early conditions of California, in matters of finance, as was David C. Broderick in politics; and we all remember the sensation caused in 1859 by the latter gentleman's rising from his seat in the Senate to denounce James Buchanan (then President of the United States) for his complicity in the Lecompton inquiry in Kansas. Mr. Huntington was of the same stubborn fiber as Broderick—the element whose distinguishing trait is patience and which rises slowly upward from coil and poverty to wealth and power. He was a very positive man and, like Broderick, exacted the most

slavish obedience from his subordinates. He rewarded his friends heartily and punished his enemies relentlessly; and, aside from Broderick, it is doubtful if this State ever produced another such self-poised character. It is too soon for this strange old man's biography to be written. No man of the present day, and especially no man now in the close-fitting harness of journalism, is competent to undertake the task. He would be swayed either by prejudice formed against him during his lifetime or by the hope of favors from the successors of the sturdy old '49-er who walked down the gangplank of the Humboldt with less than \$150 in his pockets. The strange story of this man's life, showing that there is no romance as romantic as reality, can be best written by a man who never saw him or California either, a quarter-century hence.

Whether his nephew will succeed him or not, as president of the system, depends a good deal upon Mr. Speyers, who represents most of the foreign capital now invested in the Southern Pacific system. Mr. Huntington has left a will in which his adopted son is merely a figurehead and his nephew the animating spirit and controlling power. He would not have made any such provision had his adopted son been a man of any real business ability. He saw that Henry E. Huntington was the only one who could be depended upon to keep the accumulations of his business intact hereafter; and the reading of that will convinces one that he had comparatively little use for his titled son-in-law, Hatsfeldt. Granting that the Huntington interests and those represented by Mr. Speyers work together (and they have always done so in the past,) Henry E. Huntington will succeed his uncle. He is just about 50 years old and will have charge of railway systems covering six times as much territory as what broke down Cornelius J. Vanderbilt at 47; and fourteen times as much as rendered Robert Garratt a hopeless paralytic at 38, so you will see that his life henceforth is to be no sinecure. He came out here in the winter of 1893, and I went down to the Arcade Depot to call on W. H. Mills, in whose car Mr. H. was then making his first tour of the southern country. I was then in the employ of the Daily Herald, as assistant editorial writer to Joseph D. Lynch. The conversation was almost entirely on commercial topics, and the next day both gentlemen were astonished to find that they had been interviewed to the extent of a column and a half. Mr. Huntington met me the next day, in front of the Hollenbeck, and said:

"Well, you are a surprise party, anyhow. You never took out any pencil or paper, so I did not dream that you were interviewing Mr. Mills and myself."

"Well, you must not take notes, or people won't talk to you anywise freely," was my answer. Mr. Huntington remembered it. Nearly three years afterward, when I was in the employ of the Ingleside racetrack, our secretary, "Palm" Leake, sent me as far south as Fresno to do some advertising for the concern, and told me to go over to the "Knockery" and get a pass. Mr. Mills was out, and as there was some hurry about it, his clerk told me to go to H. E. Huntington's room. That gentleman looked up and said:

"I know you well enough. You're the Los Angeles man that interviewed Mills and me without our knowing it." And he laughed heartily as he wrote the pass.

Whether he is any such financier as his uncle nobody knows at present, but he is far-and-away ahead of him in all the underlying principles of the carrying trade. He began at the very foot of the railroad ladder on some little road in the South, as a locomotive fireman, from which position he was promoted to be engineer. After having a shy at that work he became a conductor. Then, when his uncle took up the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio road, he put him on as time-keeper of the entire force, so that he completely mastered one branch of the construction department and two of the operating department. He is no better train man than was the late A. H. Towne, but Towne's knowledge ended with the handling of trains, while the younger Huntington can walk into a roundhouse and tell a good locomotive from an inferior one. He can also inspect bridges and trestles and tell whether they are in such condition as to need immediate repair or whether such expenditure can safely be deferred six months. When he came out here the first thing that attracted his attention was the heavy gradient over the Tehachapi. They were then using seventy-ton locomotives on freight trains and hauling eighteen box cars to a train. He suggested heavier locomotives, so that they could haul twenty-seven cars in a train, making as many in two trips as were then carried in three and with the addition of one brakeman. The director with whom he was talking, said:

"Yes, but see how much faster those heavy engines will wear out the rails on those grades."

"Granted," replied young Huntington, "but look at the wages you save by having two trains instead of three to do the work. That money saved will buy lots of rails."

That he was the animating spirit in the re-equipment of the road by which all the motive power has been advanced in weight over 50 per cent. in the past three years, I have never once doubted; and heavier engines meant heavier rails for them to run upon. My idea is that he is by far the most practical railroad man that has ever been seen in connection with that concern.

Certainly Stanford, Crocker and Hopkins had no practical knowledge of railroading (Huntington was the purchasing agent at the East in all those years,) or they never would have located the Central Pacific over the Truckee Pass while the Beckworth Pass afforded an average grade of 3 1/2 feet less to the mile. Moreover, they could not have had any knowledge of underlying commercial principles or they would never have sought to make an inland city like Sacramento the terminus of their road, in defiance of the self-evident proposition that the ship and the car must be brought together. Charles Crocker was superintendent of the system for five years and got along after a fashion, with John R. Watson and the late Eli S. Dennison as assistants. By the time the road was finished and connection made at Promontory with the Union Pacific, they found they had problems they could not handle, so they hired A. N. Towne away from the Burlington people; and it took him nearly three months to bring order out of chaos and get the "grandfather's clock" of the concern into good running order. I don't believe H. E. Huntington is any better train man than was Mr. Towne, but his knowledge of rail-

roading is of a more general nature. His election to the presidency of that corporation would necessarily keep him in New York the greater portion of the time, yet he has become so familiar with all parts of the S. P. system on this Coast that his presence here is not wholly indispensable. As I before remarked, he is brought face to face with the heaviest task ever laid out for a man of his years, and will need all the strength that Nature can give him. He has led a prudent and abstemious life up to date and has all that in his favor, but he has been no more self-denying than was Cornelius J. Vanderbilt and we all know what hard work did for him.

Within the next two years that Southern Pacific system will have taken up over 1300 miles of steel rails and replaced them with heavier steel, in order to meet the gradually increased weight of rolling stock. Twenty years ago a car was loaded at fifteen tons. Now they have got it up to twenty-seven and the end is not yet. Then they had an engine on the Tehachapi grade called the "Gobernador," the heaviest locomotive in the world. Now they have a dozen of the same size, and the Northern Pacific has two that are twenty tons heavier, on the section that crosses the great Cascade Range. All over America, in fact, the tendency of the times is for heavier rolling stock and heavier rails to carry it. Now what will the Southern Pacific Company do with all this second-hand steel? My own belief is that they will either build hence to Salt Lake on Mr. Boschke's survey of March, 1897, or will make a new cut-off into Southern Oregon, either from Winnemucca or Reno. There is a jerk-water road running out of the latter place up to Honey Lake. It is owned by the creditors of its constructors, and Charles Moran of New York represents the creditors. They would only have to widen it to a standard gauge and that would give them a starter for another road into Oregon. But a far better way would be to go out northwesterly from Winnemucca and come into Oregon by the Chewancan Valley and Klamath Lake. A cattle man in Chewancan has now to drive his cattle to Ager or Ashland. At the former place he is about 300 miles north of Sacramento; and when he reaches the capital of California he is at least eighty miles further west than when he started out from home. As cattle shrink from eighteen to thirty pounds daily, on foot in hot weather, and as it takes about twelve days to drive from Paisley to Ager, the reader can readily see how the Lake county (Or.) cattle man can well afford to pay just as much for a carload shipped at home as he would at Sacramento, eighty miles due west and 300 miles south of him. He would save from 250 to 300 pounds weight on each steer by so doing, without risking the danger of poor pasture on the road to Ager. The Southern Pacific could build this road from Chewancan Valley and Klamath Falls almost entirely out of the waste material to be taken out of its main lines in the next two years. The line could also be made a dumping ground for all their old rolling stock which the master mechanic would pronounce unfit for the main line. The passenger travel would be very light at first and "any old thing" would do for a day coach along that route. That desert country in Southeastern Oregon and Northwestern Nevada will grow good wheat and fairly good flax, so that there would be something to go for besides cattle; and there is no lack of land lying idle there.

Judging from what I have seen of Henry E. Huntington, I am led to believe that he is a man who takes comparatively little interest in politics. In the only conversation touching the subject he said: "My interest in political affairs is very limited because my life has been too busy." Does not that foreshadow the belief that the great corporation, with which he has been so prominently identified in the past six years, will be less closely allied with political affairs in future? I think it does. And yet with that concern so mixed up with politics as it has been for the past thirty-eight years, it is hard to see where the divorce between commerce and politics is to begin. I accord to him ability of no mean order, and believe that, whether he be elected president of the Southern Pacific or not, he will be the railroad man of the concern and the chief vital energy of all its future enterprises. He has a Herculean task ahead of him, in any event, one that I do not envy him, no matter what the salary may be. It is responsibility rather than actual labor that breaks men down as it did Cornelius J. Vanderbilt and Robert Garratt. Take the elder Huntington, for example. A week before his end he was spoken of as the best preserved man in America, of his years; and yet his fatal illness came upon him so suddenly that he was dead before one-tenth of the American people knew that he was sick. The possession of wealth invariably brings care as the most constant follower in its train. It is therefore an open question whether the elevation of Henry E. Huntington to the presidency of the Southern Pacific system would be a fitting subject of congratulation on the part of his friends.

A gentleman of Pasadena writes to ask me if the brig L'Iphigénie, which conveyed the first Napoleon to France on the occasion of his escape from the island of Elba, in 1815, was the same vessel of that name that was wrecked in the Bay of Monterey in 1848. I am not prepared to answer this question directly, although I have always understood that such was the case. I have visited Monterey just three times in forty-eight years, and on one occasion (March, 1855,) was shown some blackened timbers of a vessel sticking out of the water at low tide. I was told that this was the vessel which conveyed the omnipotent Corsican back from Elba to France—and that's all I know about it. The inquirer is respectfully referred to three histories of this State. The first was a collaboration of Frank Soule and James Nisbet, both pioneer newspaper men, and was published in 1855. The second was printed in 1862, a compilation by Dr. Franklin Tuthill, city editor of the Bulletin, who arrived here in one week and began a history of the State in the next. The third, and by far the most comprehensive work of the three, was written by Theodore H. Hittell, once a journalist and since somewhat noted as a writer on legal subjects. Some one of these three books must contain the desired information. The only copy of the Soule-Nisbet work that I ever saw here belonged to the late Andrew W. Francisco, collector of this port.

BILL, THE BOSUN.



## THE BUSY BIRDS.

WHAT THEY DO FOR MAN THAT COULD NOT OTHERWISE BE DONE.

[Boston Transcript:] It has been proved by the work of the Audubon Society and by the researches of Mr. E. H. Forbush, ornithologist of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, that much as we humans claim to love the trees and the forests, the birds love them even more, and are in a position to do more direct good in their preservation than are we. Take, for instance, the fact that the stomach of one yellow-billed cuckoo, shot at 6 o'clock in the morning, contained the partially-digested remains of forty-three tent caterpillars, and see if you have in your acquaintance a person who would be likely to have destroyed so many pests by that hour in the morning. Then take into consideration the fact revealed by Mr. Forbush that there are forty-six of our native birds that feed from preference on the gypsy moth, and it is easy to compute the good work these birds will do if given a chance—and it's not costing the commonwealth so much by a good round sum to protect them as did the great sham battle the Gypsy Moth Commission put up against that nuisance. Most of these birds that are so fond of a gypsy-moth diet are also partial to the brown-tail moth caterpillar, the canker worm, and all the rest of the worms and insects that take the beauty out of trees and forests.

It is acknowledged, of course, by the most ardent advocate of bird protection, that bluejays prey on the nests of other birds; that the grosbeaks and purple finches eat buds and blossoms; that a good many of the birds eat fruit and the buds of trees, and that woodpeckers do some damage to the trunks of the trees, yet all these sins charged up to their discredit are as nothing when weighed in the balance with their beneficent ministrations. It is urged that nesting boxes, and boxes also which may be used for winter quarters, placed about in the woods and on the edge of the woods, will do a great deal to prevent harm coming to them from cats, or from exposure to extreme cold weather. Then, this much accomplished, it would be a simple matter, and not an expensive one, for a community to undertake to supply them with grain or food of some sort when the snow covers the ground and the twigs. Other foes to the birds, the gunners, and the mischievous boys, must also be dealt with—by, say, one part of moral suasion to pine of rigid legislation, and a long life and a useful one may be assured the birds.

## THE BISHOP'S REBUKE.

[Washington Post:] A good story is told on the other side of the late Bishop Beckwith of Georgia which I do not think has got into print, though some of the witty sayings of that immensely popular and most excellent prelate of the Episcopal Churches have been retold. Some years ago the Bishop visited England, and during his stay there was for a part of the time a guest at a country house in the middle counties. A large number of people were in the party, as the shooting season had commenced.

On the morning the Bishop left he was driven to the station with a young man who was also taking his departure from the hospitable mansion. Bishop Beckwith announced himself comfortably in a first-class carriage and waited for the train to start. Leaning back in his seat, he became aware of loud and angry talking just outside his window, and looking out, saw his young companion standing with his hand on the carriage door, while he used strong language to the porter, who, it seemed, had mislaid a guncase, and it could not be found. The young gentleman was angry and expressed himself in unparliamentary language. Just then the sign was given, and opening the door, the young man jumped into the carriage and seated himself in front of the bishop. He was shocked to find himself confronted by his reverend companion, who, he supposed, was somewhere else on the train. He at once apologized for the language he had used.

"I really beg your lordship's pardon," he said, "but I am a plain sort of fellow, and call a spade a spade."

"Indeed, sir," questioned the bishop, with uplifted eyebrows. "I should have thought from what you have just said that you would call it a damned old shovel."

## A STUDIED DEMONSTRATION.

[Washington Star:] "It is nonsense," exclaimed Mr. Meekton, "for anybody to assert that I don't dare say my soul is my own."

He glared defiantly and continued:

"I do say it. 'My soul is my own.' There! I hope that is perfectly intelligible and satisfactory."

"What's the matter?" inquired the friend.

"I'm doing this to please Henrietta," answered Mr. Meekton, quieting down to a confidential tone. "If you get an opportunity, just let her know what I've been saying. Somebody told her I didn't dare say my soul was my own, and it made her so wildly indignant that I thought I out to do something to pacify her."

## AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

[New York Weekly:] (Young Lady:) "Have you examined my piano?"

(Tuner:) "Yes, madam."

"What's the reason it won't make a sound?"

"Someone has lowered the soft pedal and nailed it down."

## CURSE OF DRINK

Drunkenness Cured by  
White Ribbon Remedy.

Can be Given in Glass of Water, Tea or Coffee  
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Los Angeles: Owl Drug Co., 239 South Spring Street. By mail \$1.00. Trial package free by writing MRS. T. C. MOORE, President, W. C. T. U., Ventura, California.



Anita Cream makes dark skin lighter, clearer, purer. It removes all discolorations. It is a medical preparation which cures—it actually coaxes a new skin to the surface. The removing of tan is the least important of its accomplishments. It removes blotches, pimples, moth and liver patches, and restores the clear, transparent beauty of youth. Read what is said of it.

After spending six weeks at the beach I was advised to use your Anita Cream to remove the tan. I came East the same day and so did not use it until I reached home. All my friends who saw me the first week here said, "How black you are." In ten days the same people remarked how white and lovely was my complexion. I feel that I cannot do without it. I send you amount for two more boxes. I have not had a pimple on my face since using it, and before I was troubled all the time. Yours truly, MISS FANNIE COLLINS, Edgerton, Kan., Jan. 1, 1900.

After using your Anita Cream when I was in California last year, have found nothing equal to it. When I left I thought I had a good supply, but find it has been lost somewhere. Have been all over the United States and found nothing like it. Will you send me two boxes of Anita Cream and two boxes of Hyacinth Cream and oblige, MISS CARRIE NELSON, Fredericksburg, Va., Oct. 16, '99.

Will you kindly send me by express one-half dozen boxes of Anita Cream. Enclosed you will find money order for same. It was recommended to me by a lady from California and have been using it over a year and find it the best cream I have ever used for the complexion. Will be pleased to have you send the cream at once, as I am entirely out of it. MRS. W. L. SMITH, East Las Vegas, New Mexico, July 20, 1899.

I write to you unsolicited about Anita Cream. When I first used Anita Cream my face was not un like most women's—rough, red and unprepossessing. My husband recently remarked that I was getting younger and that my face had undergone some marvelous change. I did not tell him of the wonderful, magical effect wrought by my three jars of Anita Cream, preferring to tell you. MRS. W. F. RYAN, 184 Franklin St., Green Point, Long Island, July 13, '99.

While I was at Los Angeles in July you gave me a box of Anita Cream to try. I find it very good. Will you kindly inform me of the price. My friend noticed the change in my complexion and I told her it was something I got in Los Angeles. Let me know at your earliest. MISS E. ROSENBERG, 114 Eleventh St., Oakland, Cal., Sept. 27, '99.

Please find enclosed \$50 in stamps. Send me a box of your Anita Cream. We have about exhausted the supply we brought with us from Los Angeles and find we cannot do without it. Sincerely yours, MISS EULA GILBERT, South McAllister, Indian Territory, Mich. 29, '99.

I am delighted with your Anita Cream. Please send two more boxes and oblige, yours respectfully, LOUISE E. WINSTEDBURN, 1617 Tenth St., San Francisco, Dec. 2, 1899.

**FREE SAMPLES** If you cannot obtain Anita Cream of your druggist, send 50c to us for a full sized jar. Full particulars and instructions together with a liberal sample will be mailed to any address for a 2c-stamp.

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## GIANT CRACKERS, BUT UNSATISFACTORY.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "Speaking of the Glorious Fourth," remarked a former resident of Georgia, "reminds me of a quaint practical joke played several years ago by a young lawyer over in Atlanta. He had a Northern friend living in a small town not a great distance from the city, and the day before the Fourth of July received a telegram from him running about like this: 'Want to celebrate in proper style. Send by next train a set of the biggest crackers you can find.' It so happened that the lawyer had three clients who were to be released on bail the following morning. They were tall, gaunt, hunched mountaineers, who belonged to the class known in Georgia 'Crackers,' and had been locked up for making machine whisky. The town where the patriotic northern lived was on their way home, and seeing an opportunity to have some fun the attorney went around to the jail and told the trio of wild men that he would pay their ransom fare that for if they would stop off and deliver a set to a friend. They readily agreed and he gave them a letter cursing them: 'There are the biggest crackers I could get. Hope they will prove satisfactory.' Next morning the mountaineers were summoned to his door and confronted by two huge, hairy mountaineers, who solemnly handed him the note and set down on the front steps. He was amazed beyond measure, and when he read the missive he realized that he was 'up against it,' as the saying goes. There is very little humor about the Georgia mountaineer, and he knew instinctively that it would be highly dangerous to let those grim giants suspect for a moment that they had been made the instruments of a joke. How to get rid of them was the question, and, after scratching his head awhile, he invited them to breakfast, and then gave them a dollar apiece and told them to go and celebrate. They promptly filled up on corn whisky, and later in the afternoon he hired a man to put them aboard the train and pay their fare to their mountain home. Then he sent a telegram, which the lawyer still preserves: 'Crackers received,' it ran; 'very unsatisfactory. Had to have them unloaded before they would go off.'"

## SLAVE TRANSPORTATION.

[John R. Speers in Scribner's Magazine:] In the larger ships the space between the top of the cargo and the under side of the deck was sometimes as much as five feet. To make all that space to air was, in the mind of the thrifty owner, sheer waste. So he built a shelf or gallery six feet up all the way around the ship's hold, between the deck and the slave floor that was laid on top of the cargo. On the shelf was placed another layer of slaves, thus increasing the number carried by nearly 50 per cent. The crowding in the big ships, having two decks regularly, was still worse, for a slave deck was built clear across between these two, and the galleries or shelves were built both under and above the slave deck. There were ships where four layers of slaves were placed thus between permanent decks that were only eight feet apart, and there are records of cases where smaller ships—ships having but five feet or so of space between cargo and deck—were filled with galleries so that the slaves stretched on their backs had but a foot or less of air space between their heads and the deck or the next layer above them. To increase the number carried, when stretched out on deck or shelf, the slaves were sometimes placed on their sides, breast to back—"spoon fashion,"—as the slavers called it—and this made room for a considerable per cent. more.

However, in the eighteenth century the usual practice was to place them on their backs, and to allow about two and a half feet of air space above the faces of the slaves, and in this way cargoes of over three hundred were carried.

## A HOUSE FOR EACH FAMILY.

[New York Tribune:] The difference between a tenement house and a farmhouse was strikingly illustrated the other day by the innocent question of a little Fresh Air girl. She had spent all her life in a New York tenement house, and ever since she could remember, her home consisted of two small rooms in a basement.

There were three other families in the basement, there were five families on the next floor, five on the second and five on the roof for five stories. In the immediate neighborhood the buildings were all tenement houses, and there were scores of families living in a block. It was from this sort of surroundings that she went to the country a little while ago, for the first time in her life. The people who called her lived in a large, rambling farmhouse, and as she as she was handed out of the wagon on her arrival the small daughter of the farmer took her by the hand and "showed her around." They went through a parlor, sitting-room, a dining-room, large pantry and a kitchen,

and then they started upstairs. The eyes of the little city girl had grown bigger and bigger with each new room that was shown her. She had been silent with wonder as the panorama was unfolded to her until she was taken into an immense bedroom on the second floor. Then the question which had been uppermost in her mind came out suddenly and impetively.

"Where's all de fam'lies?" she asked. "Such nice, big rooms—but where's all de fam'lies dat live in 'em?" And it took almost half an hour to convince the little "Fresh Air" that all those big rooms were for only one family.

The Tribune Fresh Air Fund sent three parties to the country yesterday, aggregating forty-nine children, and their destinations were Dushore, Pa.; Warwick, N. Y., and Milroy, Pa. Another day excursion for the benefit of poor mothers and children was held yesterday.

## CHINESE PROVERBS.

[London Mail:] A wise man adapts himself to circumstances as water shapes itself into the vessel that contains it.

The error of one moment becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.

Disease may be cured, but not death.

A vacant mind is open to all suggestions—as the hollow mountain returns all sounds.

He who pursues the stage regards not the harvest.

A wife may not spend her husband's money in thought even, taking the gowns in gratitude, asking no more. If few she shall not deport herself in ingratitude, but shall walk with energy, as though well pleased.

The gem cannot be polished without friction nor a man perfected without trials.

A wise man forgets old grudges.

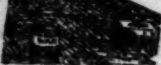
Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches.

A bird can roost on but one branch.

Who swallows quick can chew but little (applied to learning.)

For "enough is as good as a feast" the Chinese say: "A horse can drink no more than its fill from the river."

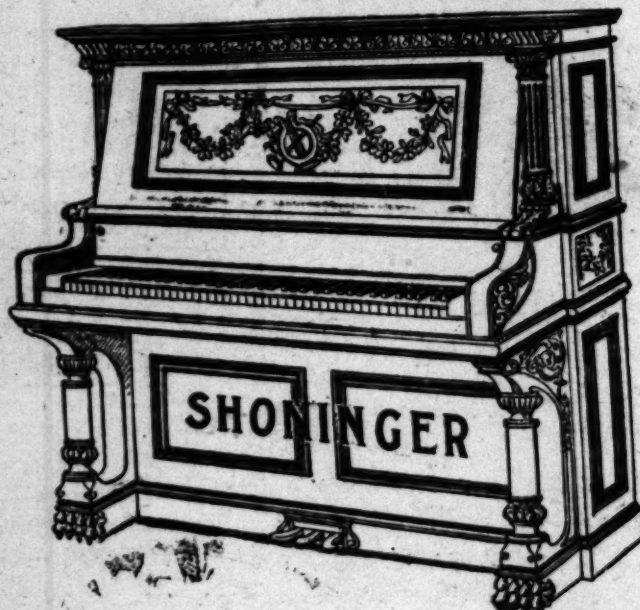
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